Sept. 23, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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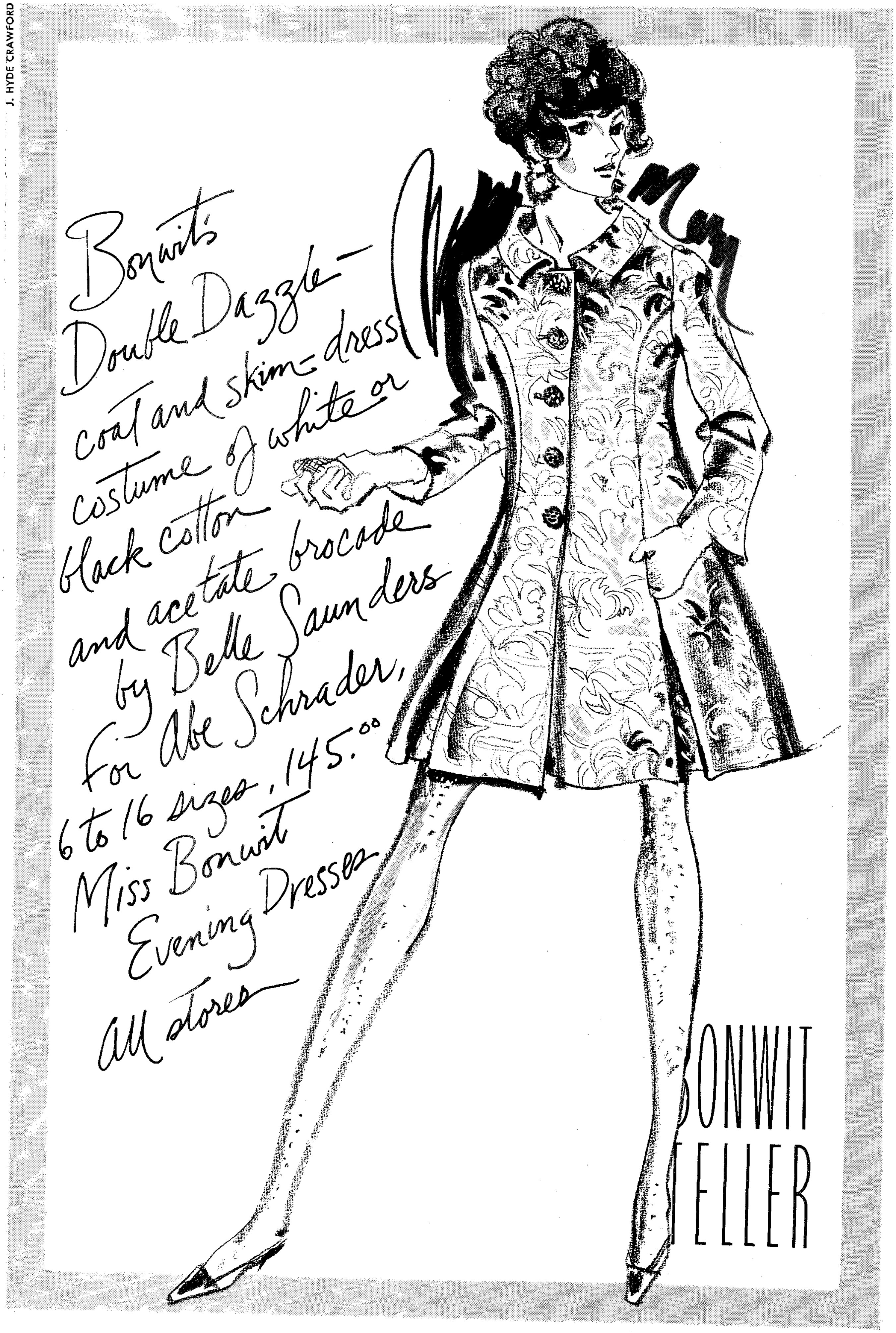

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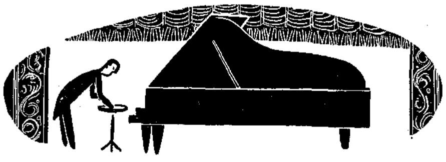
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 14.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **don't drink the water:** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams is fine in the leading role, and is aptly aided by Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the apple tree:** A triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **cabaret:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Jemima Wilkinson. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **i do! i do!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.) . . . **mame:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Dr. Cook's Garden—Burl Ives and Keir Dullea in a melodrama written and directed by Ira Levin. Previews through Saturday, Sept. 23. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 25. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Keep It in the Family—A play by Bill Naughton with Patrick Magee and Maureen O'Sullivan Allan Davis is the director. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 27. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Song of the Grasshopper—A comedy adapted from the Spanish of Alfonso Paso. Alfred Drake heads a cast under the direction of Charles Bowden. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 25-27. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 28. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **th magic flute,** in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200 Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 10 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays a 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw' comedy. The performance just about gets by but the play, now over seventy years old, i as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Hmm. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OI 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 1c Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesday through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, an Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays a 3.)

Jonah!—A comedy by T. J. Spencer. Open Thursday, Sept. 21. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73r St. BU 8-2500. Opening-night curtain a 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays a 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfull interesting, even though the music, by Mitc Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable David Atkinson plays the dual role of Do Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washingto Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays a 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd S 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays a 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays a 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sunday at 3.)

The Poker Session—A play by Hugh Leonard imported from Ireland. (Martinique Theatre Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesday through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, an Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays a 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors wh play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz' "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is base Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrot the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fri

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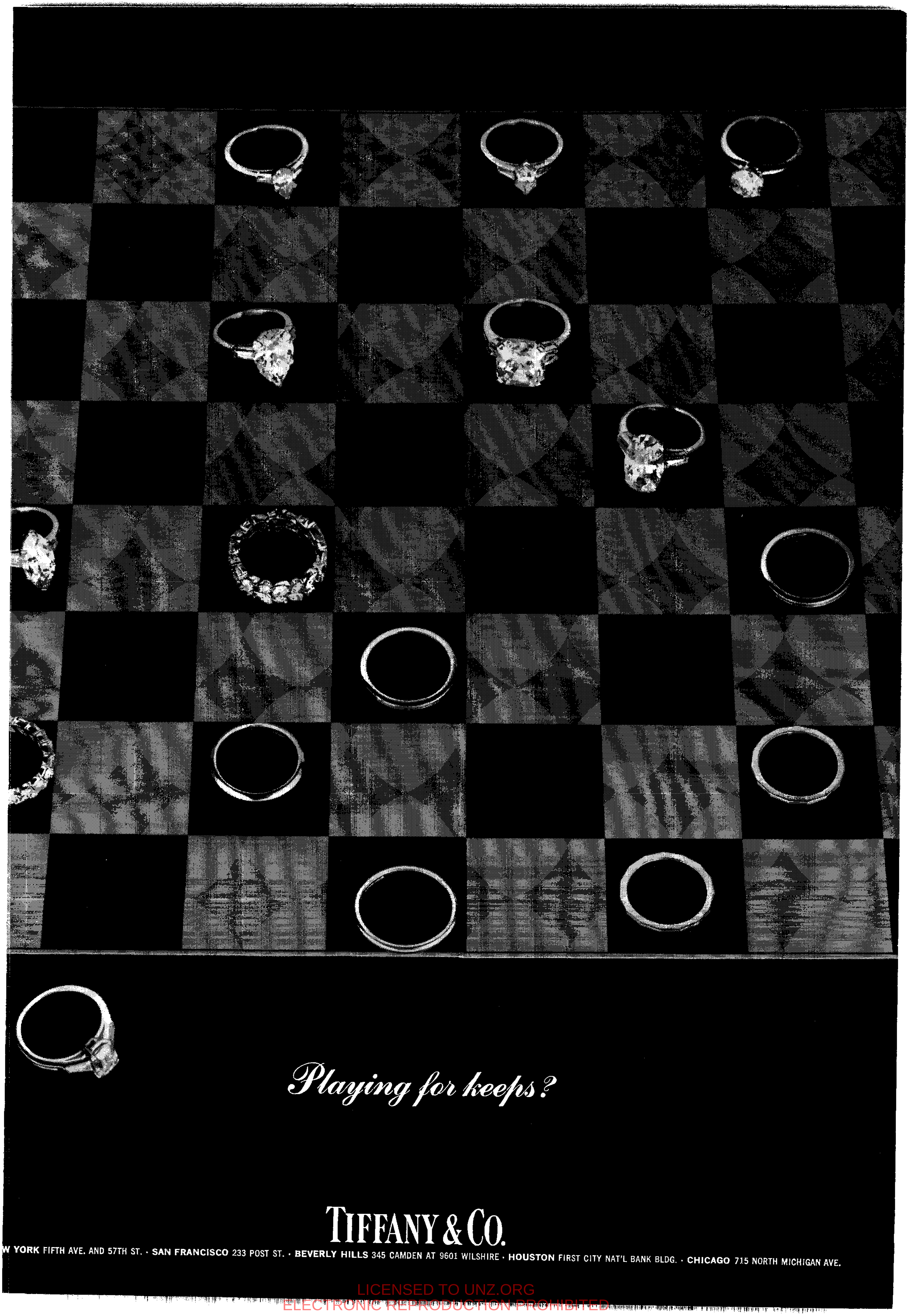
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Incubus," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Astarte," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Opus 65," and "Cello Concerto."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30: "Moves," "Pas de Trois," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Elegy," and "Con Amore."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Nightwings," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Moves," "Pas de Trois," "Opus 65," and "Pas de Dix."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8:30: "Moves," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte." ... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Nightwings," "Elegy," and "Cello Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 65," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Elegy," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Incubus," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Jane Morgan, who appears in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, offers a generous helping of songs that are nothing if not safe and sane, but she does introduce novelties to the art of café singing—she stays on key and she e-nun-ci-ates. The house orchestra is in the knowing hands of Lee Evans. Saturday, Sept. 23, is the last night for this gallimaufry, but the establishment reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 26, to house Julie London, a fireball cantatrice.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Lest everyone stick to his muttons too long, a minute dance band takes the stand at nine and hangs on until two. Muttons are served in silence on Sunday and Monday, though.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein a wee Cliff Hall staff puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the staff of the old museum piece has agreed to keep the place open until early in the morning. The staff includes Lester Lanin (in person, not in effigy) and George Anaya, each with a band in tow. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At times, Ed Ames, who has the floor of the Persian Room during dinner and supper, seems to be working in dumb show, so intent is his orchestra on upstaging him; at times, dealt with in moderation, he sounds perfectly all right when he essays a song. On Wednesday, Sept. 27, Nancy Ames (a coincidence, not a cousin), who is likewise given to song, arrives to replace him. At ten on opening night, at dinner and supper the rest of the time is her schedule. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will continue to be on hand more frequently. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. He stays home Sundays.

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Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In a setting that would make an excellent Elysian Field, Jonah Jones and horn conspire to emit extremely earthy but inspiriting sounds. He and his crew commence at nine, but Phil Wayne's threesome begins work as early as seven. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The dancing next to the captain's table is done to the tessellated music of the Les and Larry Elgart orchestra, run by M. Larry; the spectacle part of the evening is done by Ray Anthony's Book End Revue, which succeeds in making a spectacle of itself. They wind up on Saturday, Sept. 23; on Monday, Sept. 25, the band led by Buddy Rich (great guns!) will move in, to do sets at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen; Frank Foster's gang will move in to do the dance tunes. The operation lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Julie Wilson, the patron goddess of this sanctuary of the good old life, sings and sashays at dinner and supper; the George Cort orchestra and Quintero's assortment of Latin lovers, which mount guard the whole evening, see to it that everyone gets the proper amount of exercise. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite is a quiet glade stirred only by circumspect piano and the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W., at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—City dwellers who have never seen an outdoors will find a reasonable replica on the terrace, which affords eating, drinking, and being merry to the tunes called by a city-bred quintet and a troupe of Latinos. The music carries on from around seven until around one. The games are all indoor ones on wet evenings. No music Mondays.

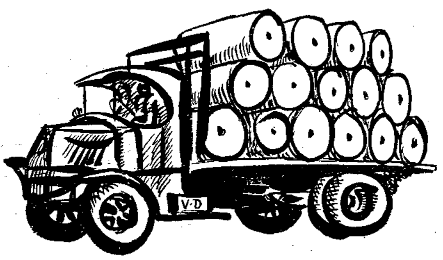
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—*Et maintenant,* ladies and gentlemen, Gilbert Bécaud, from the song of the same name. He is appearing in the Empire Room at dinner and supper to prove that there is no better listening than a well-sung, well-worded ballad about the stuff that makes the world go round. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo is the principal dance master. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the inner recess of Peacock Alley, the dance trio of Horace Diaz murmurs respectfully from eight or so until one or so weekdays, from five to ten Sundays, and stays home Mondays and Tuesdays. In the outer recess, there is piano for dabblers in cocktails and dinner every night but Saturday and Sunday.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands and the floor are big, and the air is cool. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There are times when the cast of customers makes it look like a Broadway theatre: Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, is the other keyboard man. Closed Sundays.... **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays.... **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette in the classic manner, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays. ... **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance music, Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays.... **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is vestigial here. No music Mondays. ... **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays.... **tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The landscaping is Early Tibet; early to rise (healthy, wealthy, and wise) is the triad of Billy Rubenstein, which reports Mondays at eight-thirty; other times, a threesome, of lesser note and notes, performs—sometimes with hammers and tongs. Allan Haig's Arcadian piano improves the dinner hour, six to eight; his week's work is Monday through Friday. Closed Sundays. ... **kippys,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday.... **new york hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, an opulent sort of pergola, goes in for modest dancing from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to one-thirty. The early set is omitted on Saturday, and all music is omitted on Sunday. The neat means to this end is a threesome paced by the nimble piano of Joan St. James. The menu is nearly invisible.... **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. ... **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sound on Sundays.... **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays.... **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.... **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): A visa is required for all passports, but American money is accepted at par. What it will buy is a view of individualists, rugged and quite otherwise, engaged in their nocturnal pastime of being alone with their thoughts and their dance steps. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them presumably human (the All Night Workers). Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Whenever the disc jockey is hunting for a new needle in the haystack, a threesome from Brazil, led by Walter Wanderley, gets on first base and issues real live music. The dining hereabouts is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Below the surface of unsuspecting Earth and behind a plain, unmarked envelope of a door exists Atlantis, filled with eternal youths and maidens, all in garb of the twenty-first century and executing the footsteps of the same era. *Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night.* . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): A wildlife preserve dedicated to the proposition that what our young need is a forum big enough, with music loud enough, to enable them to indulge to the full their ideas about self-expression. No quarter is asked or given by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are augmented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No drinking privileges. . . . **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The scene is the Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirring discs on the walls and the whirring discs on the turntables, but the *prime* mover is a creation named Amanda Ambrose, new to night life, with a voice, a piano, and a repertory that catch the ear and hold it. A hard-rock-candy quartet impinges now and then, too. The show runs late indeed, and every night. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): Whom the Mods would destroy they first make mad. The sound and light and stunts they use to induce madness cannot do anything but amuse the rest of us onlookers and/or participants. Eight-thirty until three, or four, is the nightly rule; bring dancing shoes. Alcohol is off limits. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite viable late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Non-owners of Jerry Vale albums can get the same effect, though amplified triply, by attending his dinner and supper séances here. He is descended from Broadway, not from the Vales of Kashmir. Also included: Pat Cooper, a stentorian narrator of everyday humor, and a gaggle of most prepossessing ballerinas. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Many a Miss America, and a Miss France or two, all displaying their assembled talents (song, dance, and an occasional spoken word) and their neat new bathing suits. Red Buttons, a joker from another parish, is the possibly amazed leading man. Twice a night, and in perpetuity, is the house rule. Dancing.

CABARETS

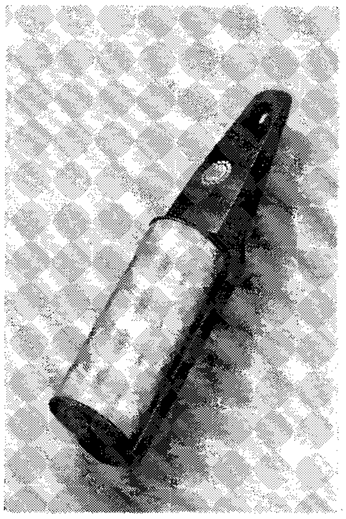
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. They're old enough now to go with girls, and three lithe ballerinas have been assigned them. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Vaughn Meader, a distinctly off-the-record spokesman for the American politics industry, is the toastmaster; Joanne Morgan, a mere slip of a soprano, gives a lot of undeservedly unfamiliar songs an excellent airing. Ten is tee-off time. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A portfolio revue of the sort that has been going on here for years is running through its preliminary bouts at nine-thirty and midnight. The name is "Dark Horses," and nothing happens on Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor, whose acrobatic arias rarely take just one octave to get from point to point, is spelled by the quartet of George Benson. Mondays are assigned to the uproarious detail owned and operated by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. A change of cast will occur on Tuesday, Sept. 26: the quartet of Thelonious Monk and the trio of Mose Allison. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, serenades by Johnny Lytle's trio, a heavy investor in the electronics industry. It stays home on Tuesdays. The lower floor, except on Mondays, is devoted to Mongo Santamaria's outbursting septet and the humorist known as Redd Foxx; Mondays, Symphony Sid gasses and a set of Latin hipsters play. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano, now inside the oval bar, leaps with joy as it runs swiftly through the night, and his two aides keep with him, stride for stride. Fran Thompson, the solo pianist, reports at nine-fifteen, the Taylors a bit later. Dining. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by Lee Morgan's quintet. Every Monday, though, Sun Ra's mystic Oriental ragtimers take over. On Tuesday, Sept. 26, the Jazz Communicators (this is what Freddie Hubbard now calls his quintet) replace the Morgans. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones, who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. Wilbur Ware is one of his sidemen. Mondays, it is off duty. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9752): Fridays through Sundays, seventeen men on a dead man's chest; i.e., the band led by Donald Byrd and Duke Pearson, in which Pepper Adams and Frank Foster also take part. The other activity occurs every Monday, when Howard McGhee's band, likewise seventeen strong, sits in. . . . **THE FRAMMIS,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A remembrance of things past, such as Sherry's bar from the old Met, such as lively but not overbearing jazz (this the handiwork of Muriel Roberts, her piano, her bassist, and whatever fellow-workers drop by). Nourishment and late hours; no music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and the like. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Sundays, a five-to-nine matinée is added.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ELEANOR ARMSTRONG—Paintings combining abstract and descriptive elements; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CYNTHIA CARLSON, WILLIAM SCHWEDLER, AND WILLIAM WILEY—Paintings by three young artists seeking "a new metaphysics;" through Oct. 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Abstract paintings created in response to jazz music; through Oct. 21. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Large painting-constructions, hinged together and movable; through Oct. 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERO GILARDI AND PAVLOS—Unrolling "carpets" of foam rubber representing naturalistic scenes—beaches, gardens, seascapes—by Gilardi, and familiar objects made of swirling strips of paper, some encased in plastic, by Pavlos; through Oct. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRIS, KLEE, AND PICASSO—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a veteran American artist; through Oct. 7. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

JACQUES HURTUBISE—Abstract paintings in repetitive patterns; through Oct. 7. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

DONALD KAUFMAN—Geometrical abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Oct. 14. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

JOHN LOBELL AND MICHAEL STEINER—An "environment," by an architect and a sculptor, that treats the gallery as a musical instrument responding to the movement of spectators through corridors; through Oct. 6. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Paintings containing figurative elements by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 7. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN OWENS—Sculptures of rusted machine parts in an unlikely combination with shaped blue-white styrofoam; through Oct. 7. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIA LUISA PACHECO—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROLAND PETERSEN—Landscapes and figures in heavy impasto by a California painter; through Oct. 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by the gallery artists, including Aaron Bohrod, Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BYKERT,** 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, among them Ralph Humphrey, Paul Mogensen, and Robert Duran; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty oil paintings and five drawings and prints representing outstanding movements among "Precursors of Modernism" from 1860 to 1930; through Nov. 12. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Paintings and watercolors by Joseph Solman, Lisa Rhana, Mitchell Kamen, and four others; through Saturday, Sept. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Avery, Burlin, de Rivera, Zogbaum, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from the sixteenth century on down to Edwin Dickinson and Fritz Glarner, celebrating the gallery's hundred-and-tenth anniversary; through Oct. 18. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway: Thirty-eight recently acquired works, by such artists as Joseph Cornell, James Wines, Adolph Gottlieb, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Norman Bluhm, and Paul Burlin; through Oct. 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1:30 A.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY,** 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Tapestries by Yugoslavian artists and by six modern masters, including Arp, Klee, Miró, and Picasso; through Oct. 14. . . . **WALLY F GALLERIES,** 17 E. 57th St.: Modern French paintings by, among others, Chagall, Dufy, Laurencin, Rouault, Utrillo, and Vlaminck; through Oct. 10.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-eight drawings from the collection of Alfred Stieglitz, among them works by Picasso, Matisse, Picabia, Severini, Walkowitz, and Demuth; through Nov. 12. . . ¶ A selection of over fifty ornamental designs for clocks and watches, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, with examples by Dürer, Chardin, Meissonier, le Blon, and others; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-four drawings and watercolors and one painting by Lyonel Feininger, all depicting a ruined fourteenth-century Gothic church on the Baltic coast; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Twenty-five collages and drawings by Jim Dine interpreting "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nine-

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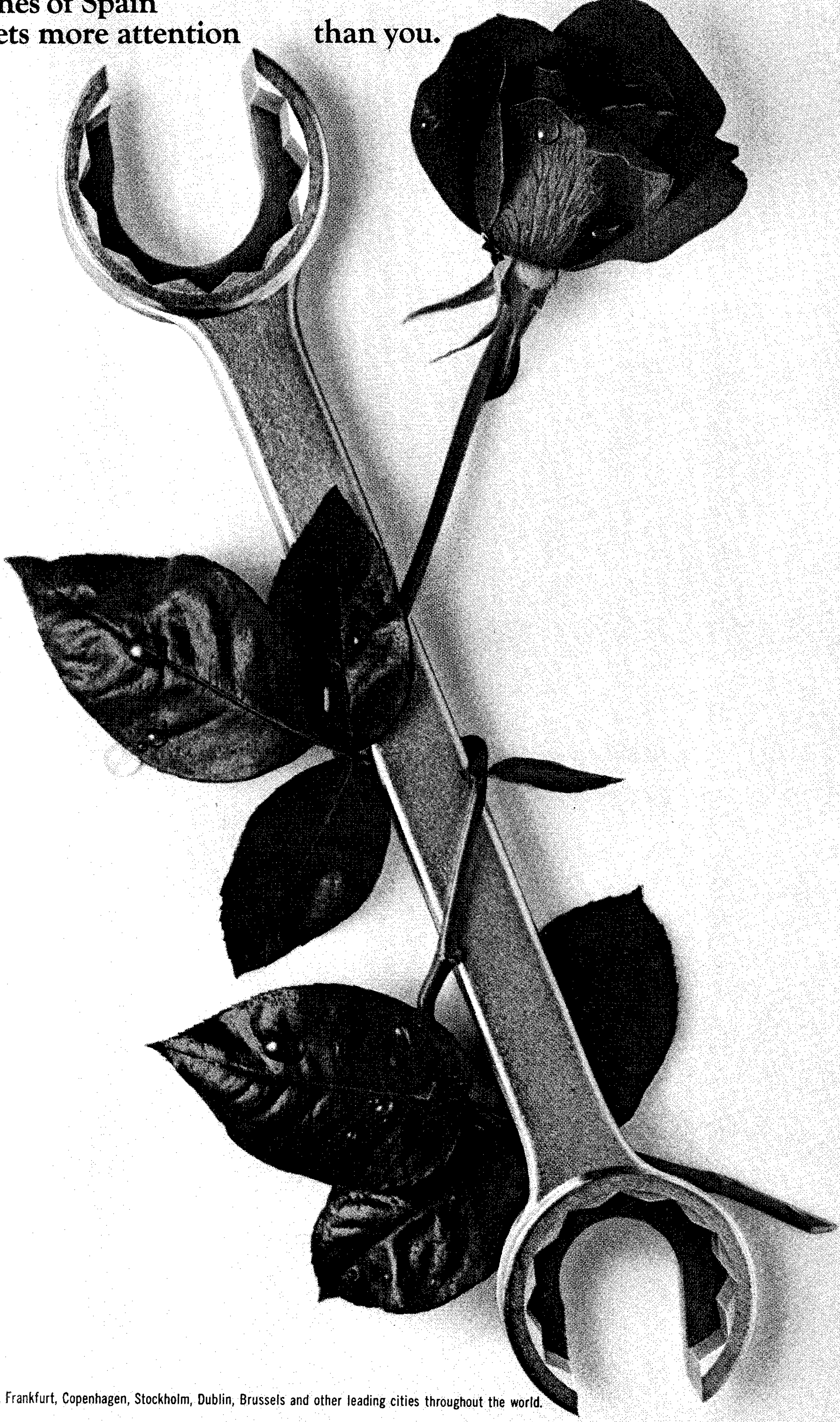

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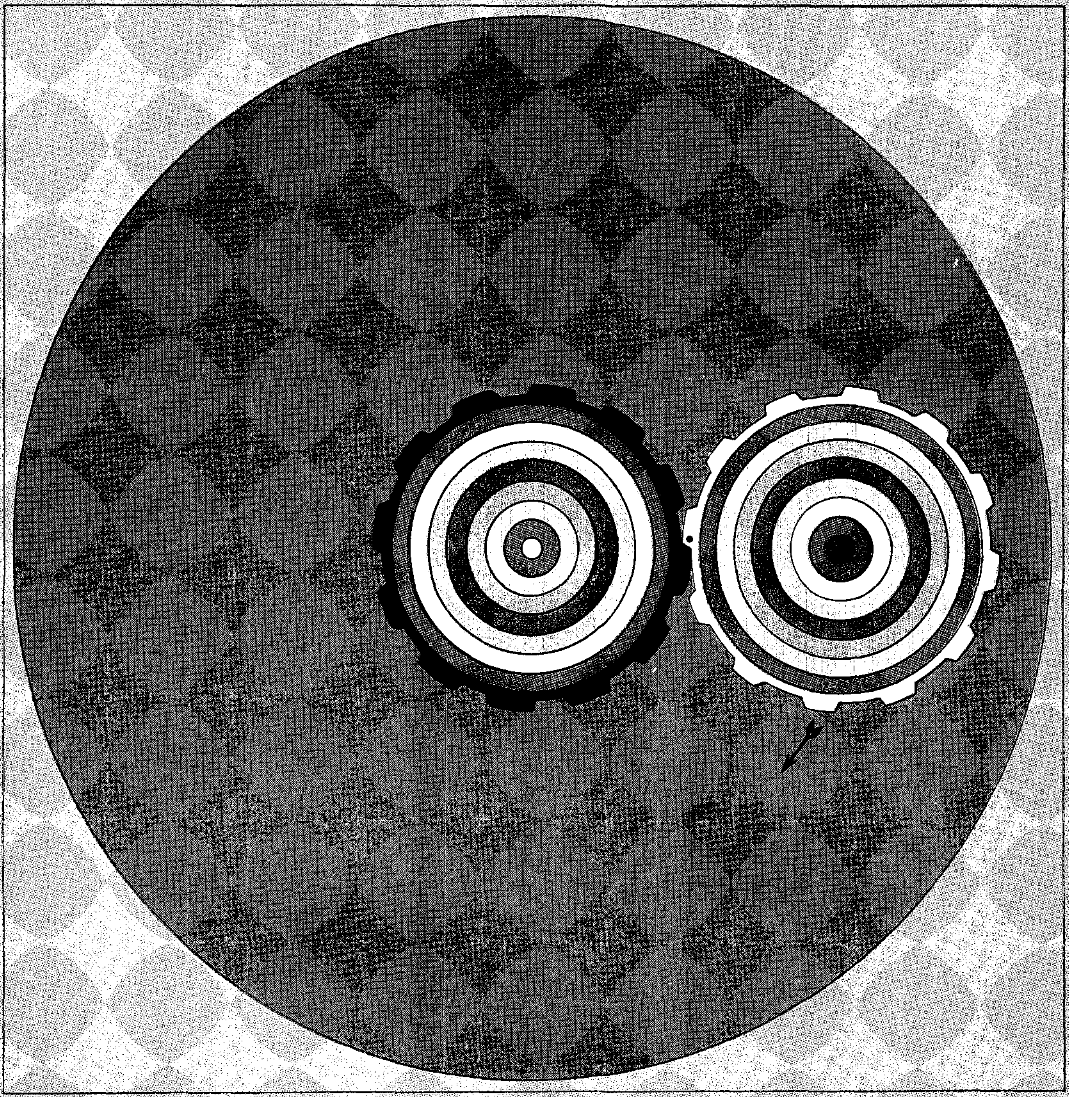

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Flaviano Labò, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 25, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Flaviano Labò, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 8: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Christine Deutekom, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, Theodor Uppman, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nancy Williams, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 1:30: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Flaviano Labò, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Montserrat Caballé, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil.

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 21, at 7:45: The company's première of Rimski-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Linda Heimall, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Enrico di Giuseppe. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, LaVergne Monette, Bernabé Marti, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 2:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Veronica Tyler, Rita Shane, Michele Molese, and Georg Schnapka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Nadja Witkowska, Charlotte Povia, Enrico di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 1:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Joan August, Placido Domingo, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 7:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Linda Heimall, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Enrico di Giuseppe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, Richard Fredricks, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 7:45: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zoe Papadaki, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Placido Domingo, Calvin Marsh, Dominic Cossa, and Norman Paige. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Maralin Niska, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Lisa Joanisse, LaVergne Monette, Salvador Novoa, and Robert Hale. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Böhm conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

24, at 8:30, a Mozart-Bruckner program; and Monday, Sept. 25, at 8:30, a Beethoven-Brahms program.)

Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra—Karl Richter directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8, Bach's B-Minor Mass; and Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8, Haydn's "The Creation.")

RECITALS

Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten—Tenor and piano, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." The second of two programs. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:40.)

Gary Karr and Francis Heilbut—Double bass and piano, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

David Bean—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.)

Klaus Heitz—Cello. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

Lucine Amara—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30.)

Henri Honegger—Cello, in the first of two all-Bach recitals. (Town Hall. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 5:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of Northern France and Flanders, 1400-1600. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Philippa Schuyler Memorial Concert—Leonard de Paur conducting an orchestra in a benefit concert, with Charlotte Holloman, soprano, and Armenta Adams, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2:30.)

Folk/Jazz—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Sept. 22, at 8:30: Pete Seeger and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8:30 and at midnight: Lou Rawls.

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Friday, Sept. 22, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Sept. 23, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 25-26, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Sept. 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2.

Boxing—Nino Benvenuti vs. Emile Griffith, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. 672-2000. Thursday, Sept. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 23: Army vs. Virginia, at West Point, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 30: Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 21-24.) . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 26-28.)

Horse Show—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 23.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 23, and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Thursday, Oct. 12. Post time is 2 through Saturday, Sept. 23; after that, 1:30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.)

ET ALIA

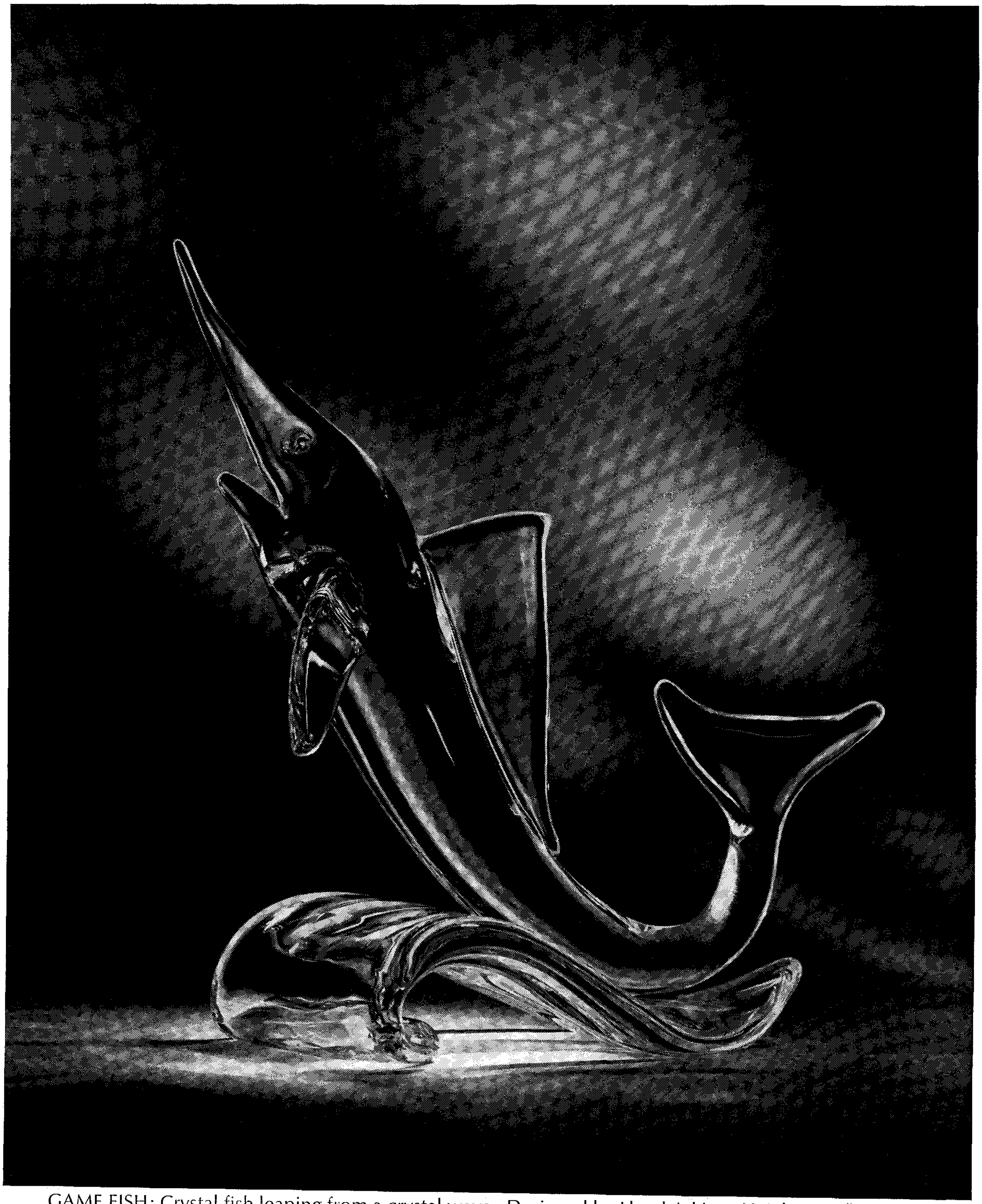
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 21, at 6:30: "The Feverish Years" (Yugoslavia, 1967). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 21, at 9:30: "Yesterday Girl" (West Germany, 1966). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 6:30: "An Affair of the Heart" (Yugoslavia, 1967). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 22, at 9:30: "Le Départ" (Belgium, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 1: "Napoléon" (France, 1927). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 6:30: "Funnyman" (United States, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 23, at 9:30: "Puss & Kram" (Sweden, 1967). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 6:30: "Young Toerless" (West Germany, 1967). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 24, at 9:30: "Rebellion" (Japan, 1967). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 25, at 6:30: "The Lion Hunters" (France, 1967) and "Memorandum" (Canada, 1967). . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 25, at 9:30: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (France, 1967). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 6:30: "Bariera" (Poland, 1967). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 9:30: "The London Scene" (England, 1967). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 6:30: "Les Carabiniers" (France, 1962). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 9:30: "Made in U.S.A." (France, 1967). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 6:30: "Father" (Hungary, 1967). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 9:30: "The Other One" (France, 1967). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 6:30: "Portrait of Jason" (United States, 1967). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 9:30: "Elvira Madigan" (Sweden, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 3: "Applause" and "Show People" (United States, 1929). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 6:30: "Sons and Mothers" (Russia, 1967). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 9:30: "Far from Vietnam" (France, 1967).

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 23, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 26, at 10:30: Books, including art and literary reference works, and maps and atlases; from the Maryland Historical Society and from other sources.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 7 elections will be Saturday, Sept. 30, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 2-3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Sept. 21: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Sept. 22-23: "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ Sept. 24-25: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936), with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Sept. 26: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Sept. 27: "Down on the Farm" (1920), produced by Mack Sennett. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—The last four programs in a series called "The Musicals of Busby Berkeley." Sept. 21: "Varsity Show" (1937), with Priscilla Lane and Dick Powell. . . . Sept. 22: "Gold Diggers in Paris" (1938), with Rudy Vallée. . . . Sept. 23: "Dames" (1934), with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. . . . Sept. 24: "Wonder Bar" (1934), with Al Jolson. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 26: "Face to Face" (1952), with James Mason and Robert Preston; and "Hello Out There" (1949), with Marjorie Steele. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.



GAME FISH: Crystal fish leaping from a crystal wave • Designed by Lloyd Atkins • Height 10½" • $1,000

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Barefoot in the Park—A successful adaptation, by Neil Simon, of his Broadway comedy. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Sept. 26.)

The Battle of Algiers—An exceptionally fine account, in documentary form, of how, in the dark days of the nineteen-fifties, the Algerians fought to secure their independence from France. Directed with great force and feeling by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston, who plays Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—One of the themes of Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves, and the picture becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. Warren Beatty and Faye Dunnaway. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Climax—Pietro Germi's appealing comedy about an Italian lover-husband-father who loves not wisely but too well. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Deadly Affair—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Maximilian Schell. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 26.)

Don't Look Back—A wittily assembled account of Bob Dylan abroad among the English on a concert tour. Directed by Donn Pennebaker, who is one of the most alert and provocative young film-makers in New York. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Exterminating Angel—Directed and co-written by Luis Buñuel, inadequately acted, but still overwhelmingly interesting and comic. About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Family Way—Hayley Mills as a bride, John Mills as her father-in-law in a dully made film from England by the Boulting Brothers about North-of-England working-class sexual codes. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Sept. 26.)

A Guide for the Married Man—A comedy about the pleasures and perils of infidelity, with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, Jack Benny, and Phil Silvers. Directed by Gene Kelly. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 26.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With Julie Andrews. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 27.)

The Jokers—An excellent comic melodrama about the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 27.)

A King's Story—A documentary account of the life of the Duke of Windsor, from his birth to his marriage to Mrs. Simpson. The Duke tells much of the story in his own voice. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 26.)

Luv—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's comic yelp of outrage at a society so sated with pieties about love that it can't say the word straight any longer. Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May, who makes the heroine transfixingly downright in her oddities. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Sept. 27.)

Made in Italy—Director Nanni Loy offers an album of Italian sketches, mostly comic. Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 27.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Privilege—A bad dream of England in the near future, ruled by a pop-singer Savior. The best of the film is Peter Watkins' eye for the human detail of sycophancy and suppressed hysteria. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Sept. 27.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Thief of Paris—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Excellent photography by Henri Decae. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson have a high old time in Murray Schisgal's rowdy reworking of his Off-Broadway play. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country. Joseph Strick has directed his superior cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

You're a Big Boy Now—Francis Ford Coppola's love letter to New York. With Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 27.)

REVIVALS

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 26.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—Noël Coward's one-act-play "Still Life," with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 22.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 23-24.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 27.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 22.)

The Elusive Corporal (1963)—A Jean Renoir film, with Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 21.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A documentary about surfing. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 26.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 22-25.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 25.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner in François Truffaut's film. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 27.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—More Guinness, this time purloining the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

Masculine Feminine (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 26.)

My Uncle (1958)—Directed by and with Jacques Tati. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 22-25.)

The Organizer (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 21.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 26.)

Penelope (1966)—Natalie Wood in a comedy about a banker's wife who steals. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 27, tentative.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 25.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

Seconds (1966)—A man pretends to be dead and is "reborn" through plastic surgery. With Rock Hudson and Salome Jens; directed by John Frankenheimer. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 26-27.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 27.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—Some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

Topkapi (1964)—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, and Robert Morley. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 26.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 23-24.)

Film Libraries—See "Et Alia," page 12.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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24	25	26	27			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE *DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE* PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Sept. 26: **HAWAII.**
From Sept. 27: "Robbery," Stanley Baker, Joanna Pettet.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Point Blank," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Beach Red," Cornel Wilde, Rip Torn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
TOPKAPI, revival; and **THE TRAIN**, revival.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Sept. 26: "The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.
From Sept. 27: Theatre closed.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 26: "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 26: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 27: **DARLING**, revival; and "Dear John" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 26: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.
From Sept. 27: **PRIVILEGE**; and **THE JOKERS.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 26: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**; and "Warning Shot," David Janssen, Ed Begley.
From Sept. 27: **HAWAII.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
DON'T LOOK BACK.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Games," Simone Signoret.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 26: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**
From Sept. 27: "Robbery," Stanley Baker, Joanna Pettet.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Point Blank," Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 26: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 27: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 26: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.
From Sept. 27: "The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 26: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From Sept. 27 (tentative): **PENELOPE**, revival; and "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 26: "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand," Marcello Mastroianni, Raquel Welch; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.
From Sept. 27: **PRIVILEGE.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 26: **GRAND PRIX.**
From Sept. 27: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 21: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and **THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL** (in French), revival.
Sept. 22-25: **MY UNCLE** (in French), revival; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.
From Sept. 26: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** and **MASCULINE FEMININE** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 26: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.
From Sept. 27: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian); and "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 26: **YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.**
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Hawks and the Sparrows" (in Italian), Totò.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 26: **GRAND PRIX.**
From Sept. 27: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 26: **A KING'S STORY**; and "After You, Comrade," Jamie Uys.
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 26: "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand," Marcello Mastroianni, Raquel Welch; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.
From Sept. 27: **PRIVILEGE.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE CLIMAX (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE THIEF OF PARIS (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Sept. 26: "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand," Marcello Mastroianni, Raquel Welch; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 22: **ECLIPSE** (in Italian), revival; and **BRIEF ENCOUNTER**, revival.
Sept. 23-24: **THE COCOANUTS**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
Sept. 25: **HUD**, revival; and **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival.
Sept. 26-27: **SECONDS**, revival; and "Major Dundee," revival, Charlton Heston, Richard Harris.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 26: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.
From Sept. 27: **YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW**; and "Inside Daisy Clover," revival, Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 21: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Plisetskaya Dances," revival, a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
Sept. 22: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
Sept. 23: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," revival, Barry K. Barnes.
Sept. 24: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 25: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.
Sept. 26: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
Sept. 27: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (both in Italian and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier.

Some people go out of their way to buy their diamond at Shreve's

And we don't mean coming in from the suburbs either. We mean coming in from Texas. Alaska. Even the Far East.

As far as diamonds go, Boston might as well be the center of the universe. Because you can't do better than to buy your diamond at Shreve's.

What is Shreve's giving away, that makes it worth your while to travel all the way to Boston? What's in it for you?

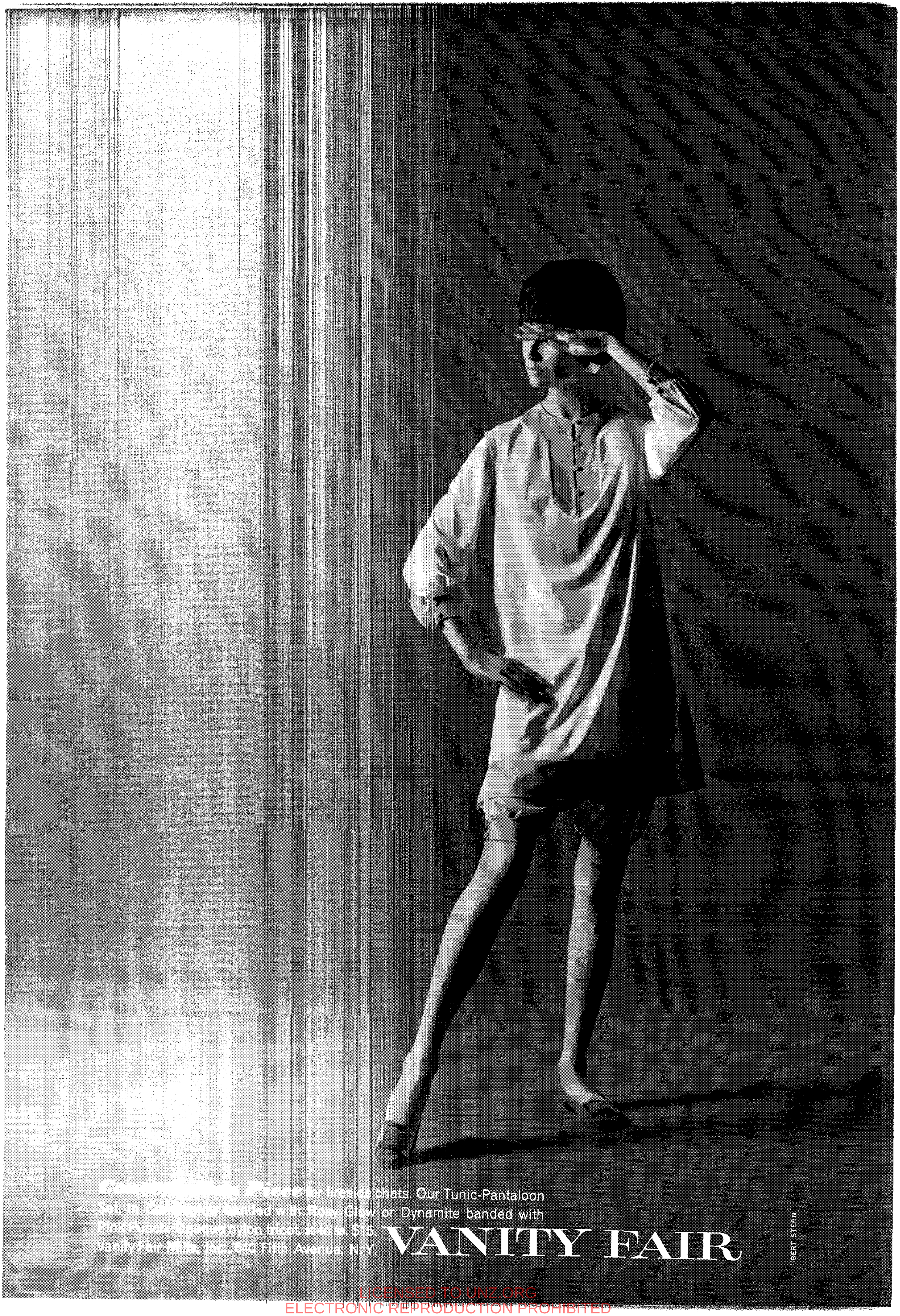
That depends. It depends on how much you know about diamonds. If you know a lot, you can feel secure buying a diamond anywhere. From anyone. But if you don't know very much, Shreve's offers you the chance to correct that. Before it's too late. Before you go ahead and buy a diamond blindly.

At Shreve's we have experts who will take the time and trouble to explain diamonds to you. They'll show you the different shapes. Explain what faceting does. Tell you how size, shape, color and clarity affect the value of a diamond. Let you examine diamonds through specialized instruments. Explain where your best value lies, according to what you want to spend. And plead with you to put your money in quality, not quantity.

In all probability you're buying your first diamond. Buying it out of love. With the person you love sitting right beside you. It's easy, under such circumstances, to substitute emotion for reason. And this can lead to a costly mistake. At Shreve's we try to be your voice of reason. To make certain you get the maximum value for your dollar. You can trust us to act in your best interests, because we've been doing just that for our customers for 167 years.

When you go out of your way for us, be assured we'll go out of our way for you.

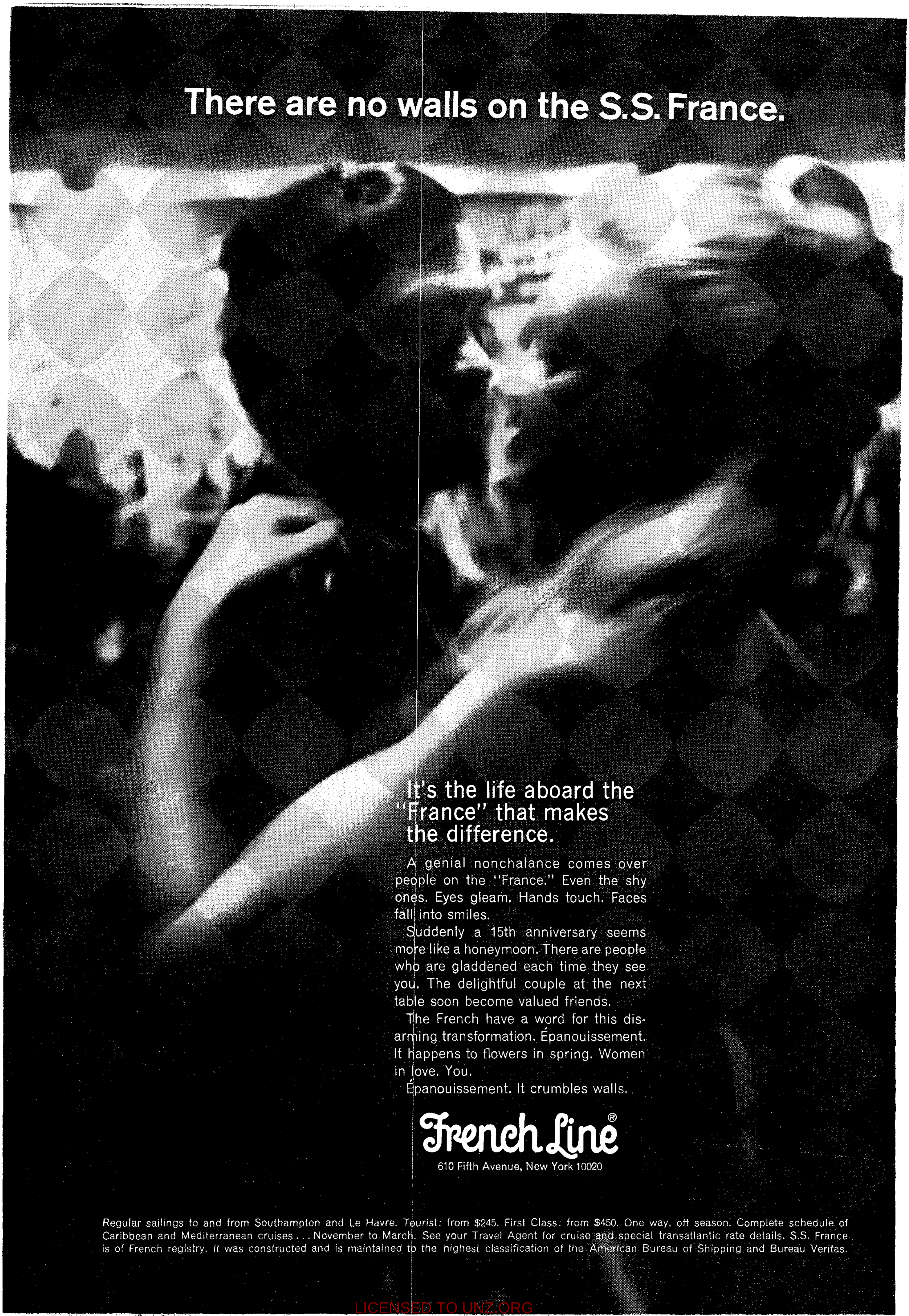
SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
330 BOYLSTON STREET
AREA CODE 617 267-9110
BOSTON
02116



Conversation Piece for fireside chats. Our Tunic-Pantaloon Set, in [illegible] banded with Rosy Glow or Dynamite banded with Pink Punch. Opaque nylon tricot. 32 to 38. $15.
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR

BERT STERN


There are no walls on the S.S. France.

It's the life aboard the "France" that makes the difference.

A genial nonchalance comes over people on the "France." Even the shy ones. Eyes gleam. Hands touch. Faces fall into smiles.

Suddenly a 15th anniversary seems more like a honeymoon. There are people who are gladdened each time they see you. The delightful couple at the next table soon become valued friends.

The French have a word for this disarming transformation. Épanouissement. It happens to flowers in spring. Women in love. You.

Épanouissement. It crumbles walls.

French Line®

610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020

Regular sailings to and from Southampton and Le Havre. Tourist: from $245. First Class: from $450. One way, off season. Complete schedule of Caribbean and Mediterranean cruises . . . November to March. See your Travel Agent for cruise and special transatlantic rate details. S.S. France is of French registry. It was constructed and is maintained to the highest classification of the American Bureau of Shipping and Bureau Veritas.

PRONOUNCE IT

"MICK-A-LOBE"

"Now, that's an order."

Michelob has been around for 70 years, but some people still find it hard to pronounce. Actually, it doesn't matter. In Michelob, the only accent is on quality. And that says it all.

MICHELOB
BEER
MICHELOB
BEER
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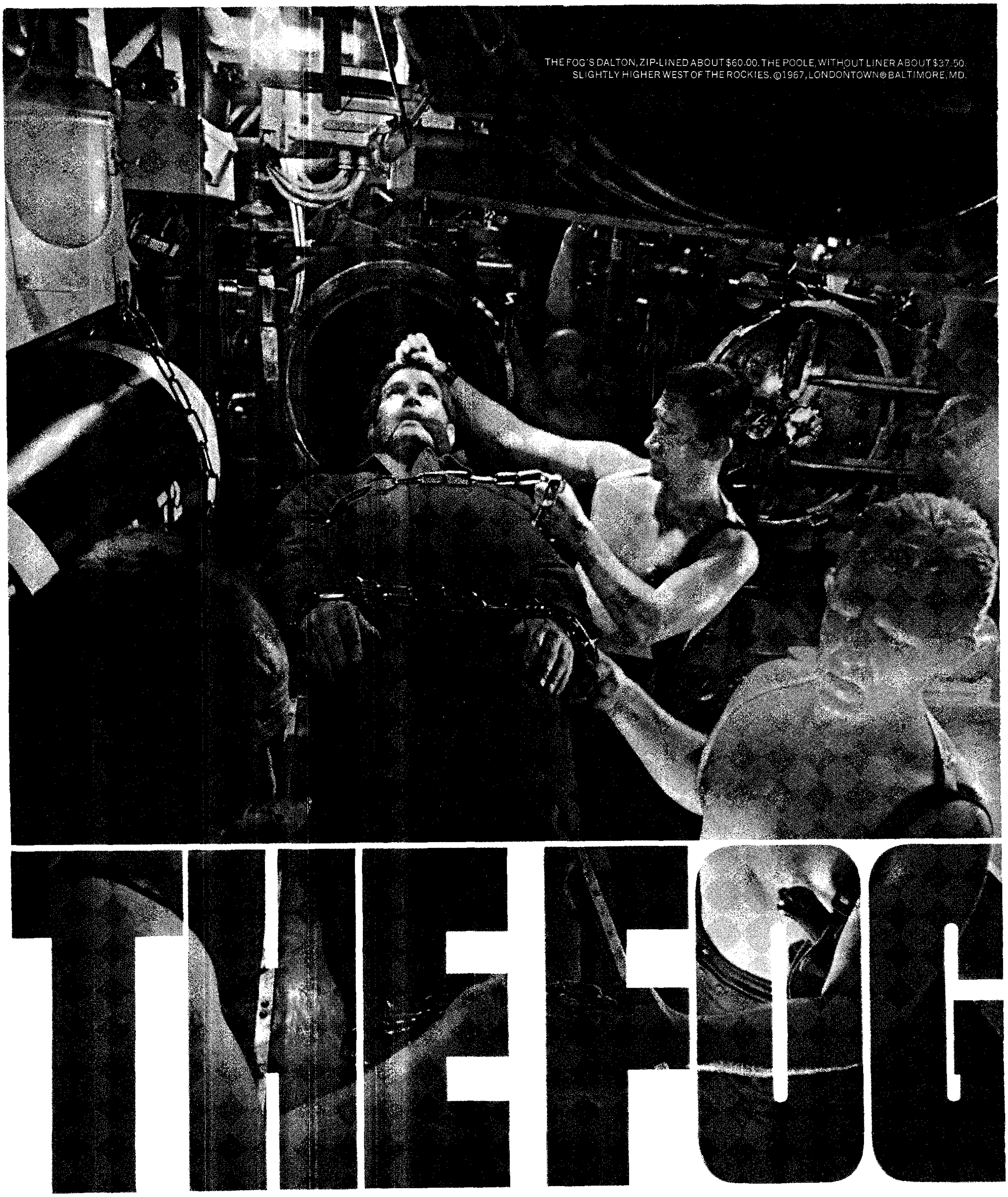
BEER
1896

In beer,
going first class
is Michelob.
Period.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS



THE FOG'S DALTON, ZIP-LINED ABOUT $60.00. THE POOLE, WITHOUT LINER ABOUT $37.50.
SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. ©1967, LONDONTOWN® BALTIMORE, MD.

THE HUMAN TORPEDO ACT. These sea rats actually planned to blow-up the bed rock supporting Manhattan, and sink it! Thus raising the value of meadow land they owned in New Jersey.

For meddling in their affairs, The Fog was about to have the honor of becoming their first torpedo.

But, employing a little-known Hindu breathing exercise, The Fog used up the sub's entire supply of oxygen. Forced to surface near Hoboken and unable to produce union cards, the evil crew was beaten up and turned over to the authorities by two longshoremen.

A LONDON FOG PRODUCTION

"Let there be no climate where Evil may flourish."

This is one cologne she won't borrow.

IMPORTED
ST. JOHNS
WEST INDIAN
LIME COLOGNE
MASCULINE

St. Johns Lime is not a his-and-hers cologne. St. Johns has been making toiletries for men too long to have them confused with those dainty fragrances she prefers.

We use true essence of West Indian lime because it leaves the most masculine fragrance.

We wrap our bottle in a palm-frond cover because it gives you a firm grip when your hands are wet from shaving or the shower. The cover is hand-woven and is so unique it's trademarked.

She may still squeeze your toothpaste from the top. And borrow your razor blades. And snitch your cuff links.

But we can promise she won't go near your St. Johns Lime. Except when she finds it on you.

As an alternate to our Lime Cologne, try St. Johns Bay Rum. Another masculine fragrance she will like. But never borrow.

St. Johns® for Men Bay Rum or Lime

© 1967 West Indies Bay Co., Div. St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write to us at 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

See how strong, healthy and alive your hair can look again. Treat it to The Treatment De Pantene®.

◆ Has your hair had a hard time? Has it been streaked, straightened, permanented, teased, touched-up, etc. etc.? Do give yourself a one-minute treatment with The Treatment. It's almost like starting life all over with a head of healthy-looking hair. This newest one from Pantene is made here and has a Swiss conditioning action that brings back lots of life and sparkle to your hair. Even badly damaged hair feels stronger and all better again—its texture visibly improved after one application. The Treatment is not inexpensive but it is extraordinary. At the best stores including

HENRI BENDEL
BONWIT TELLER, PHILADELPHIA
JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
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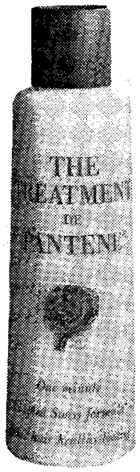
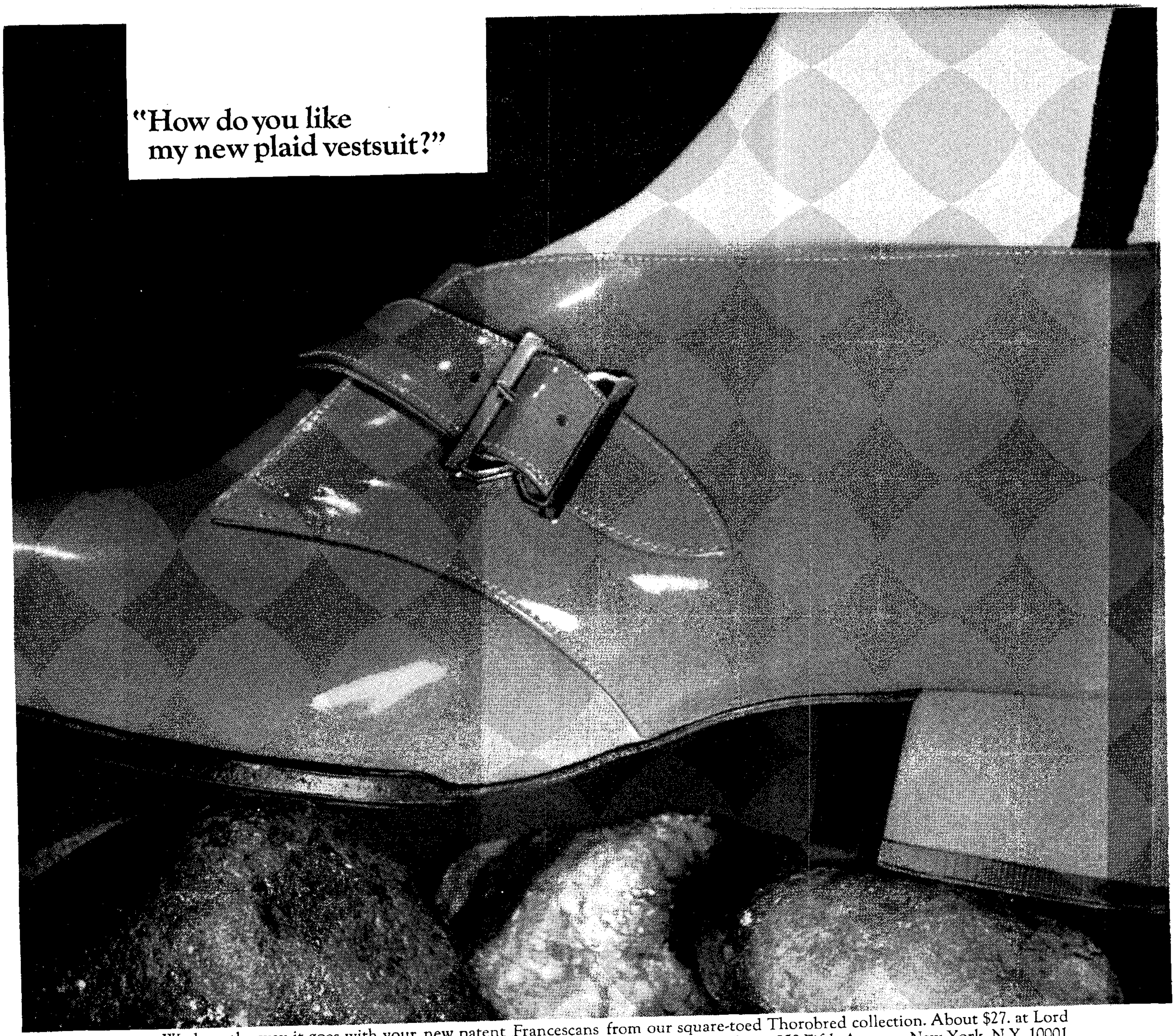
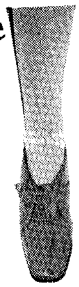
I. MAGNIN & CO.




"How do you like
my new plaid vestsuit?"

We love the way it goes with your new patent Francescans from our square-toed Thorobred collection. About $27. at Lord & Taylor, Neiman Marcus, J. W. Robinson and stores like that. Mademoiselle Shoes, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

Mademoiselle  shoes.

The Cunard Holiday Book

Winter
Summer 1967-68

See the world in 48 pages of sparkling color. Plan your vacation from over 70 Cunard Holidays. From $25 a day. Pictures, maps, guides–isn't it time you saw it all? Unclip this coupon now.

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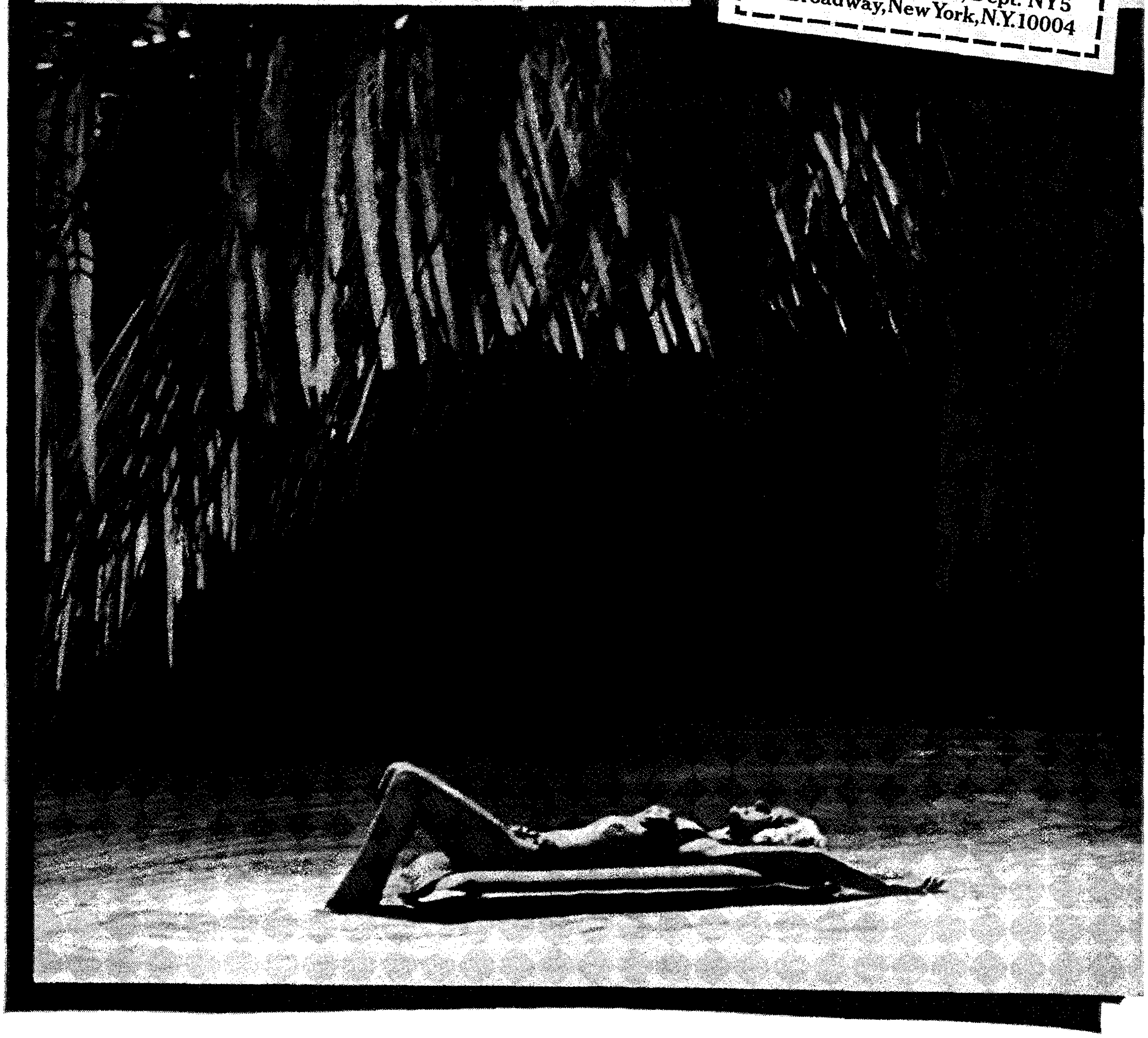
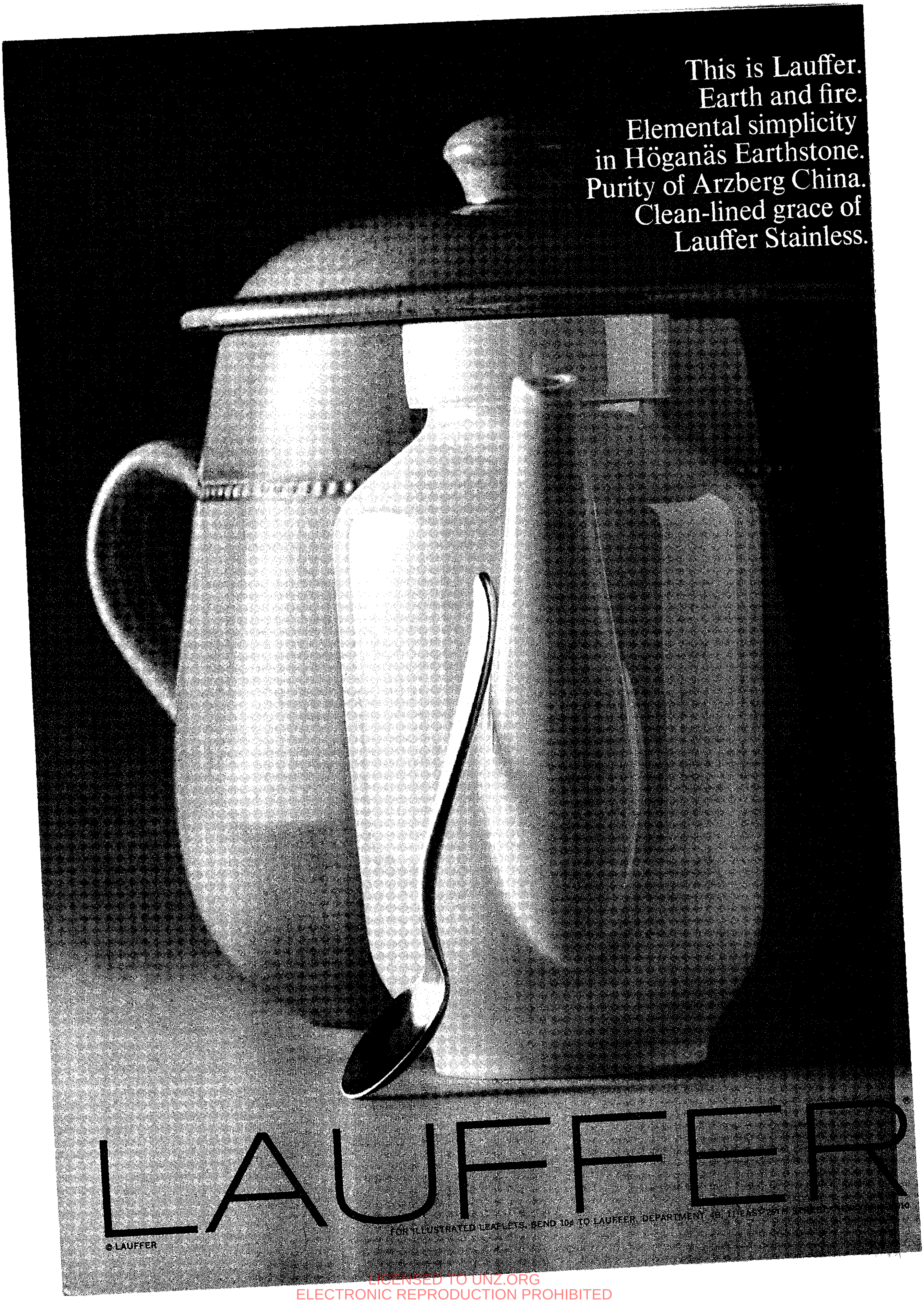




This is Lauffer.
Earth and fire.
Elemental simplicity
in Höganäs Earthstone.
Purity of Arzberg China.
Clean-lined grace of
Lauffer Stainless.

LAUFFER®

FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS, SEND 10¢ TO LAUFFER, DEPARTMENT 4B, 11 EAST 29TH [illegible]

© LAUFFER

Mrs. Rita Berns was unanimously (almost) voted "Mother of the Year" recently.

By Laura Berns, Audrey Berns and Gail Berns. (Fourteen year-old Larry Berns voted for Ursula Andress.)

The kids in the nursery where she works probably would also cast their ballots for her. She's that way with kids.

She also keeps busy as PTA President of her children's school. And as PTA faculty representative at the school where she teaches.

Recently when her community needed someone with lots of time to lead a donations drive for the hospital, they came to her. Who else?

They know *she's a woman who cares.* About herself and her family. About other people. And other families.

She's the sort of woman we think would care enough to look for the ILGWU union label if she knew what it represented.

The label is the signature of 450,000 members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and is found in most women's and children's garments.

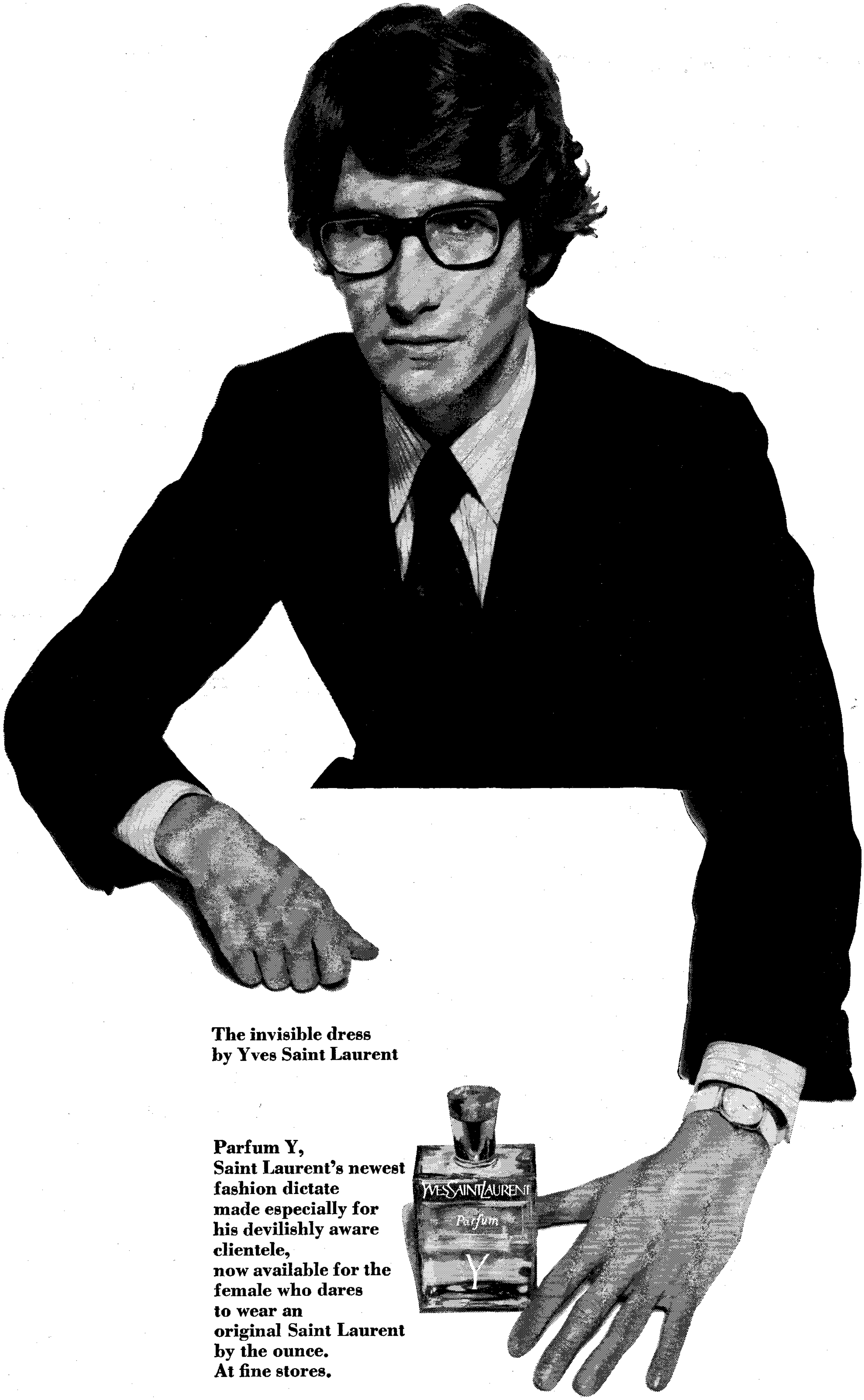
It is a symbol of fair wages and decent working conditions won over the years. It is also a symbol of progress made; and more to come.

Please look for it when you shop.

Send for a handsome 64-page publication containing historic photographs. $1 from ILGWU, Union Label Dept., 275 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10001, Dept. NY-1.

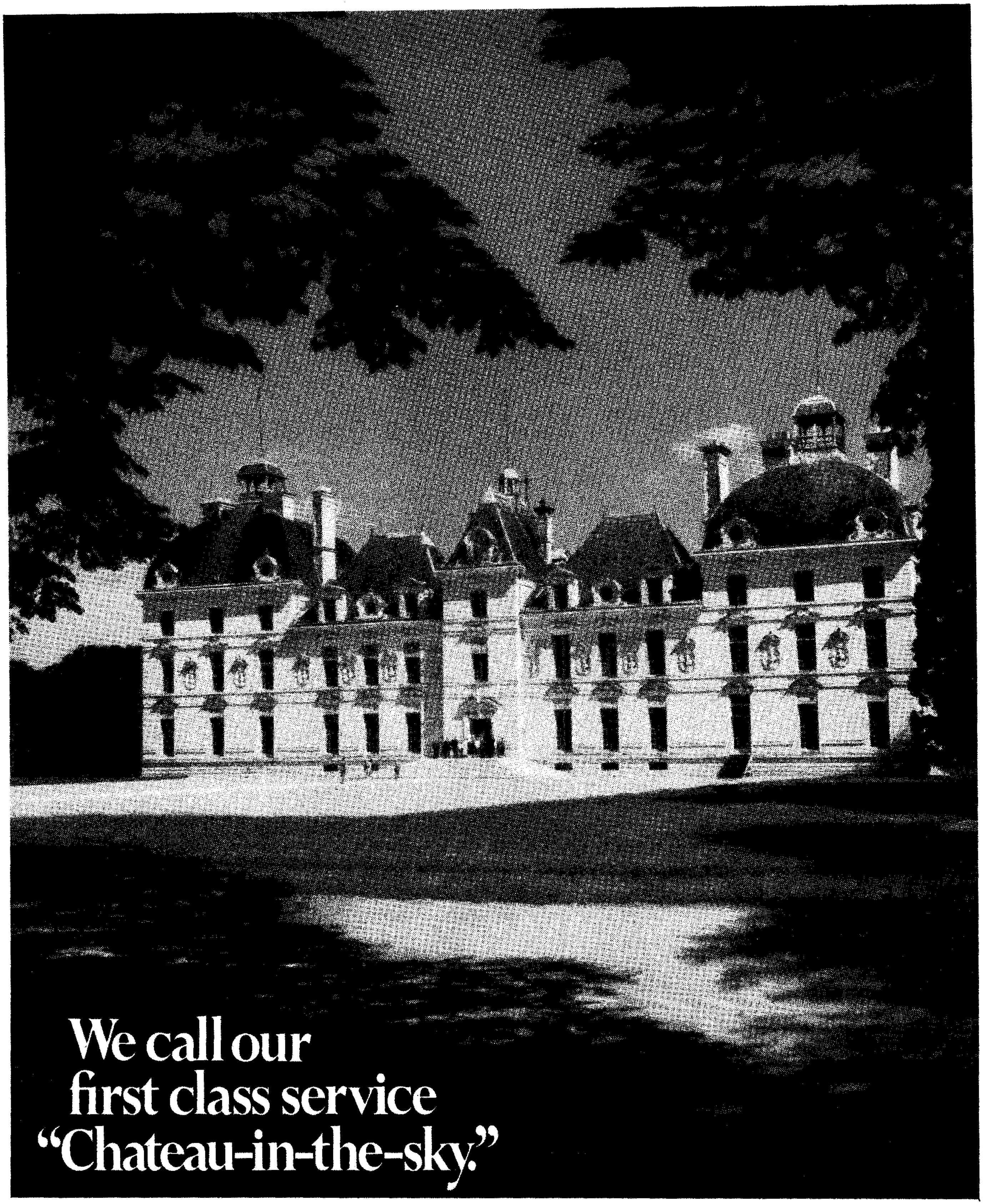
INT. LADIES GARMENT WORKERS UNION
UNION MADE
ILGWU
AFL-CIO
®

The woman who cares.


YVES SAINT LAURENT
Parfum
Y

The invisible dress
by Yves Saint Laurent

Parfum Y,
Saint Laurent's newest
fashion dictate
made especially for
his devilishly aware
clientele,
now available for the
female who dares
to wear an
original Saint Laurent
by the ounce.
At fine stores.



Here's why: It's a unique combination of traditional European elegance and modern jet-age efficiency.

You relax in armchair comfort. You dine in regal splendor on course after course of superb French food accompanied by fine French wines.

And the sparkling stemware, Limoges china, and Christofle silver are some of the little luxuries that add to your enjoyment. Our attractive multilingual French hostesses, of course, attend your every wish.

Our connections in Europe (more than 300 weekly from Paris) make it a quick hop to any other city or cities on your itinerary, with the same meticulous service all the way.

For reservations to Paris and beyond, see your Travel Agent or call us.

It's more chic to go French.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST NETWORK

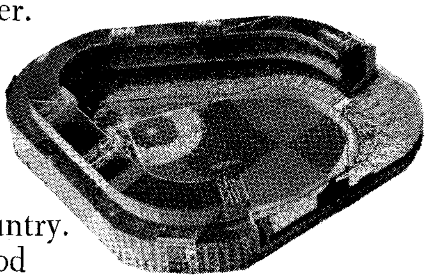
Nearly 1,000,000 American men are now wearing Majer Slacks with Dacron.®

Enough to fill Yankee Stadium 14 times.

With a little bit left over.

And if you include all the Majer Slacks® made with Dacron* in the last 9 years, we could probably fill every major stadium in the country.

It's amazing how a good thing can snowball.



THE CAPACITY OF YANKEE STADIUM IS 67,000.

The simple fact is that for decades Majer Slacks have been a standard by which other slacks are measured.

The Majer Slacks label stands for something.

For quality. Styling. Comfort.

For the kind of prestige that discriminating men look for and insist on.

This is particularly true of our tailored slacks of 55% Dacron* polyester and 45% wool worsted.

Neat. Trim. Ideal for fall's ever-changeable weather. And always in the best of shape because of Dacron*.

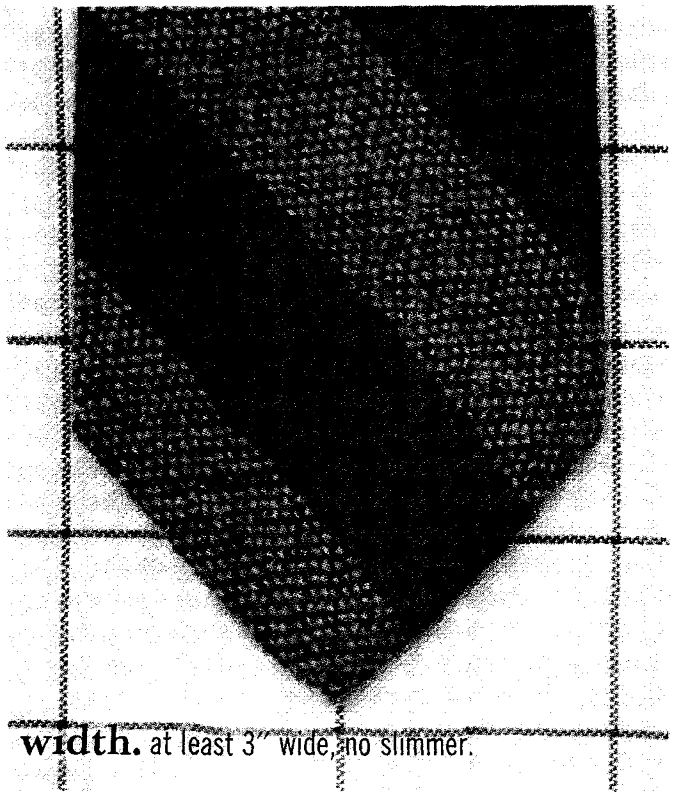
Look for Majer Slacks in any fine men's store... anywhere.

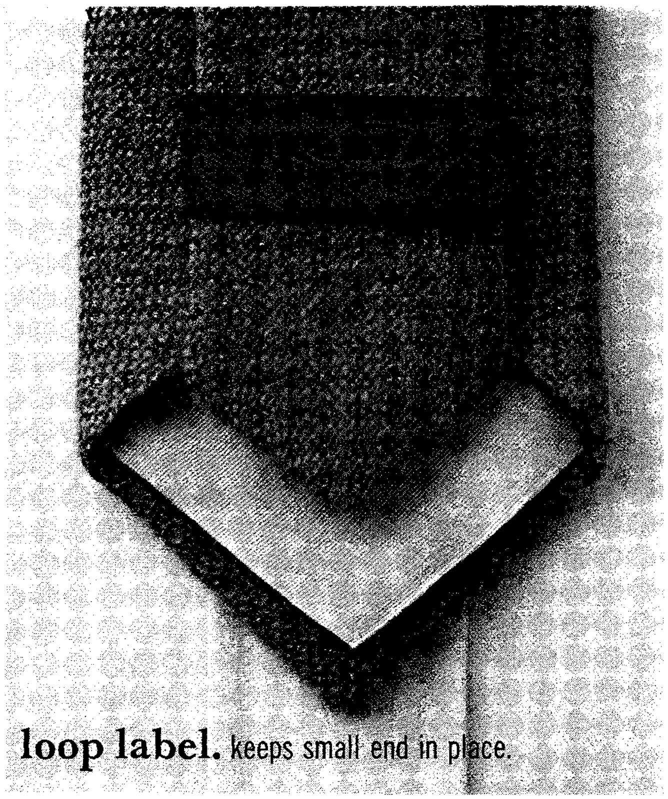
Or, for the name of the store nearest you, drop us a line.

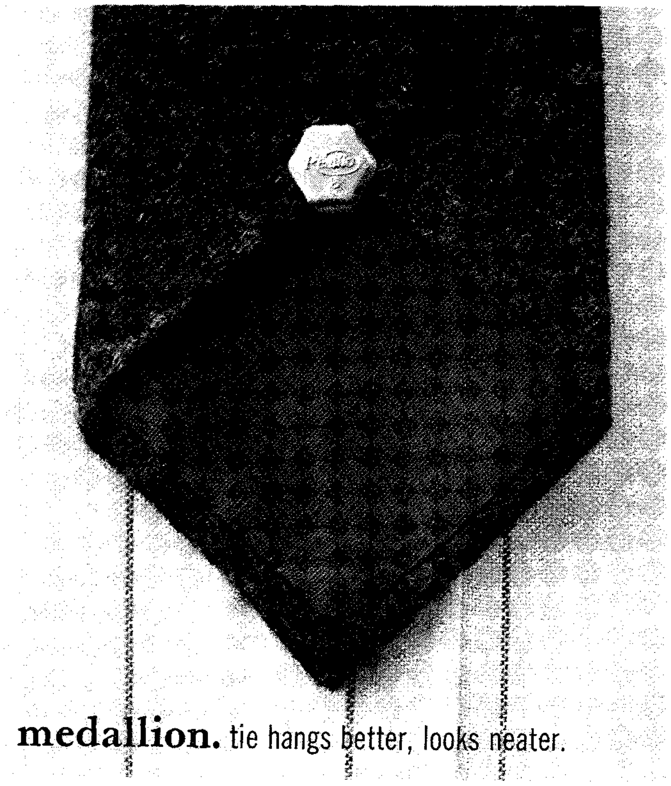
THE MAJER COMPANY, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. *DU PONT REGISTERED TRADE

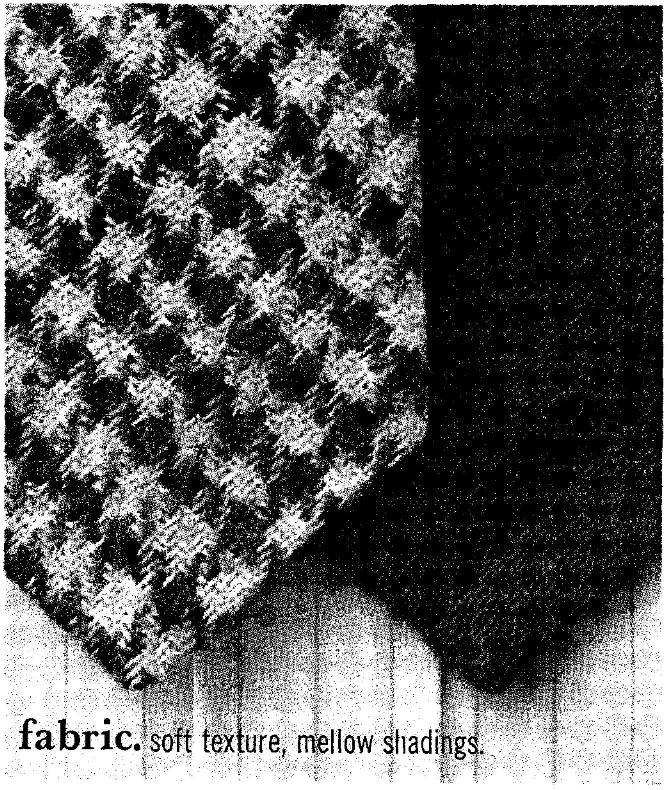
MAJER SLACKS

WHAT MAKES A SHETLAND TIE TRADITIONAL?


width. at least 3″ wide, no slimmer.


loop label. keeps small end in place.

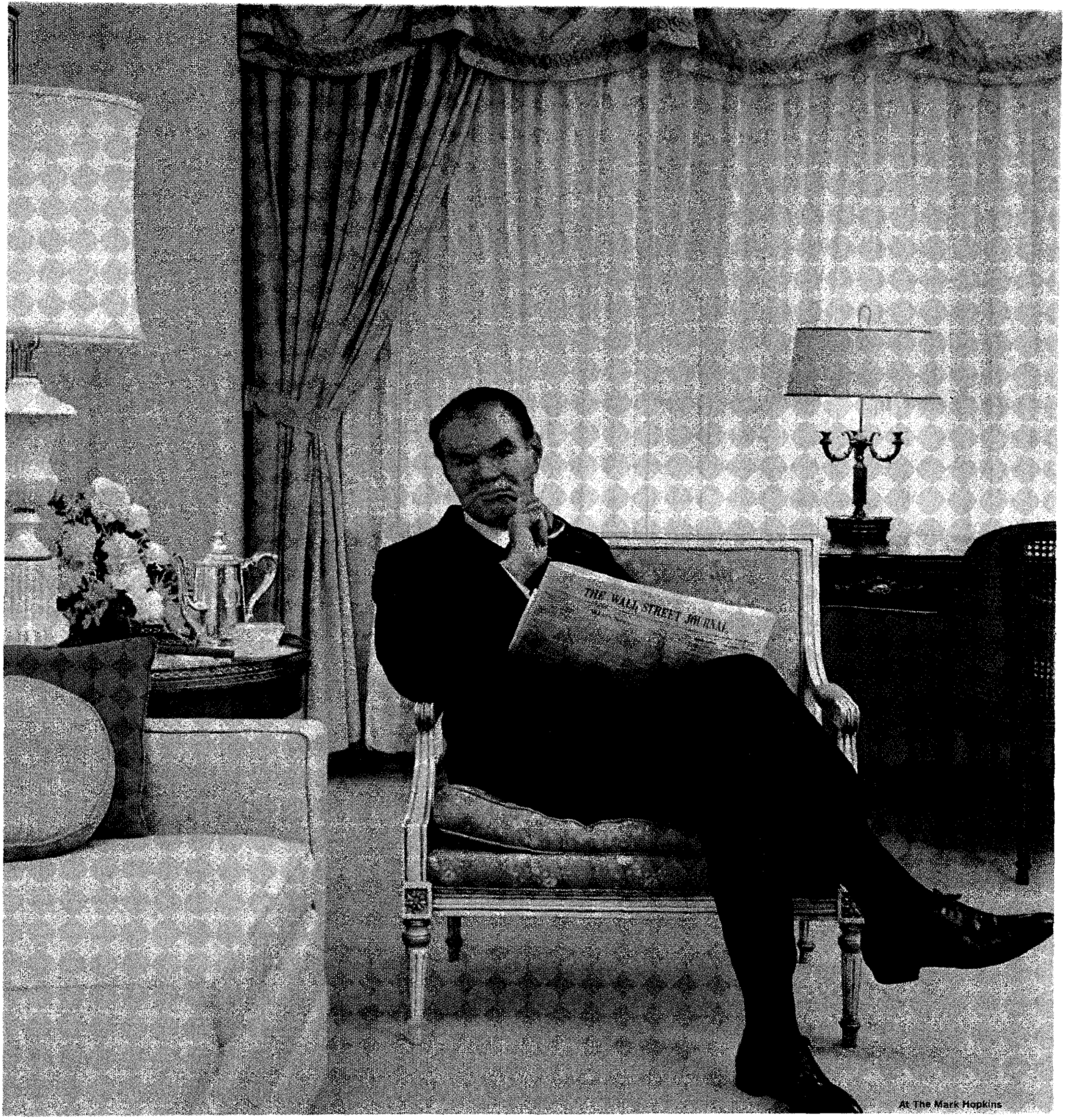

medallion. tie hangs better, looks neater.


fabric. soft texture, mellow shadings.

P.S. Every Resilio tie has all these authentic traditional features. To be completely knowledgeable about traditional ties, send for our free booklet "Tiemanship." Resilio Traditional Neckwear, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001

Resilio®
TRADITIONAL NECKWEAR

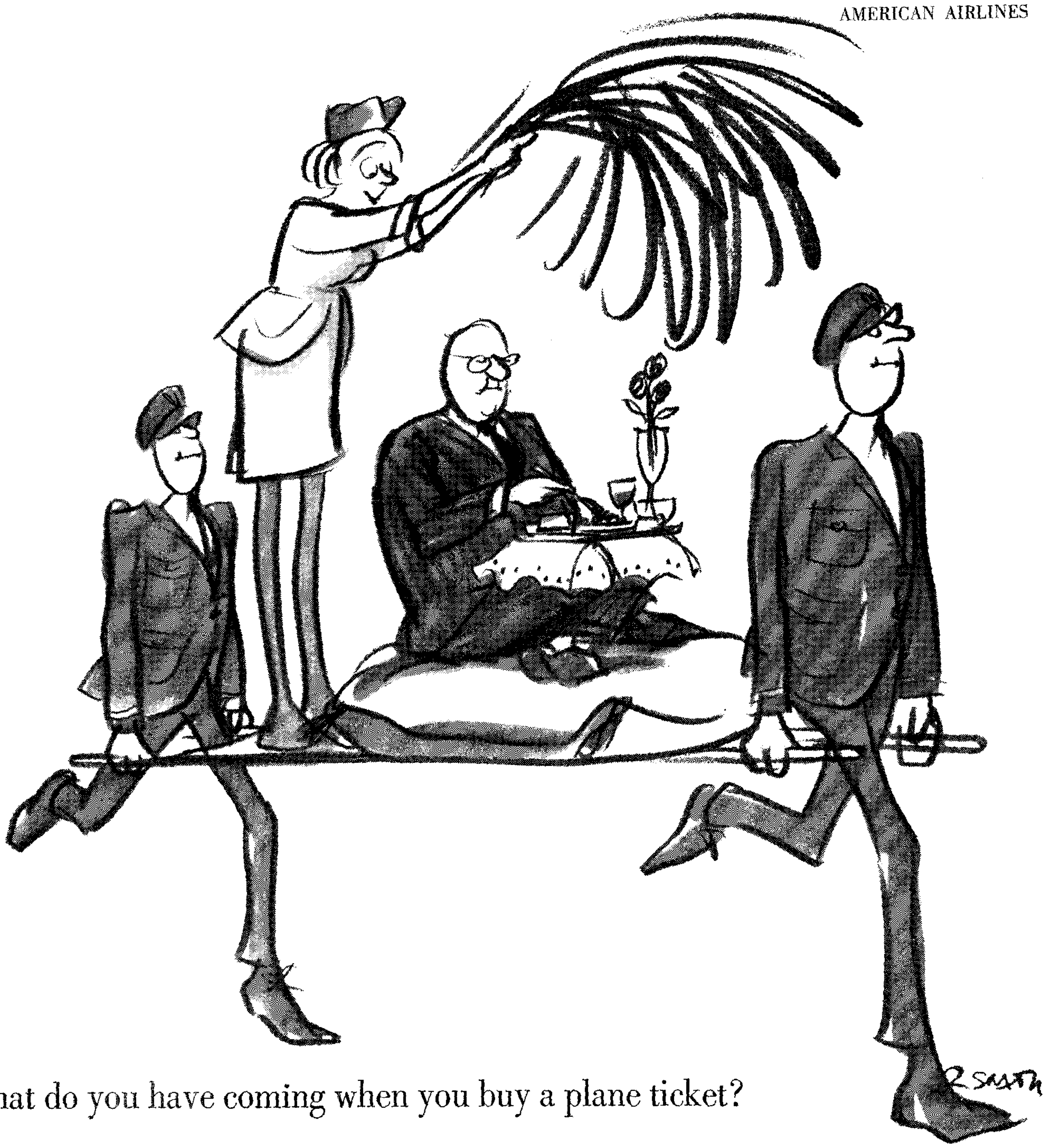
This relaxed businessman doesn't know how big or important we are.
But we know how important he is. That's the big difference at Loew's Hotels.



In just six short years...
businessmen who arrived at Loew's and left refreshed
have made us one of the three largest hotel corporations in the world.

Loew's hotels
Preston Robert Tisch, President

All Loew's, each different:
New York City: The Regency, The Drake, The Warwick, The Americana, The Summit, City Squire Motor Inn, Loew's Midtown Motor Inn. *Chicago:* The Hotels Ambassador.
San Francisco: The Mark Hopkins. *Miami Beach:* The Americana of Bal Harbour. *Puerto Rico:* The Americana of San Juan. *Nassau, Bahamas:* Paradise Island Hotel and Villas.



What do you have coming when you buy a plane ticket?

There you are: a little bit poorer. But with a round-trip plane ticket in your pocket.

What should you expect?

Expect an airline to remember that you're coming and not sell your seat to someone else.

If you ordered steak for dinner, expect steak, not chicken à la king and an excuse.

(And if you've brought the kids along, expect an airline to know what kids like to eat.)

Expect them to take your bags right at the curb. Expect your bags to fly on the same plane you do. Expect them back no more than 7 minutes after landing.

And expect any airline that sold you a ticket to be glad to see you. After all, they were glad to see your money.

Is this asking too much?

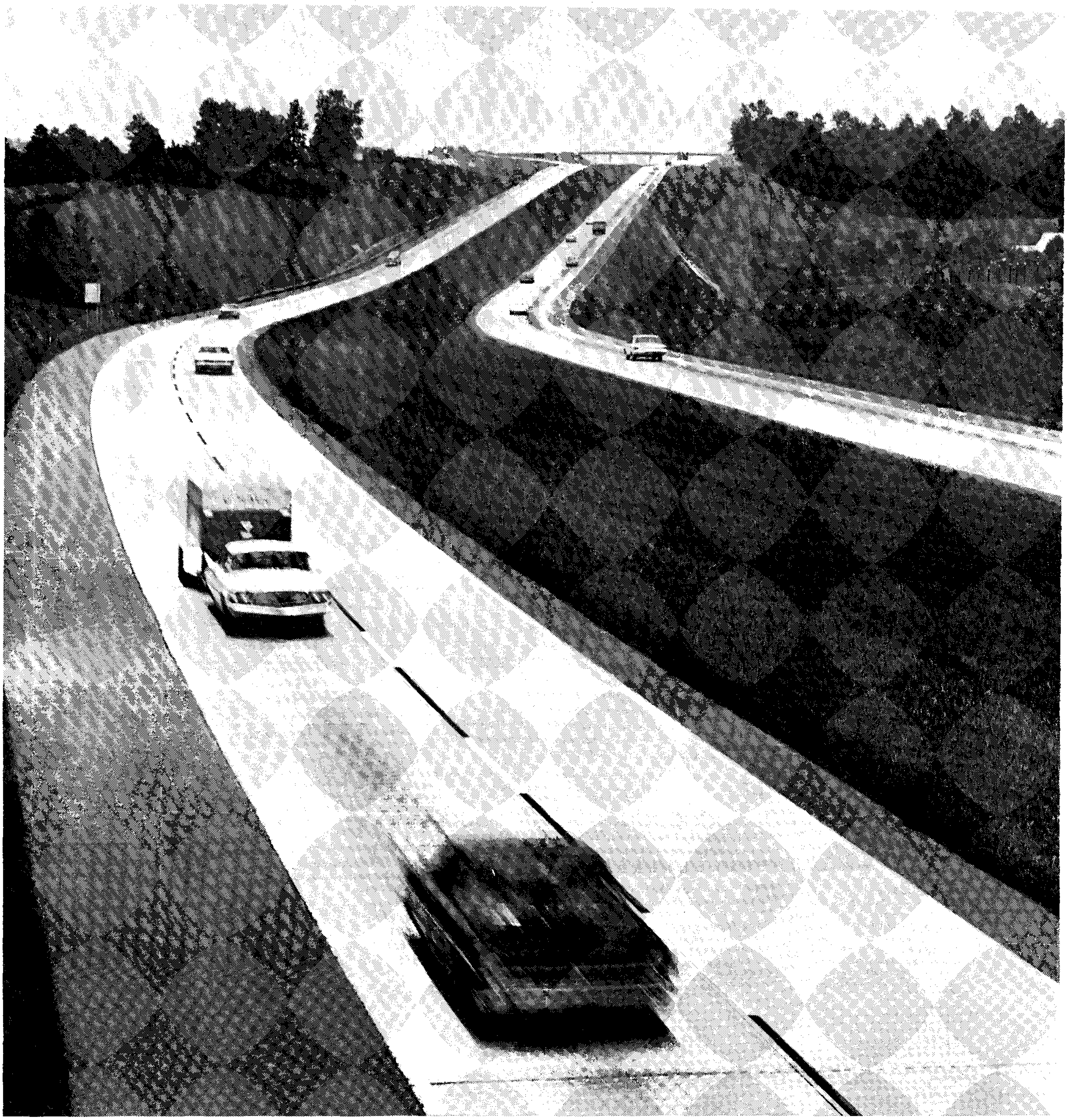
Not the way we look at it.

We built American with the professional traveller in mind—the man who expects service like this whenever he flies.

It all comes with every American Airlines ticket: a small piece of paper any Travel Agent will happily supply.

American Airlines

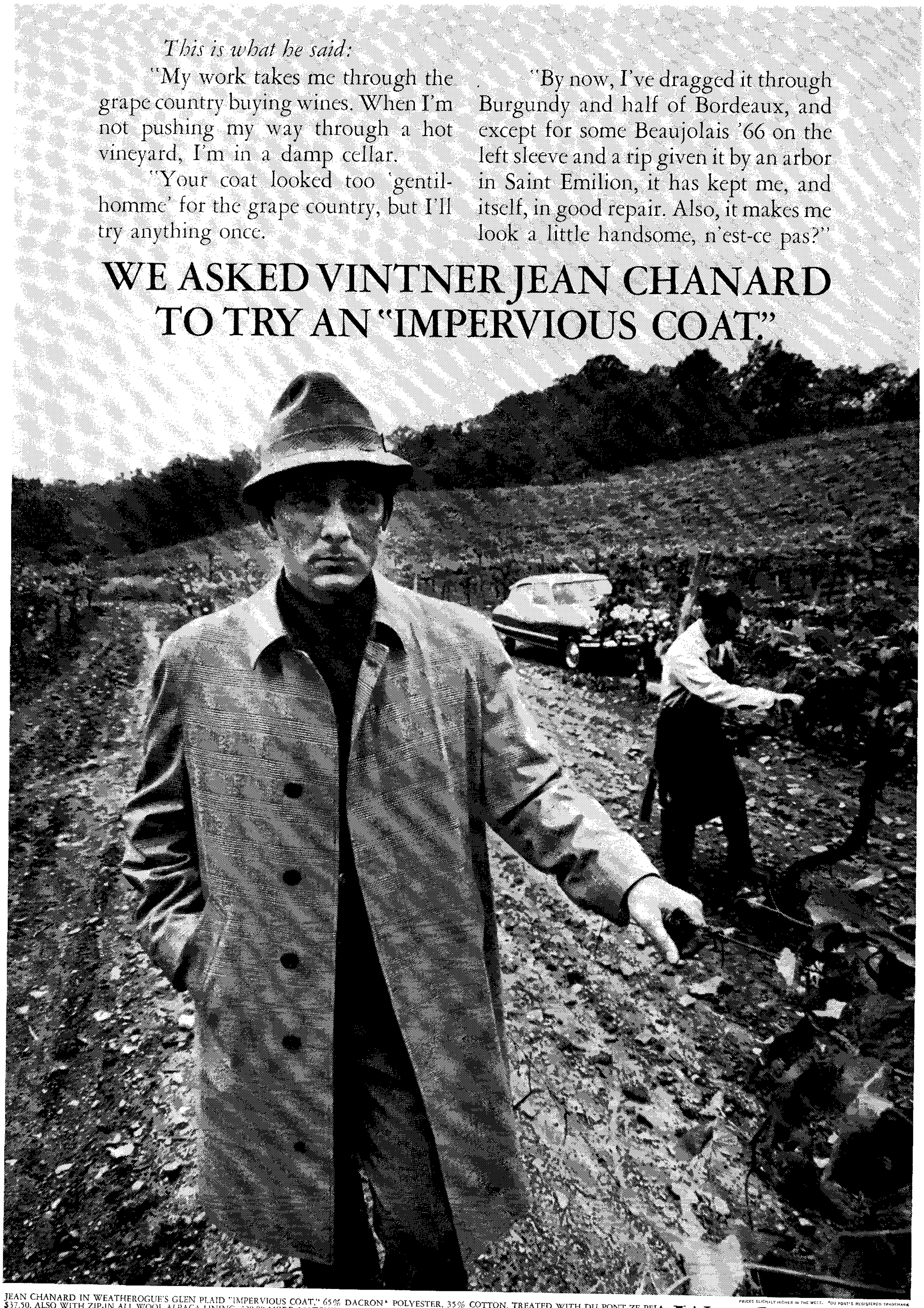
The airline built for professional travellers. (You'll love it.)



Tobacco Road

The rutty dirt road? It's fast coming to an end in Georgia. Nowadays a network of Interstate and other modern highways stretches for 16,728 miles — linking every major city in the State. Georgia has other transportation miracles, too. The 4th busiest U. S. airport is in Atlanta. So is the Southeast's largest railroad terminal. And two deepwater ports — Savannah and Brunswick — offer service to every port in the world. The fact is: Georgia is the transportation hub in the Southeast. Other signs of a fast-moving Georgia: Unusual career opportunities. A galloping economy. Tobacco Road? It belongs to yesteryear. Georgia belongs to today and tomorrow. For a free copy of illustrated booklet, "What's So Different About Georgia?" write: Lester G. Maddox, Governor of Georgia, State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia 30334.

Go
Ahead...
Go
Georgia



This is what he said:

"My work takes me through the grape country buying wines. When I'm not pushing my way through a hot vineyard, I'm in a damp cellar.

"Your coat looked too 'gentilhomme' for the grape country, but I'll try anything once.

"By now, I've dragged it through Burgundy and half of Bordeaux, and except for some Beaujolais '66 on the left sleeve and a rip given it by an arbor in Saint Emilion, it has kept me, and itself, in good repair. Also, it makes me look a little handsome, n'est-ce pas?"

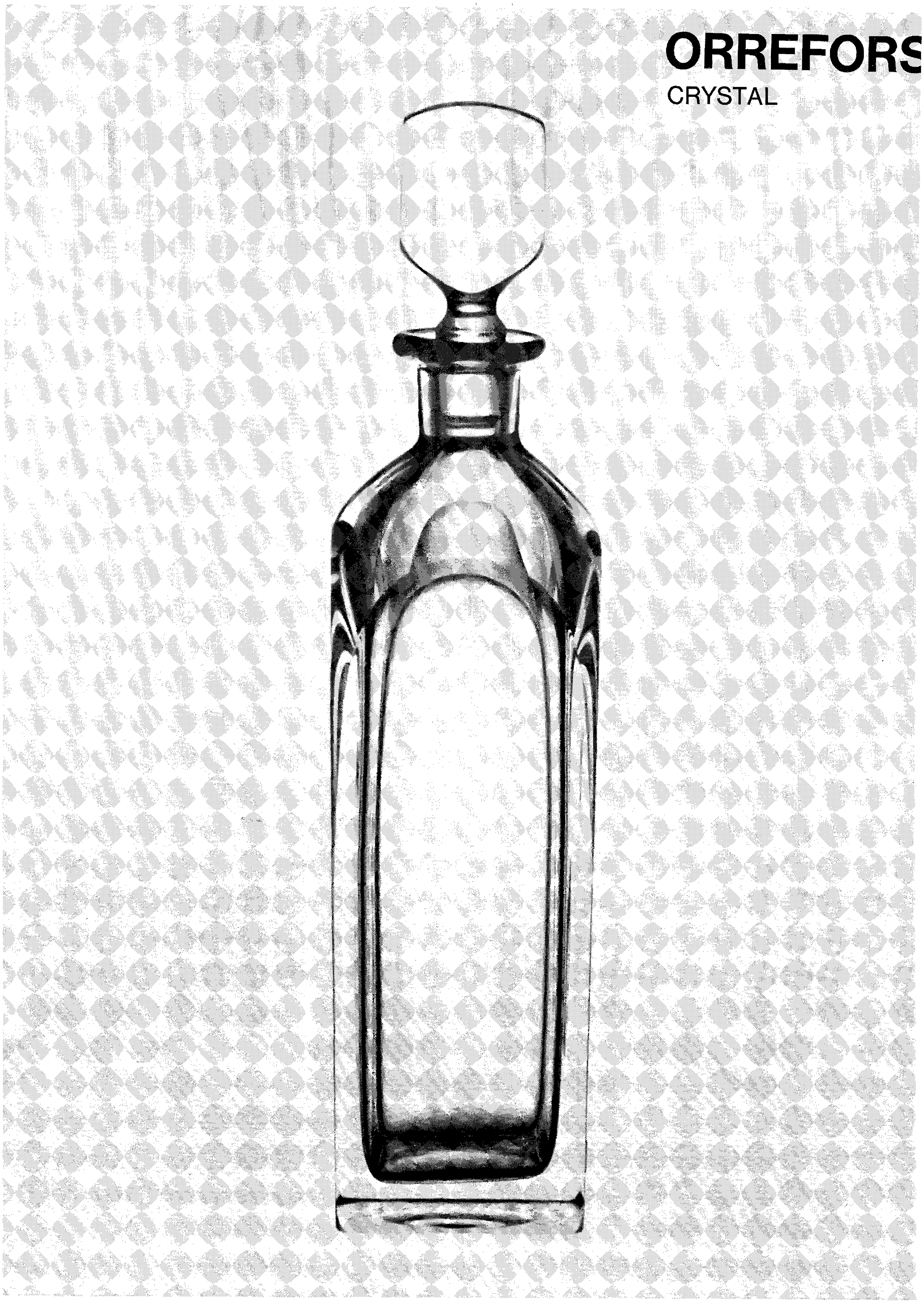
WE ASKED VINTNER JEAN CHANARD TO TRY AN "IMPERVIOUS COAT."

JEAN CHANARD IN WEATHEROGUE'S GLEN PLAID "IMPERVIOUS COAT," 65% DACRON* POLYESTER, 35% COTTON, TREATED WITH DU PONT ZE PEL*, $37.50. ALSO WITH ZIP-IN ALL WOOL ALPACA LINING, $20.00 MORE. MATCHING HAT $7.00. AT GOOD STORES, OR WRITE 1301 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. *DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK

WeatheRogue

Division of Genesco


ORREFORS
CRYSTAL

WRITE FOR BOOKLET • U.S.A. REPRESENTATIVE: FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19106

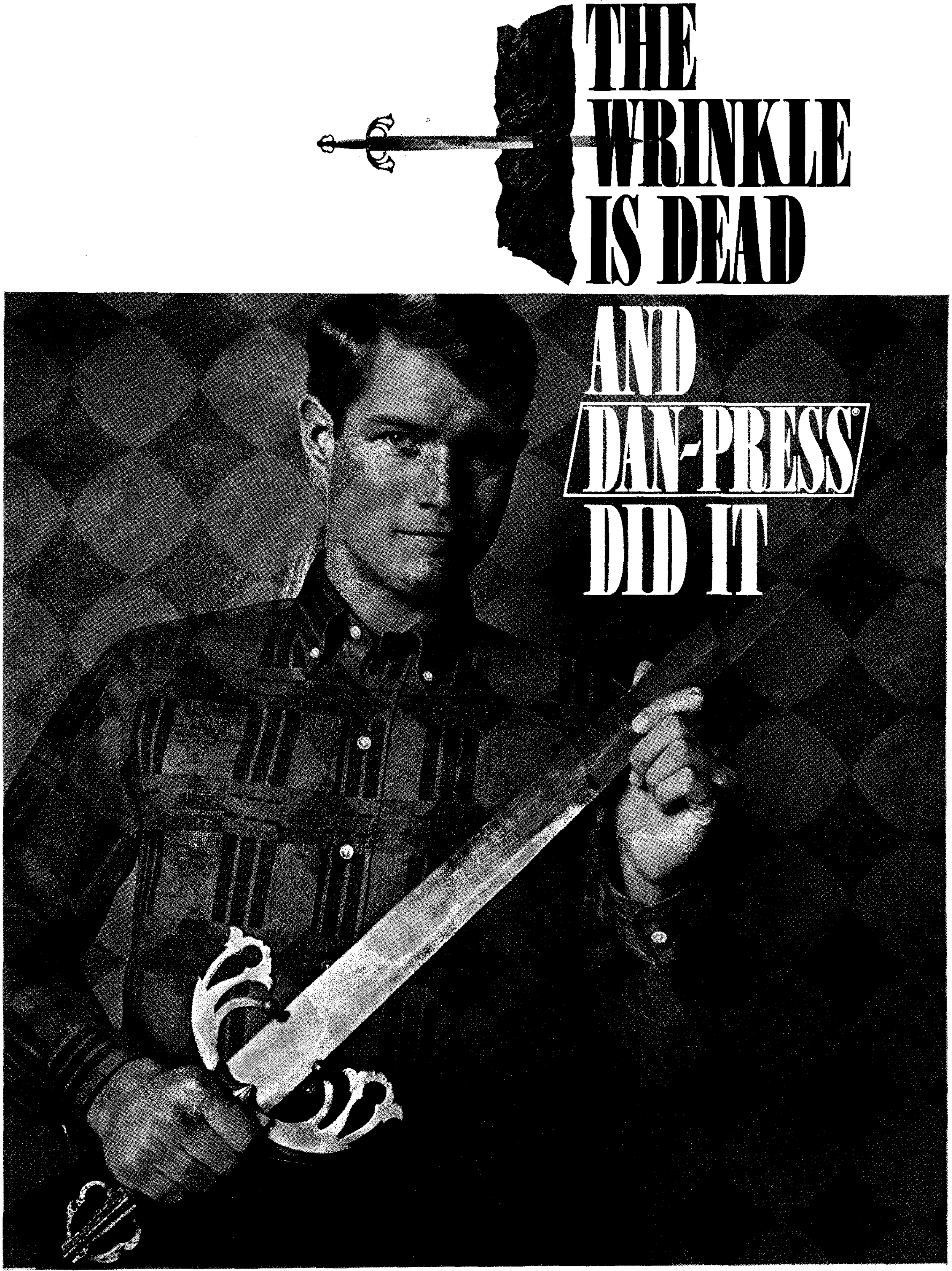
Scotch
BLACK
WHITE
BUCHANAN
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
BLACK & WHITE
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW & LONDON
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Scotch for people who know the difference.

This is the Scotch for Scotch drinkers. The one that gratifies a taste for lightness, smoothness, and Scotch. Tonight, "Black & White."

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

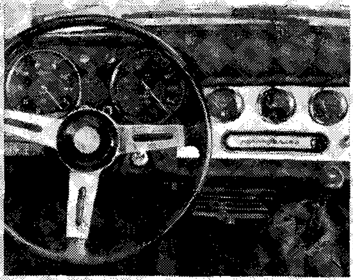
AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED ONLY IN SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC. EXCLUSIVE IMPORTER



Down with the wrinkle, up with the fun clothes. Like this sports shirt made of a sharp new Dan River plaid with Dan-Press. It's a shirt to have fun in because Dan-Press means the fabric is pressed before it gets to you and it stays pressed. Smoothly, neatly, permanently. This one's Nubby-Dan®, 50% **Fortrel**® polyester/ 50% cotton with Dan-Press and it's colorfast. Dan-Press is the permanent press that keeps fashion in and wrinkles out.

Dan River®

All Fabrics Designed and Woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.



It's Alfa's exciting new Duetto Spider. With a custom-designed body by Pininfarina so stunning it should be sold by the carat.

But with Alfa, good looks are never enough. Exhibit A: the editors of Car & Driver, in a hard-nosed performance test of the Duetto against five other famous sports cars, called the Alfa "best by far."

Other comments by these pro's: "Certainly the best-looking...most horsepower (125) ...best acceleration, top speed (nearly 120 mph) and lap times...most comfortable... finest steering...far-superior road-holding ...fantastic controllability in a turn...most civilized."*

We're not surprised. The Duetto shares the same dual-overhead cam engine and running gear that carried the Alfa GTA to top class honors in the 1966 TransAmerican Sedan Championship.

Standard equipment includes: new 5-speed fully synchronized gearbox, 4-wheel disk brakes, dual Weber carburetors, premium radial-ply tires, rich interior of better-than-leather Skai, fully adjustable seats, shoulder harness anchorages, hand throttle, tachometer, fresh-air heater, automatic cigarette lighter, rear-view mirrors, road hazard lights, windshield washers and much more. Sleek hardtop is optional. Queue up now at your Alfa dealer.

**Write for free reprint and full specifications. 231 Johnson Avenue, Newark, New Jersey 07108 • 1700 Daisy Avenue, Long Beach, California 90813.*

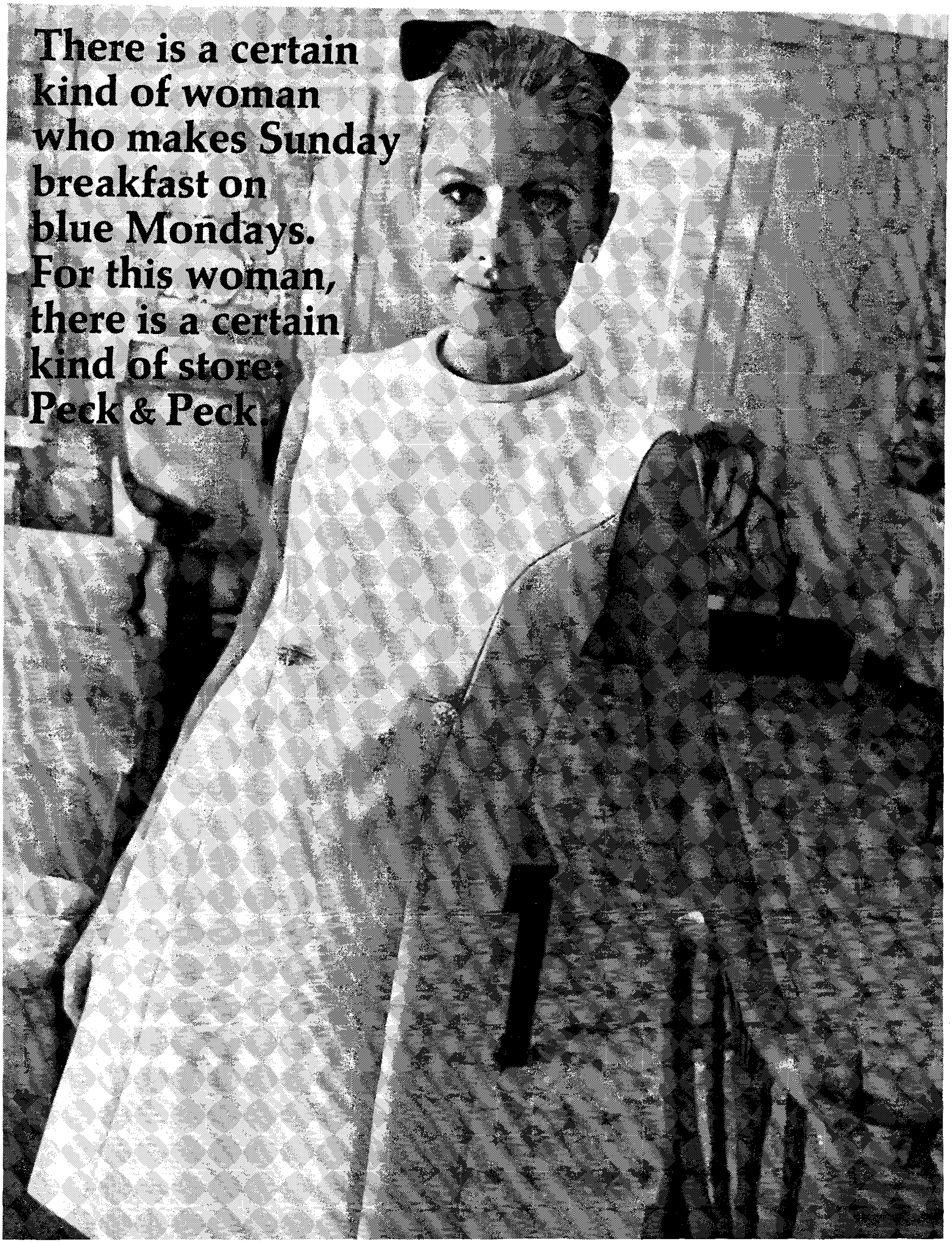
ALFA ROMEO MILANO

alfa romeo

racing since 1911

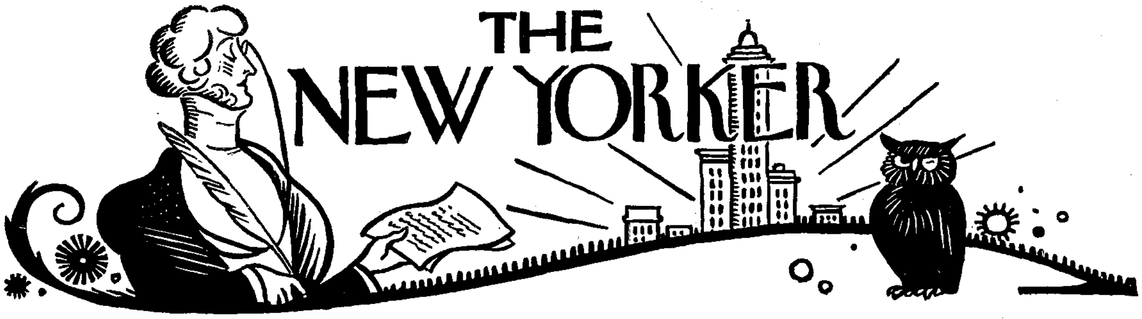
Che bella macchina!

ALFA ROMEO DUETTO SPIDER
ONLY $3950 POE


There is a certain kind of woman who makes Sunday breakfast on blue Mondays. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Applause! Applause! For white wool gabardine from our Carleton collection. For the dress' small, seam-defined shape, little rolled collar and jewel buttons. And for you, because you're sure to be a show-stopper in it. Fully lined. 6 to 14, 70.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/ CHICAGO/ BOSTON/ PHILADELPHIA/ PITTSBURGH/ ROCHESTER / BALTIMORE/ DETROIT/ AKRON/ CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/ TWIN CITIES/ INDIANAPOLIS/ WASHINGTON, D. C./ ATLANTA/ KANSAS CITY/ HARTFORD/ BUFFALO/ PROVIDENCE



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

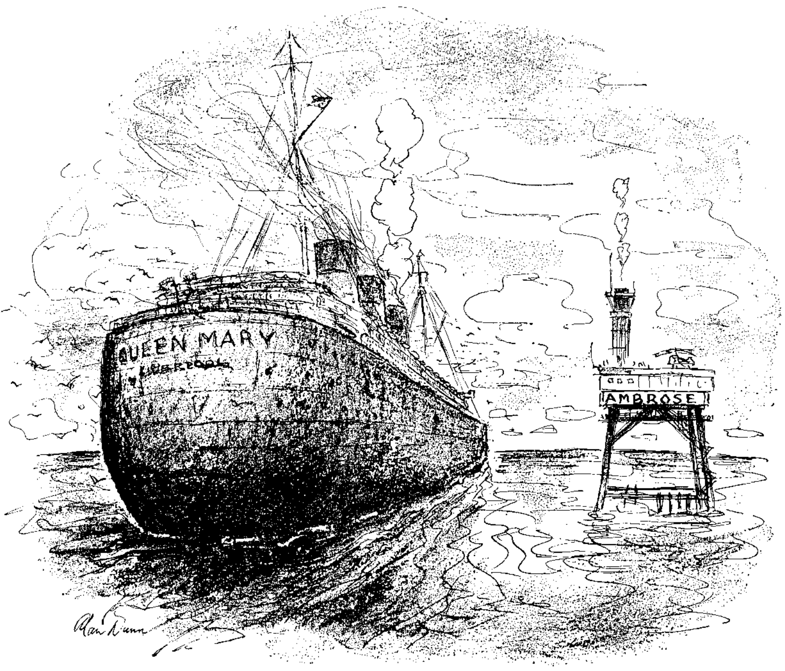
Notes and Comment

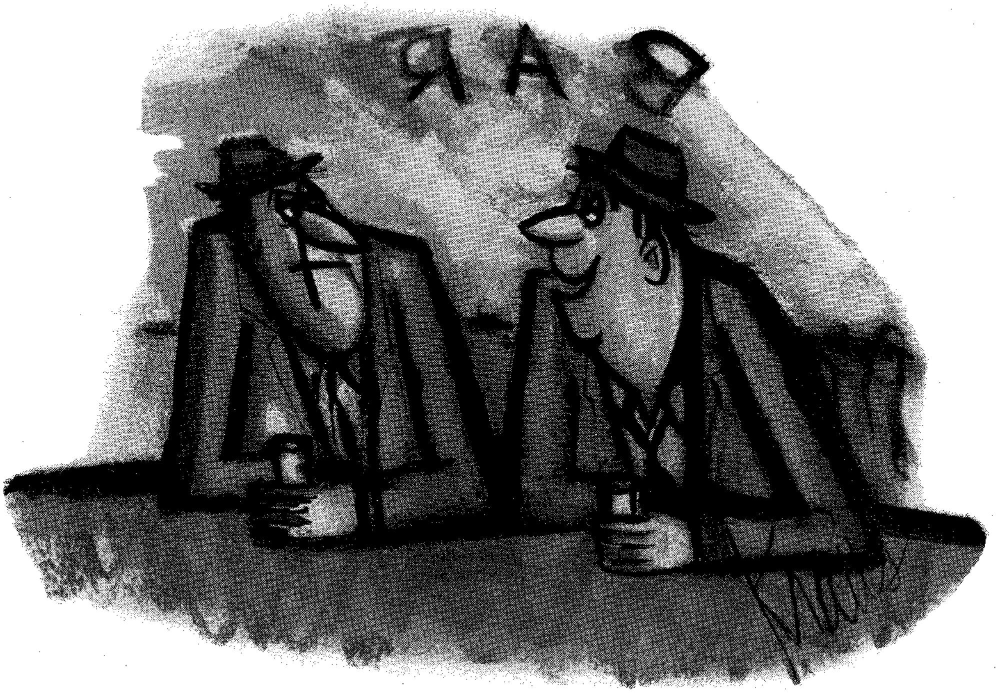
SENATOR ROBERT KENNEDY'S announcement last week that he planned to introduce bills in Congress designed to limit the hours and the form of cigarette advertising on television, to strengthen the health warning on cigarette packs and include it in all cigarette advertising, and to determine federal tax rates on cigarettes by the tar and nicotine content of each brand had the brevity, common sense, and shining pertinence that so often identify pieces of doomed legislation. It will be interesting to study the final aspect of these perfectly shaped vehicles—their aspect when they emerge from congressional committee, the legislative design department where functionalism encounters the Beaux-Arts School of economics. We're betting each of them will be another "large compact." But, whatever the outcome, we commend the Senator and wish his urgent business well. What is especially persuasive about his proposals is that they put the immense burden of responsibility in the right place, which is on the advertising man's desk. We have had a good deal of sympathy for the tobacco man—the grower and seller—in his current deadly pickle. His rich weed is now known to contain death, yet the demand for it rises with every crop, and he can claim, with something close to justification, that he only grows the stuff, and that the public has the same right to buy and smoke it that it has, say, to take up skydiving. No such immunity, perhaps, can be claimed by the advertising man or by the tobacco company that pays him, for they are luring new smokers and deluding the old ones. This issue of conscience seems so clear to us that for the past year or two we have been unable to watch a cigarette commercial without wondering about the state of mind of the man who made it up. We have thought about this anonymous copywriter so many times that we feel we know him pretty well by now (he is a friendly, serious fellow in his early forties, very fond of regimental-stripe ties), and last week we sat down beside him in the smoking car of our train of thought, which he was riding home to Greens Farms, and asked him how he liked his work.

The copywriter nodded once or twice and smiled. "Good question," he said. He drew on his cigarette and blew out a cloud of smoke in a thoughtful, elegant manner that somehow combined simultaneous indications of pleasure, company loyalty, engaging human fallibility, and the comforting evidence that he was still alive. "Well," he began, "*I* smoke, and almost all my friends smoke. Everybody in this car smokes, right? Lots of people—millions of 'em—smoke, and all of them know what it may do to them. And they're grownups, of course. Well, *most* of them are grown up. Anyway, being grownups, being adult, they have to be given the power of choice, don't they? That's the way we operate in this country, don't we? I mean, it's like voting. The people have the facts—they're right there, on every pack—and it's up to them to choose, to vote, whether to go on smoking or not."

The copywriter smiled again, warming to his subject. "You see, I happen to trust the American public. I like them. I think they're intelligent. I think you've *got* to assume that grownups are intelligent enough to make the right choice for themselves in the end. I mean, you and I aren't going to help take the elections and the campaigning away from the people just because some experts tell us they know what's best, are we? No, sir. Because that's *Fascismo*. No, you can't believe the public is going to be taken in by some demagogue. They're not going to fall for a lot of phony campaign promises, are they? They're not *sheep*. Of course not! Well, then, in exactly the same way, you can't believe that they're *really* taken in by a lot of footage of some goddam cowboys lighting up around the old chuck wagon, or by those idiots in a laundromat or someplace waving their cigarette packs at a camera crew in a pickup truck. Right? I mean, people *can't* be that stupid, can they?"

Our companion had begun to raise his voice,





"'A short life and a merry one' is my motto. What's yours?"

but now something outside the window seemed to catch his attention, for he paused and stared out for a minute or two in silence. When he resumed talking, it was in a different tone of voice. "Well, anyway," he said, "there's the commitment angle. It's a big industry, a hell of a big industry—billions of dollars—and nobody's just going to give it up. You know that. I mean, we're involved now, and who knew it was going to turn out like this? We're committed, and we can't just turn our backs on it all. I mean, what would *you* do? You can't just turn around and march back to the boats and go home, can you? Not now, you can't."

EVEN if one disapproves of the way that Governor George Romney has dealt with the issue of Vietnam, or failed to deal with it, in his public statements, it is possible to commiserate with him during the current flap in the press regarding his "brainwashing" statement. We saw and heard the Governor utter the famous word on television, and—in our old-fashioned, linear, content-oriented way—we were so attentive to what we thought the Governor was saying about the war that we didn't appreciate the fantastic possibilities of his offhand remark, flapwise. Perhaps that was because we had no headline to write, no political column to produce, no television analysis to deliver. Others had, however, and in the succeeding days we watched the Governor's metaphor take on a dramatic life of its own, outracing the comparatively drab event that it had been meant to describe. What the Governor had seemed to be saying on television was that during his trip to Vietnam in 1965 he was told less than the whole truth about American intentions in regard to the war. But commentators in the newspapers and on television seized upon a literal, and far snappier, definition of "brainwashing," with its connotations of psychological torture, deception, and conversion; in both media it was said that the Governor had "admitted" and "confessed" that he had allowed someone to forcibly implant certain false notions in his mind. The *Times* assigned a reporter to ask the Governor's companions on the Vietnam trip if they had seen anything that smacked of brainwashing. Reading their negative replies in the *Times*, we tried to imagine how the reporter might have framed the question: "Did Romney stay with the group most of the time? Did you see any funny business? Did he disappear into a hut and then come out looking dazed and speaking in a mechanical way? Did he look O.K. around the eyes?" It seems to us that, in their fascination with Governor Romney's Vietnam ordeal, the newspapers have ignored something at least equally significant in this episode—that the debate over the war has reached a point at which a prominent moderate Republican seeking his party's Presidential nomination has publicly declared that the United States should never have entered the war.

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OVERHEARD at the recent National Lawn Tennis Championships, in Forest Hills, a three-year-old girl to her father, during the fifth set of a hard-fought match in the men's singles: "I hope one of them wins."

Warm and Clear

WE were engaged in after-dinner conversation not long ago with some New Haven friends of ours, the Richard Snyders, when the front door of the Snyders' house opened and four tall men strode in. The first of them, large and Teutonic-looking, with blond hair and lively eyes, said "*Guten Abend*" as he walked through the entrance hall and started to climb the stairs. The Snyders replied "*Guten Abend*," and then the other men said "*Guten Abend*," and the Snyders said "*Guten Abend*" to them, too. By this time, we were saying "*Guten Abend*" ourself, and were wondering why.

"They're German organ builders, here to install the new organ in the United Church on the Green," said our hostess, who is a church organist herself, and who built, from a kit, a harpsichord that stands in her living room. "They're rooming here while they put it together. I'm interested in church organs, and they're building one of the finest ones in the country, so I'm delighted to have them. Besides, it helps me with my German."

A few moments later, the four men trooped back down the stairs, this time wearing bathing suits. The large, Teutonic-looking man, whose name turned out to be Harry Hillebrand, said "*Guten Abend*" again as he led the way through the Snyders' kitchen and out to the back yard. He was adjusting a white bathing cap over his hair. Before long, the four men were gambolling about with a plastic beach ball in the Snyder children's back-yard pool, an above-ground contraption that stands about four feet deep and is fifteen feet in diameter. We wanted to find out more about the organ builders, so we arranged to go the following day to the United Church on the Green, whose congregation dates from 1742, to see them at work, to see the organ itself, and to talk with Paul Jordan, the church organist and musical director.

We found Mr. Jordan, who is twenty-eight, sitting on his bench, in front of the partly completed organ, while German craftsmen crawled around the insides of the huge instrument, connecting wires and plastic tubes, and drilling tiny holes. There were organ pipes everywhere, and of every length—some of them in place, some in the process of being installed, others waiting their turn. The organist, who stops by the church almost every day to check on the organ builders' progress and to consult with them on the features he wants incorporated in the instrument, was conducting a wedding rehearsal. He explained to us that enough of the organ had been put together to make it playable, in a restricted manner. A string quartet, plus trumpet, was warming up next to the organ, which is on a balcony at the rear of the church, overlooking box pews with cushions and carpets the color of Burgundy, and also overlooking, on this occasion, a properly nervous wedding party. The pews, all the woodwork, and the shutters that protect the windows of the church had been newly painted white, as part of a half-million-dollar renovation campaign inspired by the pastor, the Reverend Dr. David Weinland.

"I think there's no question that this is going to be one of the five or six finest organs in America," Jordan said proudly. For one thing, he told us, the instrument, which will cost seventy thousand dollars, will be a large one, with forty-one stops and approximately fifty-five ranks of pipes—terms that mean a great deal to organists. It also is what is called a tracker-action organ, which means that the organist's fingers feel a definite mechanical contact when a key opens the valve that admits wind into a pipe; the more common electro-pneumatic action employs relays and electrical contacts to do much of the work. Asking an organist in love with tracker action to play on an electro-pneumatic instrument apparently is like suggesting to a racing-car driver that he abandon his gearbox in favor of an automatic transmission. Beyond this, however, according to Jordan, it is an almost unique combination of modern and antique qualities that will make the United Church organ one of the most prized in the nation. Having such an instrument to play is going to make Paul Jordan a happy young man on October 1st, when he will play the dedicatory recital. But equally exciting for him, he told us, is the story of how he discovered the Hillebrand organ, which is almost unknown in this country, and how he convinced people here that the United Church on the Green needed it.

It all started in 1964, Jordan said, when he was finishing four years of study under Helmut Walcha, the great German organist, in Frankfurt. Dr. Otto Kulcke, a German physician who was an organ buff, suggested that Jordan visit churches with him to hear organs, both old and new, that are "in the North German tradition." Jordan was skeptical about the new organs. "The modern organ builders have certainly been able to approximate the clarity of the old organs," he told us. "But this has meant that the softness and warmth of some of the old organs were lost." He was pessimistic about ever finding a modern organ—that is, one less than a hundred and fifty years old—that effectively combined these features.

With Dr. Kulcke, Jordan spent a week listening to church organs—two a day, on an average. "Our ears were almost satiated by all these sounds," he said, with a smile indicating that he had a high satiation threshold. Toward the end of the tour, they heard a three-hundred-year-old Scherer, a truly classic instrument, and then came a modern Hillebrand organ, which Dr. Kulcke had come upon in a tiny village named Bremervörde. "And, sure enough, the satiated ears perked up and this Hillebrand converted me," Jordan said. "It had the clarity, but it also had the softness and warmth and singing quality and emotional communication that most new organs sacrifice to a great degree for their clarity. The interesting thing was that the Hillebrand company, though it was well known in the region around Hanover, was not known internationally." He went to see the late Hermann Hillebrand and his sons, Harry and Guntram, praised their work, and said, "Someday, in America, I'll find a millionaire who will build a Hillebrand organ." Everybody laughed at this, and Jordan returned to the United States and got the job of organist at the United Church on the Green in order to resume his studies at Yale.

"I was happy to see that the minister, Dr. Weinland, wanted a new organ for the church," Jordan said. "The church had a terribly bad organ—I had seldom come across a worse one—both in conception and in present condition. At that time, I never thought that the place where I might take a job while I was at Yale would be the place that would build the organ I dreamed of. The lucky thing was that that organ was so awful that the congregation, too, knew that a new organ was the solution. Often, if the organ is just mediocre, *you* may be the only person who can appreciate that something's wrong, but in this case *everybody* knew we needed a new one."

An organ committee was set up to

Old Warsaw, Dallas.

"This is the final event of a three-

upside down. I turned it right side up, and he slapped me. I was just

"A cliché," Mr. Miles said. "Ack-ack!"

look into the matter of getting a new   that this is what accounts for the Hille-   "I'll score it tonight, and everything

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

WE walked through the vast Tudor building. There were many of us registering. I was surprised and happy to see college friends from ten years ago whom I had not seen since graduation. Don Fielding came in. His face was red and shiny, and he had all of his hair; he looked exactly as he had in first-year French; only a class beanie was lacking. "What are you doing here?" I asked him. Shyly, he pulled at his crew-neck sweater and said, "The same thing you are."

We shuffled through a long line. Trembling little old women gave us our clothes and gear. At the end of the first line, a fat woman handed me a folded green entrenching tool. "You must be careful of color and concealment," she said. I looked at her closely. She was my elementary-school physical-education teacher—Miss Holstein. Her face was very tan. There was no lipstick on her mouth. She had short, fuzzy brown hair and bowling-pin legs, and she wore a plain mauve suit and pale calfskin flat shoes with thick soles. She held a big brown rubber dodge ball in her left hand.

I started to acknowledge her. She raised a finger and frowned. I moved on to another line. One of my best friends from college, Tim O'Connell, came in through a dark-stained door full of tiny glittering windowpanes. We embraced and shook hands. He, too, had not changed. He was huge and burly as always, and his laughter was exactly as I remembered it—deep, throaty, almost mournful. He had a large mouth.

I said, "You look the same after all this time."

"So do you," he said. "You haven't changed a bit."

"But I'd have thought everyone would look older."

He shrugged. "How's your family?"

"Great. I miss them. Especially my son. He's seven. The last time I saw him, he was boarding a big yellow school bus on the hill in front of our house. I'd just turned to get into my car when I saw the red signals of the bus flashing. It was raining, and Charlie—that's my son—was the last one on, because he was having trouble closing his umbrella. It was a red umbrella. He's so little I wondered if he was ever going to get it down, but he finally did. I waved with my briefcase, he waved back, and the bus shut off its signals and chugged up the hill. That's the last I saw of him. The rascal."

The huge room, nostalgically like my college dining hall, bustled with men getting their packs together. Someone blew a whistle. Milling and chatting, we settled on the floor. How odd. Now it was kindergarten, with narrow planks beneath us, shiny oak, and we were very close to earth, to the bottom. Would there be a piano and singing? Or cutout time, and furtive eating of paste that tasted of wintergreen?

Miss Holstein came to the front. We stood. She pulled down a silvery granulated screen. There was a flag behind her. We pledged allegiance, sang "God Bless America," and sat down again. With pointer in hand, she said softly, "I am going to give a very brief orientation. Then we will go into the warehouse."

As she talked slowly on and on, the sun shone on her tan, fuzzy face. How much it was like the sun of childhood autumns, early Septembers, when school started. ". . . here to help the troops," she was saying. "We are brave little soldiers in our own way." There was a squirming around me. "Soldiers of mercy. Soldiers of peace, dealing with *things*. We are going to help our fighting men not with prayer, not with entertainment, not even with coffee and doughnuts, but with concrete things that will remind them of home, and civilization, and history, and meaning. Things that will boost our men's morale and help them see it through. Do you understand?"

We all droned peacefully.

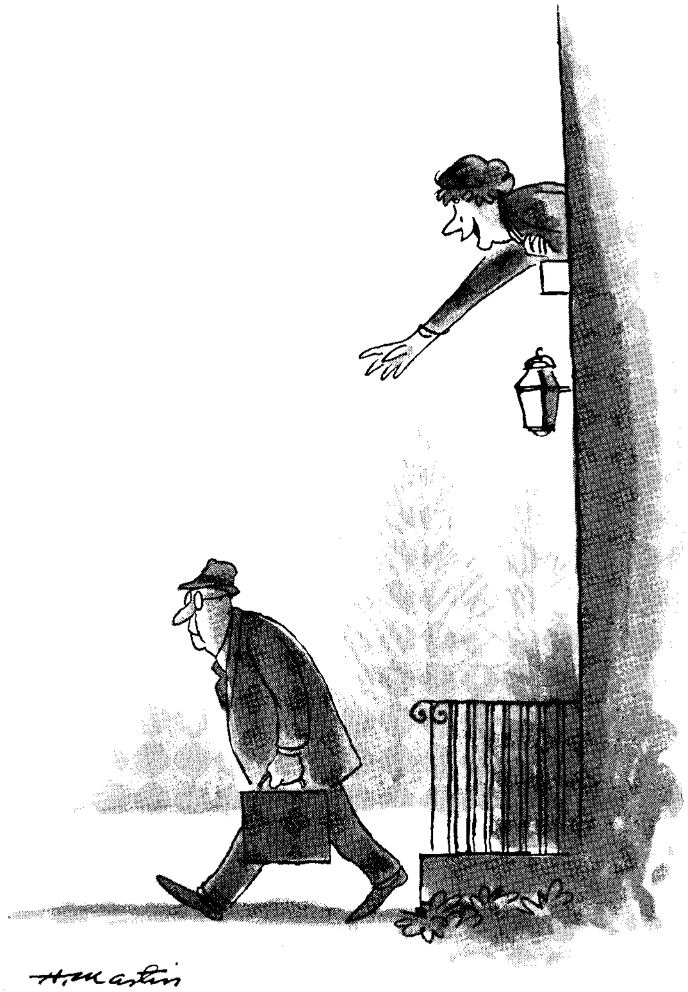
"Pull the shades. First slide, please." The windows became deep, warm yellow, the room pleasantly dark. Several maps flashed onto the screen. They showed crude road lines, supply lines, chow areas, latrine areas, the combat zone. Company headquarters—our location—lay on the west. From it three fat black arrows flared north, east, and south. Miss Holstein swept the pointer over the arrows. She said, "This part of the jungle is your working radius. You will use compasses. Next slide, please. Ah. Here are some of the things." Slides flashed in rapid succession. They showed small articles of furniture, glassware, china, toys, linen. The slides ended.

We were taken to an adjoining room, the warehouse. It turned out to be an immaculate museum, with much the same kind of things we had seen on the screen. Each was encased in glass and labelled. "Chippendale chair." "Porringer, 1784." "Hand mirror of Mme. Pompadour." "Earrings from Knossos, 1600 B.C." Stuff like that. We were all impressed.

Miss Holstein gathered us around like a large group of tourists. Pointing, she said, "When you go through that door, you'll be on your own. Remember to gather your things compactly in a container you'll find, such as a chest or a bureau. And don't take more than you can carry alone. By

the time you fill your containers, you should be near enough the combat zone to deliver them personally to our fighting men. Then your mission is done. You will return here. It'll be cookies and milk and a long rest. You'll have earned it. Good luck."

We applauded respectfully. She marched to the door and opened it. Everyone filed through.



"Wait a second, Senior Citizen! You retired yesterday. Remember?"

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THE jungle was like home—the woods in New Hampshire. I did not understand. Maple trees, birch, oak, beech, pines. Some swamp. Rocks. But no open fields.

We spread out to find containers for our things. It was fun—like a large Easter-egg hunt. We discovered dust-covered chests; spider-webbed bathtubs with claw feet; old, discarded refrigerators with no doors; abandoned automobiles, upholstery coming out of the seats; huge Victorian trunks. Everything was hidden among bushes, under trees, behind boulders. My colleagues cheered as they found suitable containers. Tim O'Connell was using a baby-blue Volkswagen with no wheels and no engine.

I am not a big man. I chose a strange combination of small bureau and chest. I had never seen such a piece of furniture, so I did not know the name of it. I called it a trunk. It had six big brass handles—three on each long side. Drawers with cut-glass knobs pulled magically out of the narrow ends. Yet the top opened like a lid, and inside there was no sign of the drawers. It was roomy, and you could store a lot in it if you were eclectic and not greedy for large, ostentatious things.

All the men had chosen containers. One picked a 1940-vintage washing machine. It had a small black rubber knob that you turned to let out the water. A stick to stop the agitator. No hose. As I walked by, I peeked in; the large, propeller-like agitator was still in place. I wondered how he expected to fit much in it at all.

Everyone moved out smartly with his empty container. I dragged mine for a while, then shouldered it. It got heavier and heavier. How rapidly we tire, I thought. How frail we are.

When we reached the first large cache, we shouted, "Hurrah!" Men put down their containers and began to scoop up things. We gathered glittering identification necklaces from the green-leaved trees. Sunlight made the quick-moving men shimmer. I stopped. Was it innocence I saw on their faces? The jungle was filled with a shadowy, dappled glow and the sneaky, lithe movements of small boys. Who were the Indians, I wondered. The cowboys. Who were the bad guys and who were the good? I plucked two splendid ruby earrings from a bush where they were hanging and laid them carefully in the flowered fabric bottom of my trunk. No. They would be lost there. They were too small. I put them in one of the small end drawers instead. The drawer was lined with maroon-and-écru striped silk. It smelled of old perfume, talcum powder. Ephemera. Death. I shook my head.

I found a tortoiseshell comb, a satinwood natural-bristle brush. I wondered whose they had been as I laid them gently in the drawer. A bag of marbles, with "Joe—1876" embroidered on it. A First World War lead soldier. He had a pink painted face and a brilliant red dot of a mouth.

I spotted a large, beautiful white porcelain Cheshire cat. I must have dragged the trunk a mile farther before I found some burlap, wrapped the cat up, and put him in the bottom of the sweet-sour trunk. Next to a tree stump, I found a long leather change purse divided into two compartments, with two snap prongs to open and close it. It smelled wonderfully of leather, slightly moldy. Someone could use it. I put it in one of the drawers. This drawer was lined with an old yellowed newspaper. The visible headlines were about a Senate debate, a stock-market decline, and an accidental drowning. I came on two hurricane lamps tangled in brambles. They would do to light a soldier's reading and correspondence. I wrapped the lamps in many green leaves and placed them gently in the trunk.

I heard a bullet zing. Must be getting near the front line. Act fast, I told myself, but choose. Here was a hobbyhorse with one of its madly staring agate eyes missing. Painted spots on its rippling body were fading, gone. I wanted to take that, but I had to be selective. Beside it stood a squat black iron play stove. Charming but useless. A pair of opera glasses. Perfect for reconnaissance. Into the trunk with them. Seven home-knitted brown woollen mufflers. Four sealed pints of brown, coagulated Red Cross blood dated January, 1944. Good.

The mosquitoes were intolerable. It was getting hotter. Creatures were screaming and moving in the brush. I found a toy drum. That would do. For signals, maybe. But it dissolved when I picked it up—rust. Suddenly Tim O'Connell was in front of me. He had taken off all his clothes. He was hairy and laughable, his beer belly hanging out. With palette in one hand and brush in the other, he was painting his baby-blue Volkswagen khaki and brown, green and black, beige and gray, in patches like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

"Miss Holstein," he said. "Concealment."

I went on, dragging my trunk. As I passed, I looked at what he had in his Volkswagen. An enormous clear-plastic bag of popcorn. An elaborate Telefunken radio. Several red-and-black plaid blankets. An embalming kit. An old, mineral-stained porcelain toilet bowl. About ten pairs of ladies' high-heel pumps, an ostrich boa, and a large goldfish bowl full of packs of prophylactics. A sawhorse, and two stuffed baby alligators. Not very selective, I thought. Yet I must not judge. "I'll see you later," I said. "That's quite a fine collection of things."

"Thanks."

I heaved my trunk onto my back. The terrain was changing. There were vines. Huge tropical flowers. Sweet-smelling, rotting fruit underfoot, and elephant droppings. Monkeys swinging, screeching. Screaming parrots, birds of paradise. Sweat. Flies. The roar of a tiger? You could not be certain. I was groaning under the load of my trunk. God help us, I thought. I heard someone thrashing nearby (cutting with machetes?), and voices. "A thirteenth-century triptych!" "Gramophones!" "Spanish armor!" Squeals of delight.

I wandered frantically. For a while, I could find no things. I was lost. The needle of my compass spun and spun. I just missed a quicksand pit. A nearly endless python slithered past. I walked for a long time.

All at once I was in a dark, misty paradise of things. I could hear no one. The others had gone. I began to gather the things as swiftly as I could, shoving them into drawers, into the trunk. It became a hungry mouth. Rain was threatening. I worked fast. I put in a dozen candlewick cutters and snuffers—silver. Sixteen morning suits, complete with striped cravats. Two beautiful heavy green-and-white croquet mallets, six croquet balls. From a tree, a large, delicate, empty gilded birdcage. Three small crystal chandeliers. A satin wedding gown. The Regent diamond. A music box, a pillbox, and a snuffbox, all carved and jewelled. A complete moroccan-leather-bound and gold-edged set of Shakespeare. An enormous string of black pearls. A silver carving set, with jade handles. Four sets of diamond-studded andirons and pokers. An Indian inlaid-ivory jewel box.

Not bad duty, I thought. Not a bad way to serve your country. Some poor soldier will be very happy with these.

THE CAMPERDOWN ELM

Gift of Mr. A. G. Burgess to Prospect Park, 1872

I think, in connection with this weeping elm,
of "Kindred Spirits" at the edge of a rockledge
overlooking a stream:
Thanatopsis-invoking tree-loving Bryant
conversing with Timothy Cole
in Asher Durand's painting of them
under the filigree of an elm overhead.

No doubt they had seen other trees—lindens,
maples and sycamores, oaks and the Paris
street-tree, the horse-chestnut; but imagine
their rapture, had they come on the Camperdown elm's
massiveness and "the intricate pattern of its branches,"
arching high, curving low, in its mist of fine twigs.
The Bartlett tree-cavity specialist saw it
and thrust his arm the whole length of the hollowness
of its torso and there were six small cavities also.

Props are needed and tree-food. It is still leafing;
still there. *Mortal* though. We must save it. It is
our crowning curio.

—Marianne Moore

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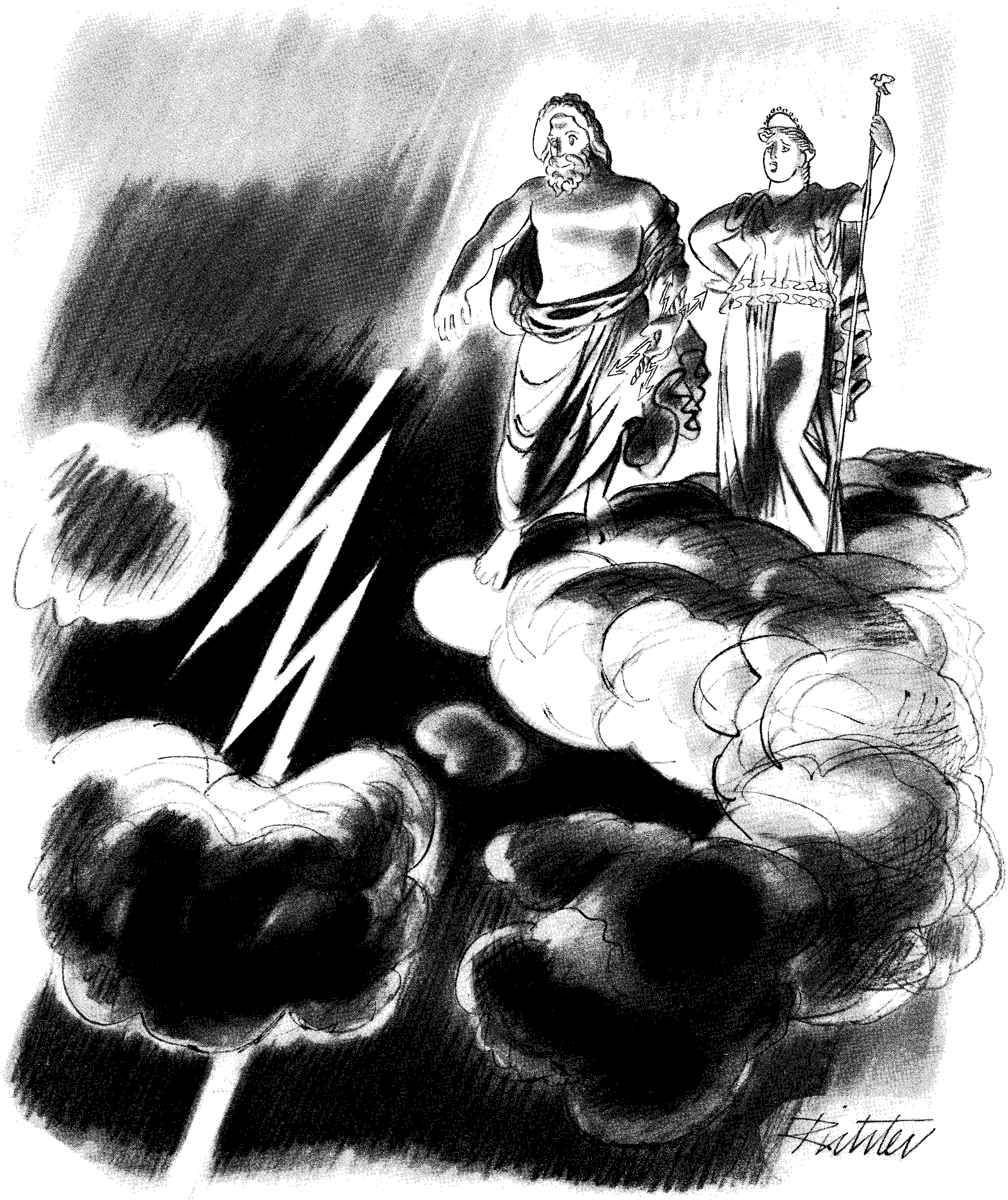
I kept stuffing things into the trunk. I wanted to make someone happy. To do my part.

The heat; my khaki shirt was dripping wet. Thunder. Hurry. I found a large cut-glass fruit bowl and placed it carefully in the trunk. A great pile of stage costumes with "Traviata, Act I" labels attached to them with rusty common pins. Four cylinder Edison records, a dozen thick 78s. One was "Annie Laurie," sung by John McCormack. I didn't read the others. What treasures. A thick velvet-covered footstool. A Louis XV commode. The throne with the Stone of Scone. Two American Colonial corner cupboards. All of Bach's original music scores in seventy-three huge bundles. A forty-room English castle, furnished. The trunk took everything. An old, ornate wood-and-glass hearse. Napoleon's and Josephine's bed. Three stuffed owls, a Victorian coach. The Venus de Milo.

She was sticking out of the dirt, and I spent a long time carefully digging her up with my entrenching tool. She excited me as I uncovered her, but I had no time. "La Gioconda." I discarded it. Must choose with care. Michelangelo's "Pietà." The original puppet Pinocchio. All the drapes and mirrors from Versailles. And sixty-seven issues of the *Saturday Evening Post* from 1928 and 1929. Riches. I was a conquistador. Ah, a jewelled dagger. I put it in my belt. A sword. I hung that beside the dagger, swashbuckling at my side. A pirate's pistol, loaded. Three rifles, a flamethrower, four hand grenades, two bazookas, a tank, seven napalm bombs.

Let them come, the bastards. I was ready. My things were heaped high, spilling out of the trunk. I could get anyone—pick them off one by one—anyone who tried to take my things. Mosquitoes buzzed and bit me. Men's shouts in my ears: anguish. *My* stuff. *I* found it. Natural rights—stake a claim. Noise. Scuffles. Machine-gun fire. Snipers? I took out my weapons. I flung hand grenades. Fired the bazookas. Used the flamethrower. Scores of the enemy screamed and fell at my feet. I looked. Tim O'Connell lay there, dead, his face grinning.

It began to rain, making the flamethrower useless. A red thing was coming at me. Fast. The rain was thick and hot, steaming. The red thing ran. I could not see. I took out the pirate's pistol, aimed as best I could, and fired.



"If you're so good, why can't you ever strike twice in the same place?"

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It went off with a tremendous boom. There were blood flecks on my hand from the powder. The red thing quivered and fell. I looked to my side. My treasure was safe. I eased forward a few steps. The rain was pouring down like hot silver coins, and I slogged ahead in the mud and vines. The form was still. I turned it over quickly with my foot.

It was my son, Charlie, the red thing his umbrella. It stood bottom side up, filling fast with water. Charlie's tiny red mouth was open slightly. I snatched him to me. I was crying, and the rain kept coming. I kissed his limp and weightless body again and again. I carried him to the trunk. I flung out all the stuff. It took me hours. I put Charlie in gently among the cloth flowers, got the umbrella, put that in beside him. I closed the trunk. Slowly, dragging my treasure, in the stupendous jungle rain, I began to try to find my way back. —H. L. MOUNTZOURES

THE HAIRCUT

IT'S become a regular job for me now, taking Dora Gibberd's little boy, Raymond, to have his hair cut. Every third Wednesday in the month we make our trip into the city, leaving the village where we live on the two-thirty bus. I call for him at twenty past two, and we walk to the bus stop by the clump of elms in the middle of the village. There, generally, we have four or five minutes to wait; we use the time listening to the rooks in the treetops, and I tell Raymond the little poem about the big black birds that call to one another the length and breadth of England.

Today, then, I recited the poem over and over until we heard the bus straining up Gravitt Hill toward us. As usual, I carried Raymond to the back seat of the bus so that he could wave to his mother when we passed her standing at her cottage gate; as usual, he waved in her direction until he felt the swaying movement of the bus as it turned the sharp bend by Stimpson's Forge. This is the beginning of a ritual that neither Raymond nor I will allow to change. I always hold him round the waist as he stands on the back seat, and I watch the way his huge eyes roll from left to right toward the blur his mother is in. An ugly contraption of wire and elastic holds his glasses on his head; the thick, bluish lenses emphasize the pinkness about his eyes and the yellowish traces latent in his frightening white hair. Dora waves back, and smiles, as if he could see her. I feel that I should wave, too, but I keep my hands tightly round his waist in case he falls. Raymond is only three.

When Raymond's father walked out on the two of them just over a year and a half ago, the Village Hall Committee met at once in order to decide what could be done for Dora and her sickly albino baby. I'd had nothing to do with any of the committee members ever since my standup row with the chairman and treasurer about a street lamp they proposed to erect outside my cottage. I knew they'd not come knocking at my door to ask for money or help. For the first six or eight weeks I contributed nothing to the communal effort, which, as I had expected, began to be halfhearted and sporadic. Other people in the village had their troubles and needed help; old Albert Powicke lost an arm at the sawmill on the very day it closed down, and the Hollands had to destroy all their chickens after an outbreak of fowl pest. From what I overheard in the post office, I gathered that Dora was thought to be over the worst of her troubles and that, since she was a strong young woman, she ought to be able to manage without further help. It was soon after I heard this that I began to trim the hedges round Dora's cottage whenever I did mine, and to tidy up the strip of flower garden each side of her front door. I took good care never to go round to the back garden or to set foot inside her door, because I knew how many pairs of eyes were watching me from behind the curtains of Beulagh Terrace. Dora and Raymond helped gather up the hedge clippings and the weeds and burn them on the piece of waste ground between her cottage and mine; she would rake the fire while I held Raymond's hand and watched the smoke hang among the tall old trees at the roadside. The little boy was frail and almost blind, but he was very quick to talk. I supposed that this was because Dora talked to him all the time they were alone. Sometimes I stooped down so that he could tell me about his toys. He put his face very close to mine as he spoke, and ran his little hands over my cheeks, and touched my glasses and the top of my head. As I listened and helped him with difficult words, I'd look over his shoulder at Dora stirring the bonfire. Guiltily, I used my close moments with Raymond to admire his mother's long, loose hair. It had the golden depth and lustre of brandy held up to the light; it was kept from tumbling round her eyes by a simple Alice band that crowned her head always, as the wire and elastic always crowned her son's. When Raymond ran his fingers through my hair, I imagined he was feeling for a band round my head; he would suppose that everybody had one. One evening, after he had tousled my hair and I had felt it thick and hot at my nape, I suggested to Dora that I take him with me to the hairdresser's the next day. Dora was uncertain, for Raymond had rarely been out of her sight, but the outing was a great success.

Today, then, for the tenth time, I sat Raymond down after we passed the Forge and gave him the money to hand to the conductor. Once he had put the tickets in his left-hand pocket and the small change in his purse to keep for the journey back, he turned toward me for the question that he knows will begin our conversation.

"What will Mummy do while we're having our hair cut this afternoon?"

"She Hoover my carpet."

"Is it a blue carpet?"

"No. Red one, like my red car." He pushed his purse along the seat, making noises like a car's engine revving. The line of Lombardy poplars went past, swishes in the hush outside. "Cows in that field there," he said.

"That's right, Raymond, clever boy. Cows." The field was empty today, and usually is, but there had been cows the first time we came past the trees.

"Big tractor in a minute."

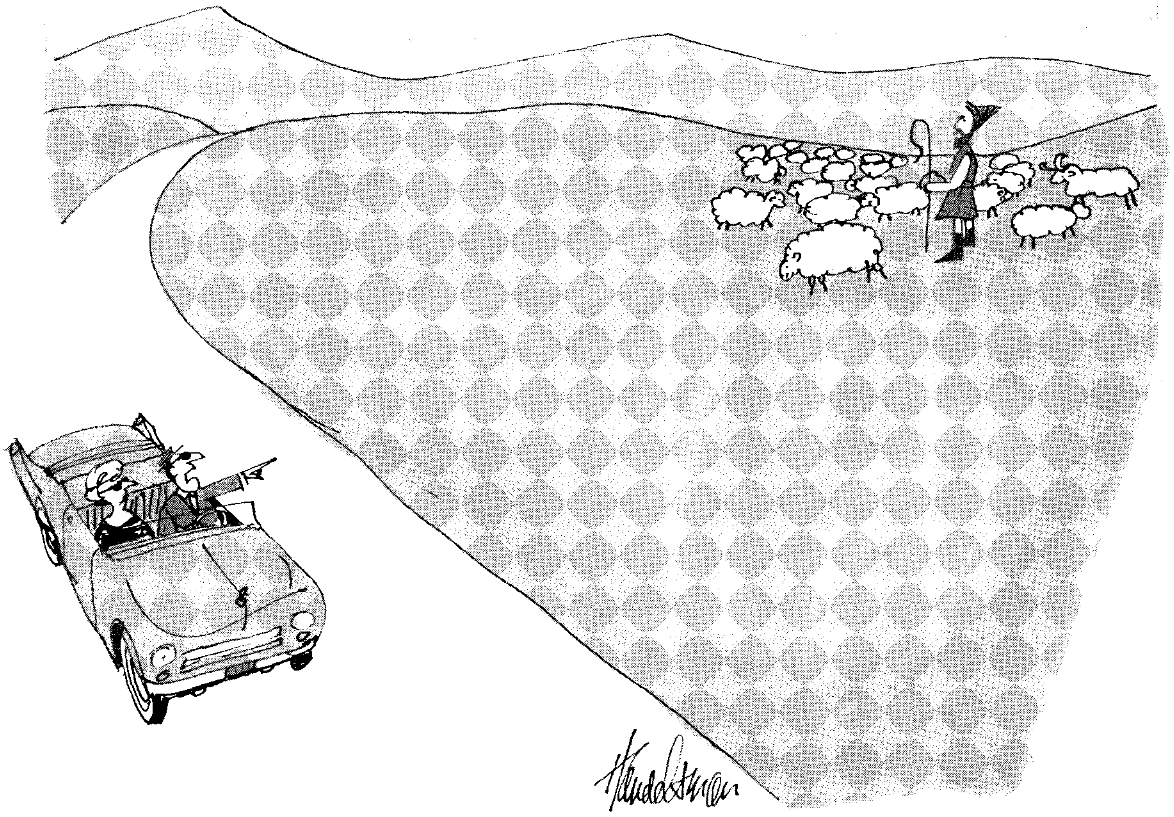
"What color?"

"Red one. Big red tractor, like my car."

We passed all the sounds that measure out the journey into the city. The electricity substation hummed while the bus stopped; a dog chained in a filling-station yard yapped fussily. I closed my eyes to share Raymond's knowledge of the route, listening for rookeries, running water, Muzak from the country club, children's voices from a schoolyard, the thunder of our bus in the tunnel of the underpass, the clanking of wagons in the railway shunting de-

pot, the first clamor of traffic at the feral edge of the city, the loudspeaker in the bus terminus at the end of our ride.

"Up you come, then," I said, and he held me tightly as I carried him along the gangway of the bus, down the two steps and through the waiting room to the High Street.



"Hey, you! Never mind about the yellow submarine! Get back to your mournful shepherd's lament!"

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FOR years now, I've spent my Wednesday half days off in the city. When Sandra left me, I used to wander about the streets in the hope of seeing her in a shop or a café. If I caught sight of a fair-haired woman dressed in blue—Sandra's favorite color—even now I could feel a stir of excitement. There had been nowhere else for me to look for her except in this city where we met first. Now that I brought Raymond with me, although I still had the habit of sauntering through the same department stores and drinking cups of coffee in the same *espresso* bars, I was gradually losing the compulsion to examine the individual faces of a crowd. Watching over Raymond, teaching him how to drink through a straw, fastening the loose buckle on his shoe, picking up the toys he dropped and couldn't see helped to diminish the arc of my concern. The city became once more for me a comfortable, anonymous movement of people.

As we walked hand in hand through the cinema queue that raggedly stretched into the vast central car park, I sensed the faces of the crowd flicking past, unindividual as the trees had been during the bus journey—men's faces, women's faces, all with the sameness of that line of trunks. For Raymond, half running, half walking, legs and flaps of coats would seem the same. We walked on within the little area that confined our dependence on one another and would admit no intruder; with our sense of each other centered in the hot clasp of our hands, we sidestepped running boys, accelerated past groping old ladies with push baskets, dawdled behind the indecisive squadrons of prams. Through the Cathedral Close, we put up flocks of pigeons that rattled like rain on iron roofs. Once we had scuttled through the slate-paved alley that echoed our footsteps high above us—poink, poink, poink—we reached the hairdresser's shop door, went through into the half-light and soapy smells, and heard the door sigh shut. The traffic noises outside and the cries of newsboys and street traders suddenly became muted and strangely artificial, like wild track to a radio play. In this place we were glad to be known, as we were not known on the other side of the door.

Bob had a customer in his chair, but when he saw Raymond and me he put down his scissors and comb and stooped, facing us, with his arms outstretched. "Come on, young Raymond," he called. "Let's see how fast you can run, then."

I loosed his hand and watched him run across the waiting room to the three steps that lead down to the inner shop. He found the handrail easily, and held it in both hands as he jumped, feet together, down each step; then he ran as fast as he could into the great white-coated expanse of Bob.

While Bob and Raymond twirled round and round the hair dryer in Bob's parody of a Viennese waltz, I took off my coat and hung it on a peg that I'd never noticed before. "What's this all about, then, Bob? Real coat pegs?" I grinned at him as he was putting Raymond down. "I used to feel a great affection for my own special nail. What've you done, Bob, cashed an insurance policy?" I picked up Raymond and sat him on a chair in the waiting room. When I looked again, Bob was back at work, shaving his customer's neck. Without turning to face me, he cleared his throat with an elaborate and exaggerated rattle—a mannerism Bob has developed over the years to introduce any portentous announcement, whatever the subject.

"Not only the pegs, if you don't mind, young Tom. What about the new bit of lettering outside above the door? Didn't you notice? And that new sign behind where Raymond's sitting. Fine thing if I pay out all that cash and my oldest customers don't notice. Holiday in Bermuda I could've had with the money I've spent out on this place the last week or two." He held the hand mirror behind his customer—a young soldier, who grunted his approval of Bob's work without actually inspecting it. "Nobody ever takes the trouble of using their eyes these days, and that's a fact," said Bob, taking the strip of cotton wool from the soldier's collar.

I looked at the sign behind Raymond's chair. It was an ordinary cardboard sign, hanging by a cord from a picture hook; it had an arrow pointing toward the inner shop, and below the arrow the word "SALON." As far as I could remember, the sign that used to hang there had been just the same, except, of course, that it had become stained with cigarette smoke over the years and dog-eared at the corners from being blown down on windy days. The soldier went out and Bob came and stood beside me as I stared hard at the sign, wondering what I ought to say about such an ordinary, cheap, and unremarkable object; having known Bob for twenty-nine of my thirty-one years, I guessed that he was testing me, as usual. "No, I give up," I said. "Tell me."

Bob went to the corner cupboard, where he keeps his towels and razor cloths, and took out the old sign. He held it up by the new one for me to compare them. The word on the old sign was "SALOON." He'd left out an "o." "We got to move with the times, you know." He winked at Raymond and touched him on the shoulder. "Things are looking up a bit for me now. Thought I might branch out a bit. Get an assistant, maybe, and another chair. Go on, then—go and have a dekko at the new shop front and tell me whether you like it. Come on, young Raymond, let's get mowing round those ears of yours." He lifted Raymond from the chair and started to lead him carefully down the steps.

I went outside and stood in the road just far enough back to be able to study the new lettering. Where once it had said simply "BOB'S HAIRDRESSER," in shaky, black roman capitals on a cream background, there was now the legend "SALON ROBERT, COIFFEUR POUR MESSIEURS" in gold letters such as I remember seeing on fairground vehicles, splendidly florid against a rich chocolate background. The red-and-white pole that used to project above the door had disappeared. I felt impressed, but disappointed and betrayed almost. I went back inside. Raymond was on the high stool that Bob kept for small boys, and Bob was, with very great care, removing the boy's glasses; it was a difficult thing to do, without snagging a tuft of hair in the wire fastener.

"Well, Bob, I must say, it's very smart. Congratulations. Mind you, there's some of us that can still remember the days when you called yourself a barber. I often think about that little old shack with the corrugated-iron roof that you used to have before the war. I wasn't much older than young Raymond. My mother used to take me in my push chair once a month, regular as high tide. I was over that way the other week. Do you know, you can still just make out the letters of that slogan the Fascists painted on that long wall between your shop and St. Michael's Hall?"

Bob turned toward me, but kept his hand on Raymond's head; this is his usual concession to a waiting customer's contribution to the conversation. "No, really?" he said, with an exaggerated interest. He still faced me, but drew the comb slowly through Raymond's soft, thin hair. He wouldn't continue with his work until I developed the theme.

"Yes. Do you remember, there wasn't room for more than one person to wait. So if you were busy when we arrived, my mother used to walk me up and down by the wall, teaching me my letters. What a way to learn to read! 'British Fascists Unite' was what it said. When it was my turn, you used to come out of the shop and call us. And you didn't have a special high stool for boys in those days. A cabbage box was what I had—a cabbage box, with a nail that kept snagging in my sock when I swung my legs."

"You were a proper little devil, Mister Tom. Never sat still. Not like young Raymond. Look how good he is, not moving his head."

"When I called in on the old lady, I told her I'd seen some of the letters still on the wall. She reminded me of something I'd forgotten, though. You used to tell me stories while you were cutting my hair."

"About Charlie Hungry."

"That's it—Charlie Hungry. Fancy you remembering that. He was a dwarf, wasn't he, dressed in black?"

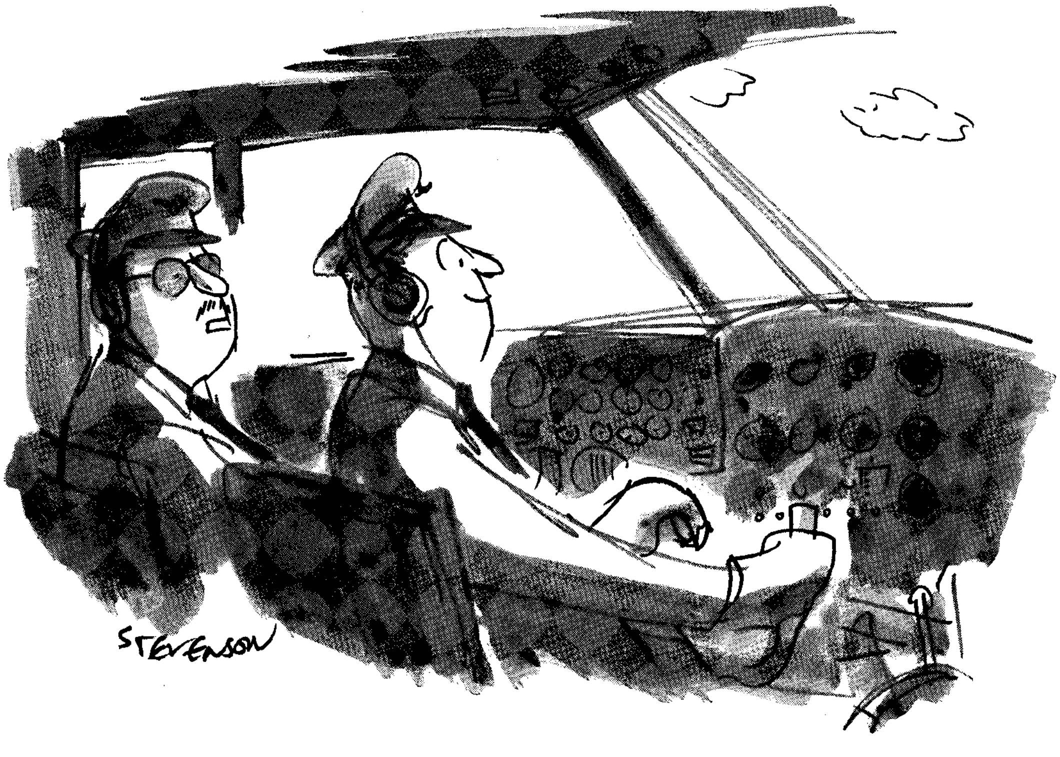
"And he had a magic paintbrush like the one I used to have for cleaning the clippers. A camel's-hair brush. Can't get them for love nor money these days. Used to tickle you behind the ears with it. Yes, Charlie Hungry. Hungry days they were."

"Anyway, my mother hunted about and found a piece of paper at the bottom of her sewing box. Do you know what it was? The first bit of writing I ever did, before I started school. A sheet of gray sugar paper. You ought to have it hanging up in here, like a diploma."

"Why? What did it say?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you. Not now you're a *coiffeur*. Wouldn't do."

Bob said nothing. He was brushing a few hairs from



"Bigelow, let's try and set this thing down just once without saying 'Oopsy-daisy.'"

"Pineapples mean hospitality and friendship, damn it!"

Raymond's coat. It was my turn. I sat in the chair, and while Bob shook the white cloth, twirled it in front of me, and tucked it into my collar I watched Raymond in the mirror. He would sit still on the high stool next to me and say nothing until my hair was cut.

Bob pushed my head forward gently and began to run the clippers up my nape. "I'll tell *you* what it said, then, Tom. It said 'Bob Murray is a British Fascist and Charlie Hungry is his little friend.' Your mother brought it in to show me. We had a good laugh about it. You'd spelled it all correctly except for 'little,' hadn't you?"

"That's right. L-i-t-t-e-l."

"I said to your mother at the time, if you'd have been seventeen years older I'd have sued you. Clever little bloke you were. Used to feel sorry for you and your mother, the two of you living on your own. Wasn't so bad for you; kids get over troubles easier than grownups can. Don't suppose you can remember anything about your dad, can you?"

"No, Bob, not much. I wasn't quite two when it happened. I can remember one day when he was playing with me and he kicked a ball into my face accidentally. I couldn't breathe. He picked me up and ran in the house with me. He was wearing a sheepskin jacket, and the wool tickled in my nose, he held me so tight. I've got a few photographs somewhere that I look at now and again. My mother often talks about him—how he used to swim out of sight."

"Strongest swimmer I ever knew. He'd have swum the Channel, no trouble. A man like him drowning. We couldn't get over it. Cramp, everybody reckoned."

"He was that sort of a man, from what I can make out. Took risks he had no business to take. Leastways, not after he'd got married and had a family. A boy needs a father—not that I can say I ever suffered. My old lady was always good to me and I never went without much. It's her I feel sorry for. She should've got married again."

"She could've done, you know. It wasn't for want of being asked."

The scissors touched my cheek, momentarily cold. I hadn't known. Did Bob mean that *he* had asked my mother to marry him? I waited for him to go on, but as I watched him in the mirror, puckering his brow and setting his shoulders firm in a stance of concentration, I knew he would not. I felt stifled, astounded that he might have become my stepfather. A hair that had fallen over my eyebrow irritated me; I wanted to brush it away, but Bob held my head firmly as soon as I started to move. He put his head close to mine, on the side away from Raymond, and looked at me in the mirror and whispered, "It's time *you* thought about something similar. Know what I mean? Make a new start. It's obvious you've properly taken to young Raymond, and from what you've said now and then his mother's a good young woman. Do you want to finish up like me? What've I got to show after all these years? Nothing to speak of. Look at this shop. A lick of new paint above the door, a few French words to keep everybody guessing, and what does it amount to? At half past five I'll bolt the door and then there'll be nothing for me until I unbolt it at five to nine tomorrow morning. No comfort, no companionship. All my old friends dying off or moving away. Five years to go before I get my pension, and then I'll snuff it. They all do. Don't make my mistake. Not that it's any business of mine, of course, and if I'm poking my nose in where it's not wanted just forget everything I've said."

Raymond started singing quietly, the little three-note tune in waltz time that he repeated endlessly when he was playing by himself. I watched him as he pushed his purse up and down his leg in time with his singing—*lah*-lah-lah, *lah*-lah-lah. When he was a little older, I thought, I'd have to take him to get a new pair of glasses, for the frames of those he wore had become too small for him. Now that he had had his hair cut, I could see how the wire arms were biting into his skin. Bob pushed my head right down so that he could shave my neck. I saw on the floor in front of me the snippings of my hair and Raymond's, brown and white.

"Bob, I'm sure you're right," I said. "And don't think the thought hasn't struck me before. Sandra's not likely to come back. Not now. It'll be six years this coming Easter since she went away. Not seen her, not had a word. It struck me on the way here today that I don't think about her very much anymore. But it's not that easy, is it? I think Raymond's mother is a fine girl, very attractive still and a good, steady sort. Come to that, I think she mightn't be surprised if I asked her to—"

"Well, then, why don't you? What've you got to lose?"

"There'd be all that business about divorces, for a start. I don't know how you go about it. Never had one in our family. My mother wouldn't—"

"It's not for her to say. She should've spoken up before, when you were courting that Sandra. Now, if I'd have been your father, I'd have—"

"You did, Bob. You did warn me. I should've listened to you. You were right. But how do I know that Dora—that Raymond's mother would want to go through the divorce courts? Anyway, suppose she turned me down? It'd be awkward then, wouldn't it? That'd be the finish. I'd not be able to go round and see the two of them, do their bit of garden. I'd be so embarrassed. You know what I mean? I wouldn't be able to bring Raymond for his outing here."

Bob took the cloth from me and shook it. I put my glasses back on.

"Tom, you know you love them both. Now, instead of taking Raymond for his cream tea when you leave here, just you catch the earlier bus back to the village. When you get there, don't mess about humming and harring. Come straight to the point and ask her direct. Put it to her that it'd be the most sensible thing all round. No, put that money back in your pocket. Your haircut's free today, just as it used to be when you were a little boy like Raymond. That's something else you didn't know, isn't it? Buy a box of chocolates with it. Something nice."

I tried to put the money on his till, but he put it in my breast pocket. I took down my coat from the peg, put it on, and lifted Raymond when he came to me so that he could open the shop door, which he always did. Bob lit a cigarette and sat down in his chair and began to read his newspaper. He wasn't going to say any more.

"Well, goodbye, Bob. Thanks. I like your improvements to the shop. Shan't know the place next time we come. Goodbye."

He didn't answer.

"Say goodbye to Bob, Raymond."

"Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye, young Raymond. Mind how you go, now."

Raymond opened the door and we were back in the relevant noise of the city. Breaking our usual routine, I carried Raymond to the bus station along a different, shorter route than the one we were accustomed to take. I was going to do what Bob said; I've always thought of him as a sort of father, repeating his opinions at work as if I'd thought of them. He was quite right, as always. Part of the way through the city I ran, clutching Raymond tightly. I wasn't going to miss that early bus back.

The bus was beginning to move as I scrambled on. The conductor held my arm, helping me up the steps. I slumped, out of breath, into the nearest seat, instead of going to the back. I kept Raymond on my knee. I took the purse from his pocket, opened it, and took out the money for the fare. "Give the man the money for the tickets, Raymond," I said.

"My nose itch." There was a piece of gray fluff in his nostril; I had been pressing his face tightly against my woollen cardigan as I ran for the bus. He'd remember that, perhaps, when he was grown up, I thought. He began to cry as I brushed away the fluff. "No tea," he said, in his sobs. "Not have tea."

"Not today, Raymond. We'll have some tea when we get home. Not long."

He cried all the way back to the village. He'd never cried with me before. I should have given him his tea. Children shouldn't be disappointed. It wasn't the tea he wanted—just going to have tea. He never eats much. Needs building up. I'd see to that.

We reached the village and got off the bus. The driver opened his window and threw a paper bag to me. "Give it to the boy," he said. "Poor little lad." There was half a bar of chocolate in the bag.

"Look what the nice driver has given you, Raymond. Chocolate."

"Don't want it."

"Come on, then."

We walked hand in hand past the post office, the greengrocer's, and Tim Allen's warehouse. I knew what I'd say to Dora. She'd ask me in, as she always did, and she'd be surprised when I agreed and know there was something special in the air. Raymond wasn't crying anymore. I sat him up on a cottage garden wall and broke a piece of chocolate and put it into his mouth.

"Come on, then, let's dry those old tears away, shall we? Mustn't let Mummy think you've been crying, must we?" I took out my handkerchief and dabbed it on his cheeks and under his glasses. I kissed him on the head as I lifted him down.

We crossed the road by Beulagh Terrace, and Raymond opened the gate and ran up to the door. When I reached the door, I wiped the chocolate from his mouth and put my handkerchief away before I rang the bell. Raymond knocked on the door with the metal rim of his purse. We waited for a few seconds, and I rang again. Usually, Dora opened the side window before I finished ringing, but there was no sound from the house. Raymond kept on knocking at the worn paint on the door. A flake or two fell.

I took Raymond's hand and walked with him round to the back door. The kitchen window was half open. I put my hand inside and lifted the catch, opened the window wide. I shouted in. "Dora? We're back. Are you there?"

I didn't wait for an answer, but walked in by the back door. Raymond had found his red car on the step where all his other toys were. I'd been in the cottage once before—years ago, in the days when it had lain empty. I knew that the smaller of the two doors leading from the kitchen gave access through a passageway to the front sitting room. As I opened it, I heard Dora call.

"That you, Tom?"

"Yes. Can I come in? I did knock, but you didn't hear me. Have you been having a nap?"

I looked round the doorjamb into the sitting room. Dora was looking in the mirror. She had her back to me. She was standing so close to the mirror that she touched it once or twice with her knuckles as she combed her hair briskly. "Wait out there a minute, Tom. I won't be long," she shouted.

I enjoyed being there, watching her while she didn't know I was only a few feet away. She gathered the lovely hair together into a rope behind her, and slipped the Alice band along it, and patted it into place on the top of her head. She took a step back and tucked in her blouse. When she turned round, I was smiling in readiness. "Raymond's outside, on the back step" was what I said.

I heard a tap being turned on upstairs.

"Oh, Tom, there you are," said Dora. "Now you're here, there's someone I want you to meet. Sit down. Would you like a cup of tea?"

—Ted Walker

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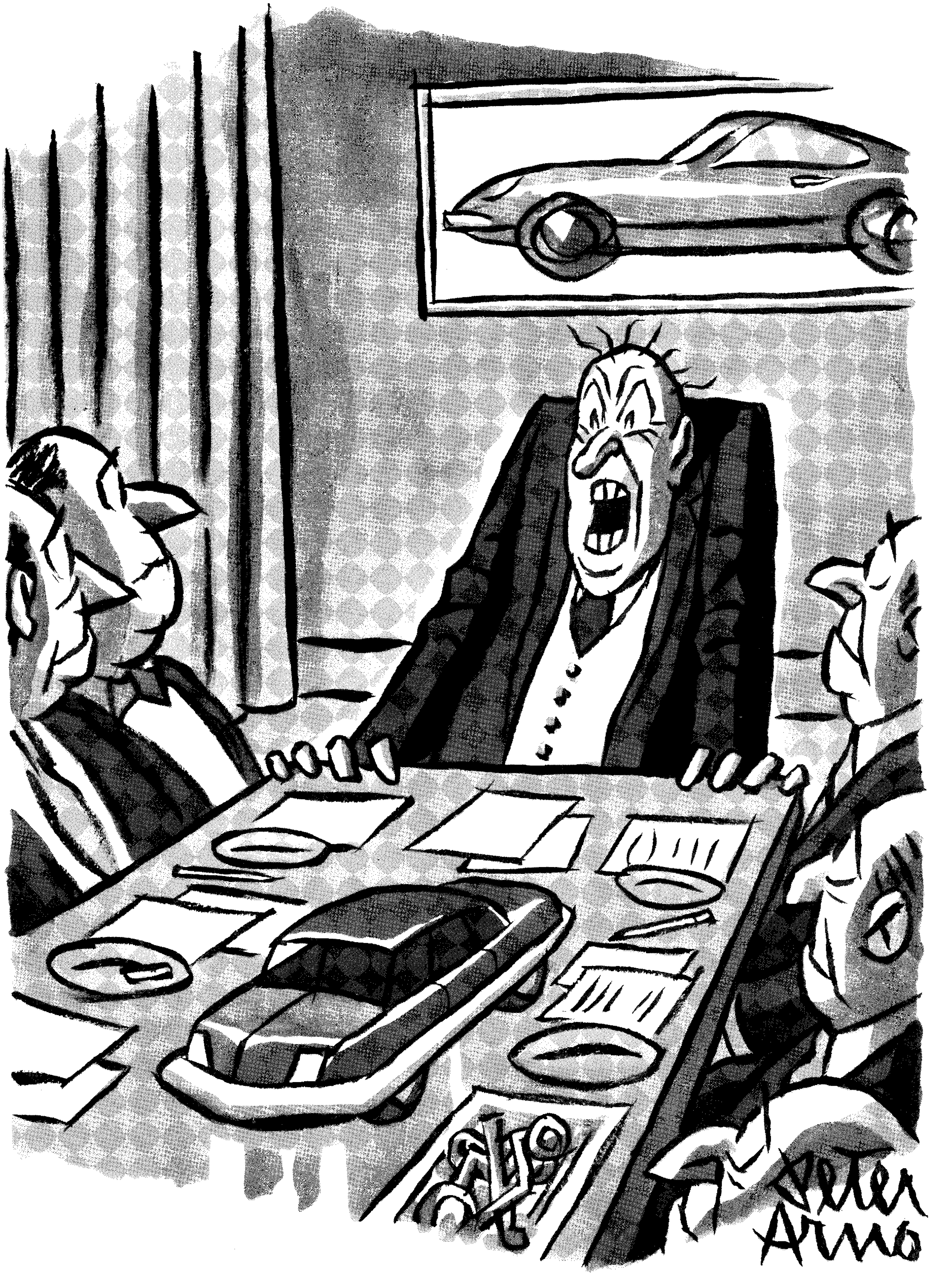
THE VISITOR

Heavy with length of days, summer continues.
The grass is blanketed with little burrs.
A bottle of insects whispers and stirs at the window.
The rain is over.
Time waits in the tremor of a leaf,
and one night, in the first grayness,
the lake's still gaze is broken:
a schoolboy wakens to the end of things;
a tall bird stands at the shore.

—Michael Goldman

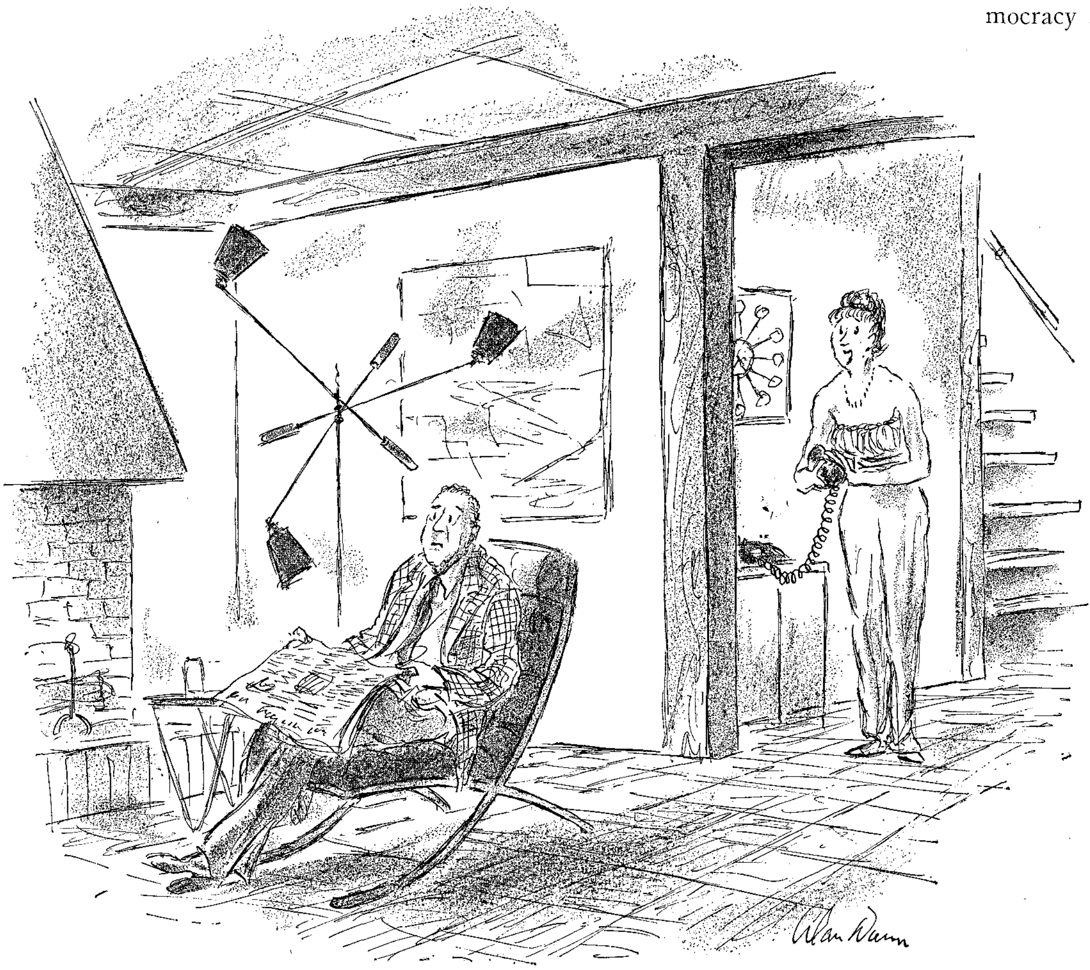


"*If I hear one more word about safety, I'll* scream!"

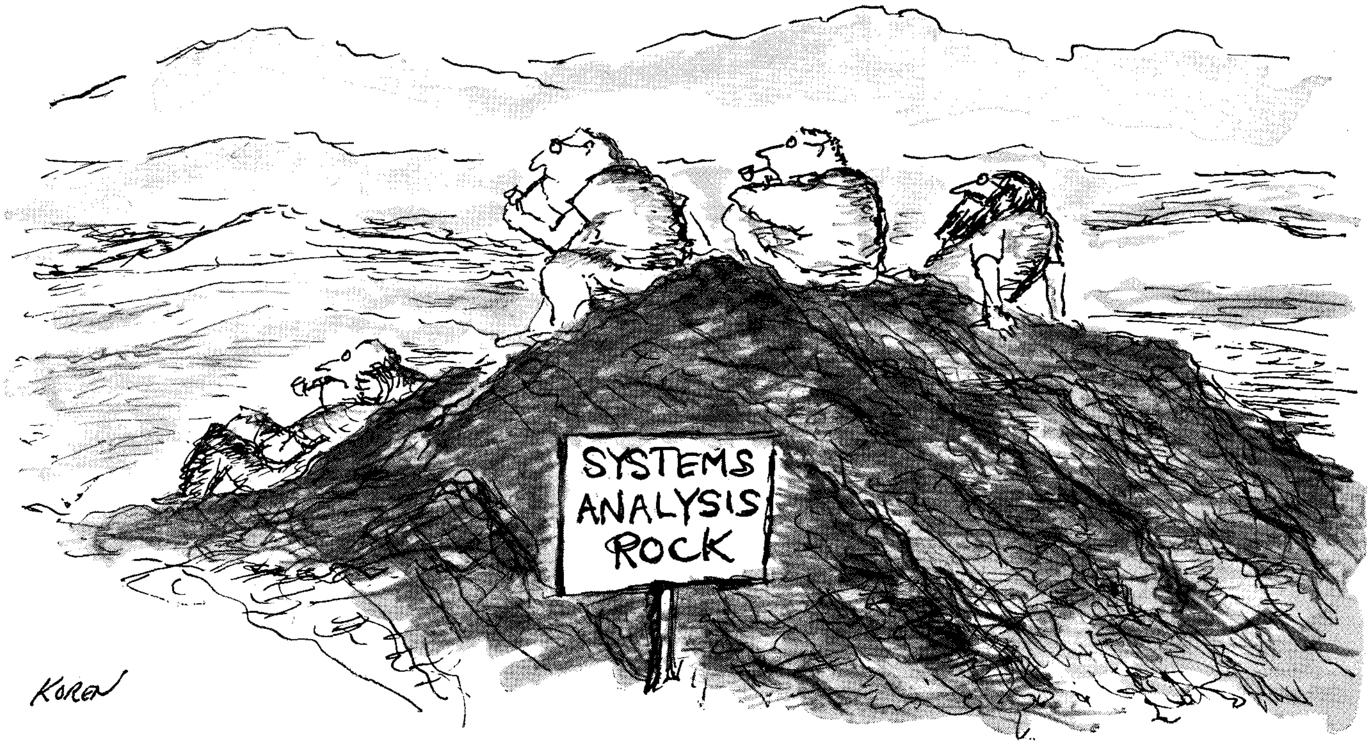
LETTER FROM THE PALMER HOUSE

THE national New Politics Convention, which was held at the Palmer House in Chicago over the Labor Day weekend, began as a call from the National Conference for New Politics—an organization that has given financial support to radical candidates in various elections since early in 1966—for delegates from all radical and liberal groups opposed to the American involvement in Vietnam to unite on a course of political action for 1968. The convention presented, from the first, a travesty of radical politics at work. In the quality of its radical dissent, the no longer New Left—which had seemed in its youth somewhere midway between the plain frivolity of a college prank and the struggle of a generation out of apathy into social consciousness—now seemed a vulgar joke, contributing as much to serious national concern with the problems of war, racism, and poverty as a mean drunk to the workings of a fire brigade. Throughout the convention, delegates seemed constantly to emerge, wet-lipped and trembling, from some crowded elevator, some torrent of abuse, some marathon misrepresentation of fact, some pointless totalitarian maneuver, or some terminal sophistry to pronounce themselves "radicalized." Being "radicalized" had, among alumni of earlier New Left conventions, two possible meanings: voting against one's principles with an expression of Machiavellian deviousness, or discussing one's politics as a most interesting turn in one's personal psychology. Among novices, being "radicalized" meant having been persuaded of something by radicals.

One of the reasons for the complete disintegration of the New Politics was the convention's persistent debasement of language. The word "revolution," for example, was used for every nuance of dissent. There were the electoral revolutionaries, who meant to change American foreign policy simply by voting the present Administration out. And there were the moral revolutionaries, like Dr. Martin Luther King, who sought to bring about certain kinds of social change by the pressure of non-violent civil disobedience. Closer to violence were the therapeutic-activity revolutionaries, former members of S.D.S. (Students for a Democratic Society), F.S.M. (the Free Speech Movement), and Vietnam Summer, who seemed to find in ceaseless local organizing—around any issue or tactic demonstrably certain of failure—a kind of personal release, which effective social action might deny them; and the aesthetic-analogy revolutionaries, who discussed riots as though they were folk songs or pieces of local theatre, subject to appraisal in literary terms ("authentic," "beautiful"). There were the historical, after-them-us syllogist revolutionaries, who applauded all riots as pre-revolutionary, an incitement to right-wing repression, which would, in turn, inevitably—presumably as it did in prewar Germany—bring on popular revolution and lasting peace; and the amphetamine revolutionaries, who seem to regard uncontrollable, permanent upheaval, on the model of the Red Guard's, as both a prescription for restoring personal vitality and the most vigorous expression of participatory democracy at work. Finally, there were some local criminals, who, despite the determination of the "radicalized" to view them as revolutionaries, pursued their isolated acts of mugging in the elevators and vandalism in the halls, and who, as a closing touch, stole three hundred dollars from the only people present who had defied a genuinely oppressive power structure at great risk and in the name of genuine new politics—the delegation of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. It was obvious that the only way all these "revolutionaries" could find common ground—the only way Steve Newman, of the (Maoist) Progressive Labor Party, could agree in any detail with, say, Dr. Benjamin Spock, of the baby book—was by jettisoning meaning from vocabulary. Within a short time, such a phrase as "bringing down the system" was used equally for the program of a citizen who sought to speed along



"Dinner, Friday, with 'some nice Schrafftsy people' they met coming back on the boat?"



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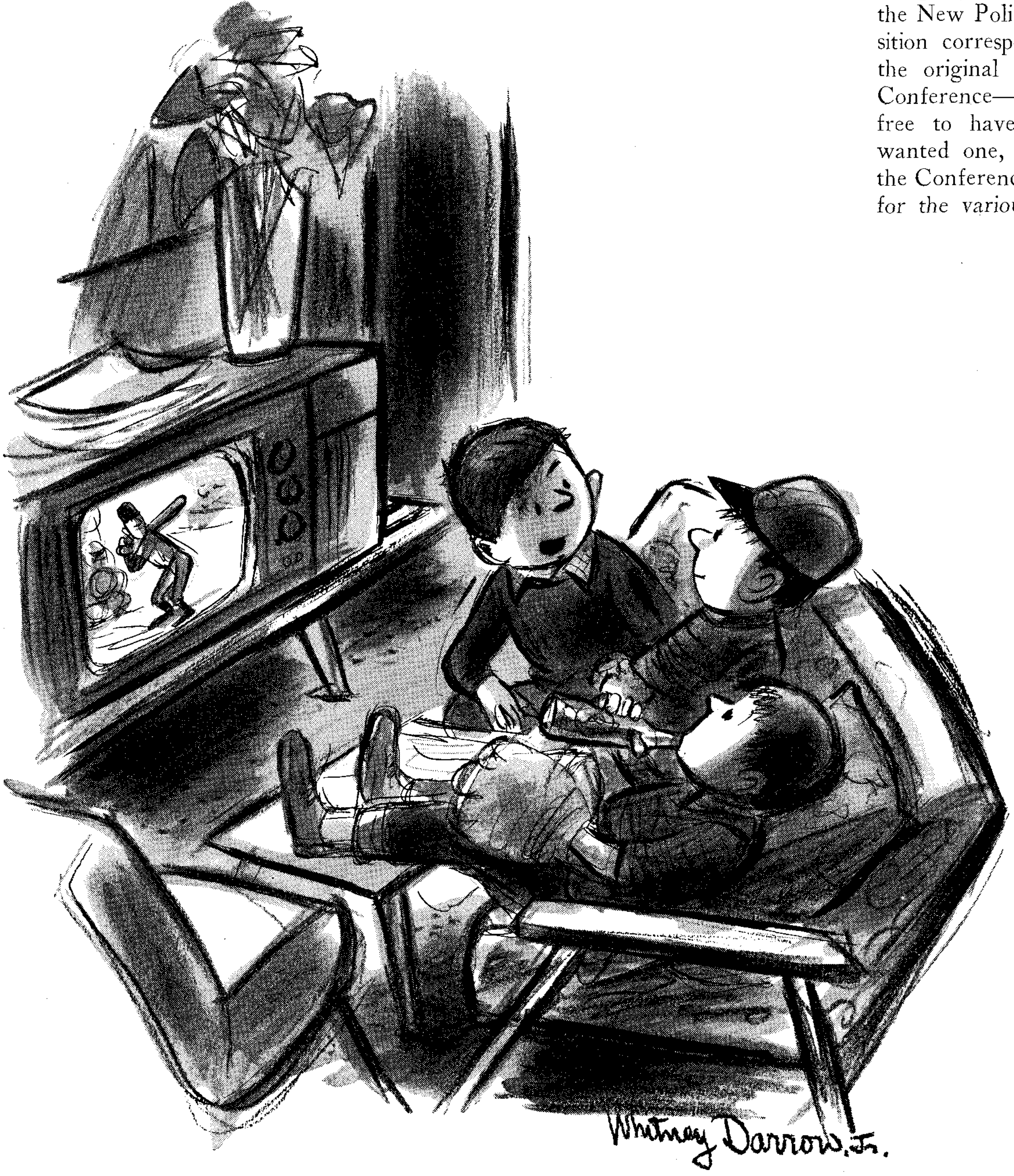
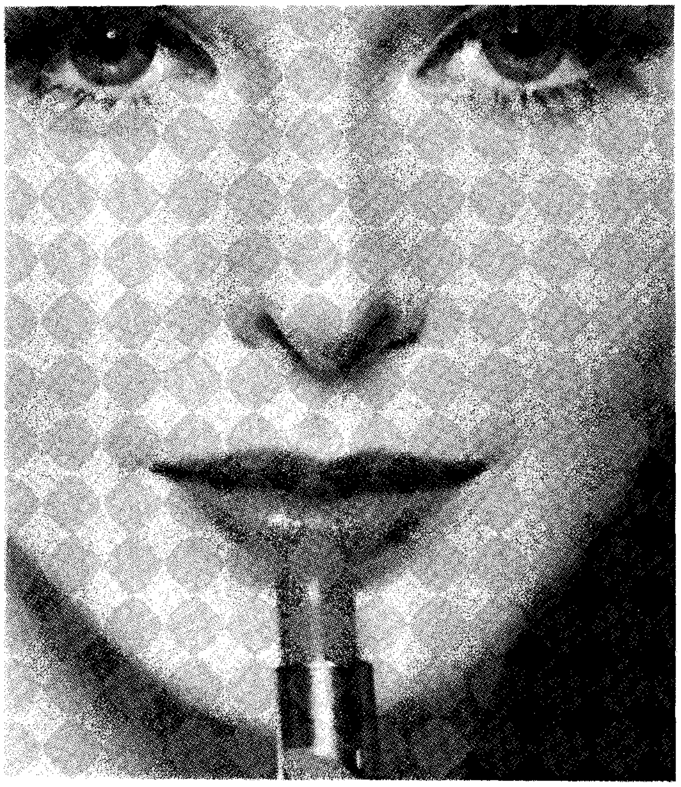
by legal means the natural evolution of his country—which, he would readily concede, was already the noblest social experiment, on the largest scale, in history—and for the program of an arsonist committed to the country's literal destruction. When words are used so cheaply, experience becomes surreal; acts are unhinged from consequences and all sense of personal responsibility is lost. At the Palmer House, the word "genocide" began to be tossed about as though it could apply to acts of simple rudeness, and eventually speaker after speaker—from Arthur Waskow, of Washington's Institute for Policy Studies, in plenary session, to the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Chaplain of Yale University, at table—could argue that a list of thirteen proposals submitted, along with an ultimatum, to the convention by what was called the Black Caucus should be endorsed without modification of any kind, regardless of the substance of the individual proposals, in a spirit of interracial unity. That this implied a paternalistic white racism that would startle a South African plantation owner seemed not to enter the minds of these speakers—or of the convention at large, which endorsed the list and delegated to the Black Caucus all authority for amending the proposals in the future. The list ranged from an accusation that blacks had been systematically excluded from "the decision-making process" of the convention (one of the convention's two chairmen, Julian Bond, the Georgia assemblyman, was a Negro, as were its keynote speaker, Dr. Martin Luther King, nine of the twenty-five members of its Steering Committee, and six of the twenty-four members of its executive board; moreover, no actual "decision-making" had taken place before the adoption of the thirteen Black Caucus proposals), through a condemnation of "the imperialistic Zionist war" (the Black Caucus itself subsequently reversed this condemnation, so the convention found itself in the position of having both endorsed a proposal and pre-endorsed, *carte blanche*, so to speak, its reversal), to demands for the formation of "white civilizing committees" to deal with "the beastlike character" of "all white communities . . . as exemplified by George Lincoln Rockwells and Lyndon Baines Johnsons," for "immediate reparation for the historic physical, sexual, mental, and economic exploitation of black people," and for support of all resolutions passed by the Black Power Conference in Newark. No white person could in good faith endorse the substance of all the proposals. Certainly many of the white people at the convention knew the statement about decision-making to be false, and many did not know what the resolutions of the Newark Black Power Conference were, since no official list was ever issued and it is not certain that any was ever drawn up. From the moment the ultimatum was accepted, the convention became a charade. To disregard substance in favor of a spirit of unity was to justify McCarthy's empty lists of names on account of the spirit of patriotism in which he waved them about. But the real white-racist presumption lay in thinking that a specious endorsement of inane proposals was an act of support for Negroes—or, for that matter, in thinking that most Negroes could endorse the resolutions. From the beginning of the convention, the "radicalized" whites had resolutely refused to deal with any competent or intelligent Negroes—any rational Negroes, as it turned out—as authentic blacks. Non-failed non-whites were simply regarded as sell-outs to the system, and ignored. The effect of this was to produce what can only be described as a new, young, guerrilla-talking Uncle Tom, to transact nitty-gritty politics with his radical white counterpart. The assembled revolutionaries (whose voting strength was determined on the basis of the number of "activists" they cared to claim at home) selected such Negroes, on the model of H. Rap Brown, to speak for the romantic, rioting, "authentic" children of the ghetto (for "the ten thousand activists in Newark," as John F. Maher, Jr., of the Cambridge Vietnam Summer, put it, in a meeting, "who were willing to die to change their way of life"), for the Black Caucus, for all the other Negroes at the convention, and for the nameless, faceless, personalityless black monolith that the American Negro has now—in the white-radical racist imagination—become. The tragedy is, of course, that no one speaks for the young rioters, since no leader has emerged from them yet; and Rap Brown seems merely to tag along rhetorically after them. The Black Caucus, which never consisted of more than fifty delegates, sometimes spoke for the majority of the Negro delegates to the convention and sometimes did not. Its composition changed often. It occasionally broke into groups or disbanded, and entry to it was often denied to some Negroes by goons at the door. By choosing to empower the Black Caucus to speak for the entire convention, the convention simultaneously abdicated in its favor and denied it respect. A radicalism whose one worthy aim had been "to give people more of a voice in the decisions that affect their lives" relinquished its own voice at once, and celebrated the birth of the New Politics by voting itself *totalitarian.*

TWO days of pre-convention sessions—called, in the prospectus, "the pre-convention"—had started off quite differently, as a gentle convocation of kooks. The main factions of plotters and counter-plotters, traditional at New Left reunions, had not yet arrived to present their strategies. (The Socialist Workers Party, together with other Trotskyists, favored the establishment of a third party; in default of a permanent party, they were willing to settle for a temporary national ticket, with their own candidates for President and Vice-President. The "non-electoral local organizers"—like the S.D.S. and Vietnam Summer people who believe in organizing rent strikes, coöperatives, and demonstrations, rather than in the vote—came mainly for the purpose of blocking any national ticket and getting some money. The W. E. B. Du Bois Clubs and the Communist Party would have liked a national ticket, but in order to preserve unity and avoid alienating the non-electoral bloc they were willing to settle for local organizing and the option for a national ticket later on. Their position corresponded closely with the one taken by Mrs. Donna Allen, of the Women Strike for Peace. The California delegation—which was also known as the New Politics group, because its position corresponded most closely with the original position of the National Conference—favored leaving each state free to have a national ticket if it wanted one, and possibly maintaining the Conference as a nationwide hookup for the various national tickets of the states. The likely candidates for President and Vice-President in California were, respectively, Simon Casady—co-chairman of the convention, and a former head of the California Democratic Council, deposed for his opposition to the war in Vietnam—and Robert Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts* and a former candidate for Representative from California. In default of local options for locally chosen candidates, the California group was willing to settle for a national ticket chosen by the convention. Democratic Councilman Theodore Weiss, of Manhattan, together with other Democrats, favored working through the regular parties for candidates opposed to the war in Vietnam. In default of that, they were willing to settle for a national King-Spock ticket. A Chicagoan named Arthur Rubin was running



"Maybe he does only get twenty-five thousand a year, but I bet with endorsements and stuff like that he makes ninety-five thousand."



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for President himself; his platform consisted of an explanation of "the generally misunderstood film 'Blow-Up' " and a map of the universe "available in a variety of versions." A group called the Student Mobilization Committee came to recruit demonstrators to immobilize the Pentagon on October 21st. And some young people came only to look for jobs with established radical organizations.)

Within hours after registration, on the Tuesday evening before Labor Day, other delegates, less firmly committed politically, were roaming the corridors of the Palmer House—a huge, ornate, labyrinthine hotel, with a basement arcade, a sub-basement arcade, gusty, arctic air-conditioning, and small, transient-looking rooms. The obvious intention of these delegates in coming early was to have truly sweeping reforms to offer for consideration when the convention began. Non-political guests at the hotel that Tuesday seemed to view the delegates with tolerant smiles, pointing them out in the lobby as "the student convention." (On Wednesday, the hotel closed the swimming pool "for repairs." By Thursday, the convention was being described bitterly as "those draft-card burners." Saturday morning, the lady clerks at the newsstand were worriedly insisting that the New York *Times* had not yet arrived: "I told you we shouldn't have opened early, Bea. Here's one of them just won't go *away*." But by Sunday—the day before the convention ended—things were fairly normal: players in a local bridge tournament regained their concentration, and Sandra Max and David Wasserman, two apparently apolitical Chicagoans, were married without incident in the Red Lacquer Ballroom, where a White Radical Caucus had met the night before.)

Wednesday morning, after a welcoming speech by Co-Chairman Simon Casady, a kindly, bewildered-looking gray-haired man, the pre-convention delegates split into committees: one for Resolutions, one for Perspectives, and one for Structures. The Black Caucus, which has been a tradition of radical conventions since the early days of S.N.C.C. (the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), was already in separate session. S.N.C.C. itself (sometimes referred to as the Non-Student Violent Disintegrating Committee) is now—except as a source of publicity measured in column inches detrimental to the cause of civil rights—to all intents and purposes, de-

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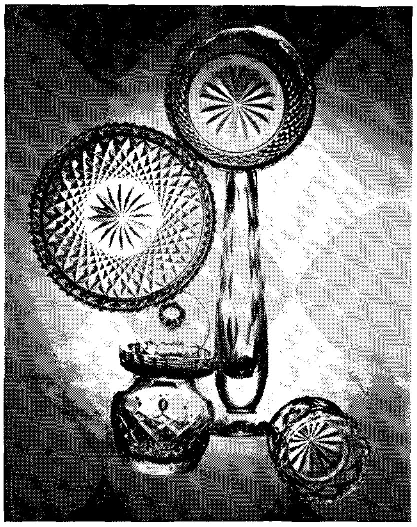

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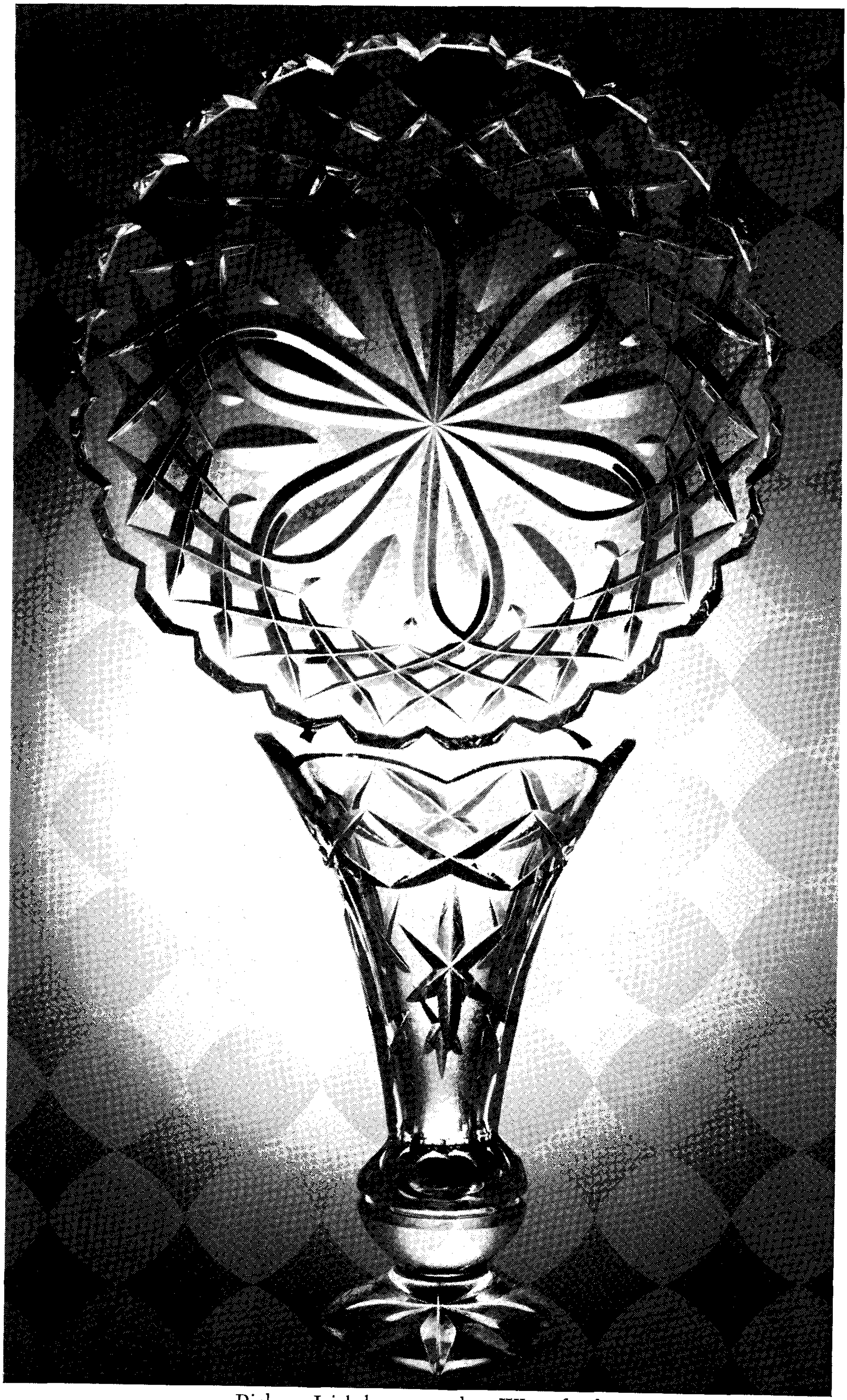

Pick an Irish beauty today. Waterford.

funct. Somehow, it never quite recovered from the federal government's passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the white radicals' defection to the more fashionable causes of campus free speech and Vietnam protest. The Black Caucus, however, remains, as though to preserve in memory the idealistic, soul-searching band that S.N.C.C. once was.

The Structures Committee met on the third floor, in Private Dining Room 8—a tiny, dimly lit imitation-Romanesque chapel, featuring cloudy chandeliers, a false hearth, false timbers decorating the ceiling, old branching wall lamps, folding chairs, and a medieval bestiary, with false heraldic devices, painted on its walls. The committee spent the two days before the convention discussing whether it ought to present to the conference a proposal that the New Politics disband altogether and leave its delegates to their local organizing. (Many delegates, it turned out, had come to the convention committed to its dissolution.) The Perspectives Committee, which met in the Red Lacquer Ballroom, on the fourth floor, spent the pre-convention days deciding whether to propose to the convention that it endorse a permanent third party, that it choose a third-party ticket only for 1968, that it endorse no ticket or party or nationwide hookup of tickets, that it disband for non-electoral local organizing, or that it endorse a platform set up by a Subcommittee on Perspectives, which concerned Mexican-American relations, the Dominican intervention, the Greek regime, strip-mining in Appalachia, the inequities of the income tax, and a number of other issues over which there was considerable indignation.

The Committee on Resolutions, which met in the Wabash Parlor, on the third floor, was by far the most thorough and animated. Under the dual chairmanship of Steven Jonas, a bearded young man from New York's Medical Committee to End the War in Vietnam, and Bertram Garskof, a bearded psychology professor from Michigan State University (and a member of the convention's Steering Committee), the Committee on Resolutions immediately split into four subcommittees to revise the American political and social system from top to bottom. The four subcommittees all met in the same room, but each sent a courier to each of the others every fifteen minutes, to make sure there was no duplication of effort. By Wednesday noon, Resolutions had abolished

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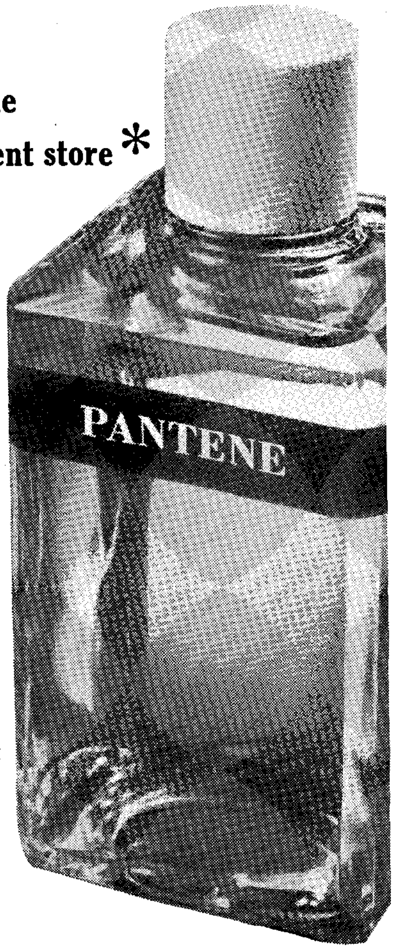

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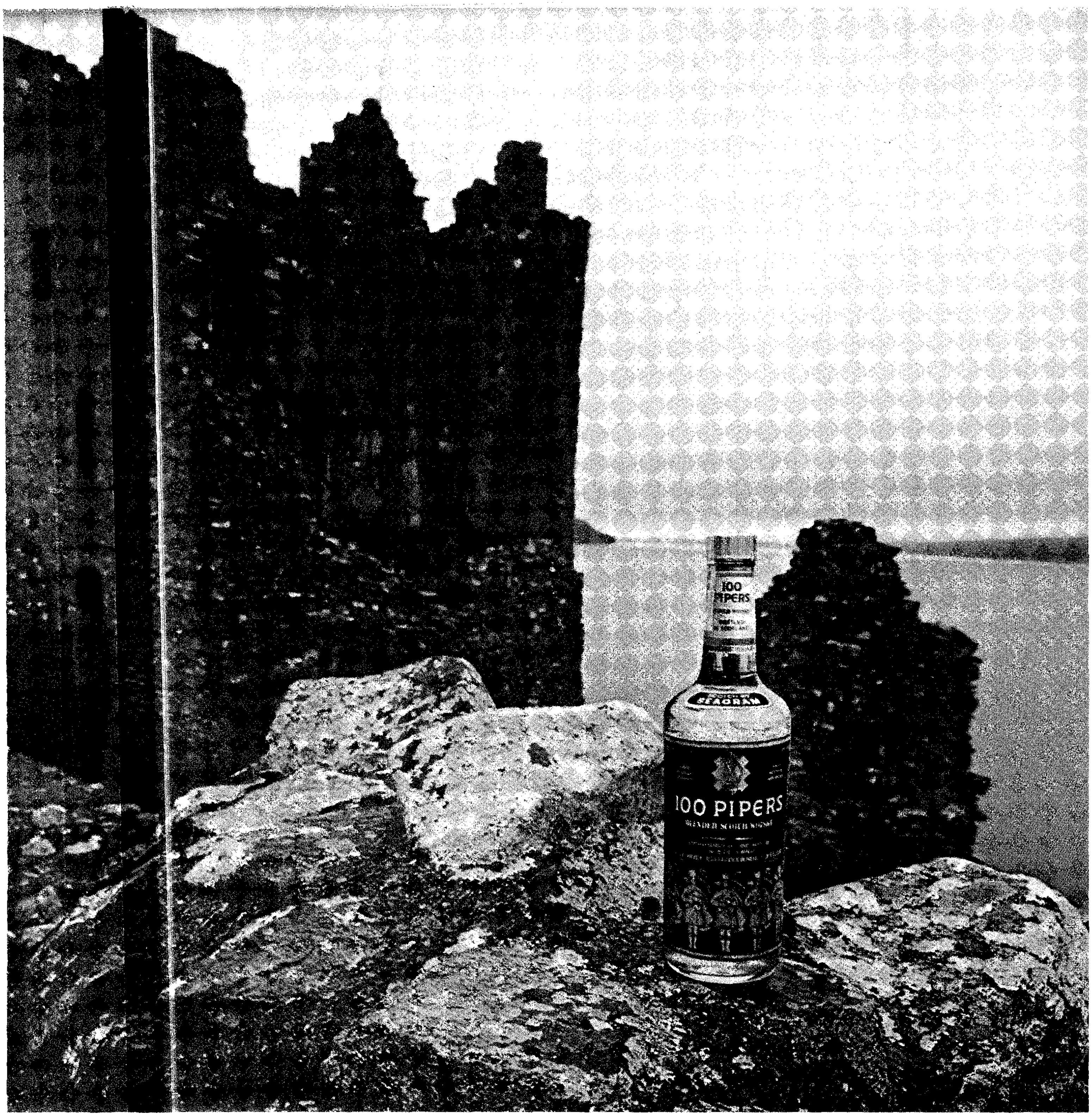

CASTLE URQUHART O [illegible] those windows, Scotsmen poured molten metal on their enemies. What they poured for their friends was a local whisky that would take the breath away.

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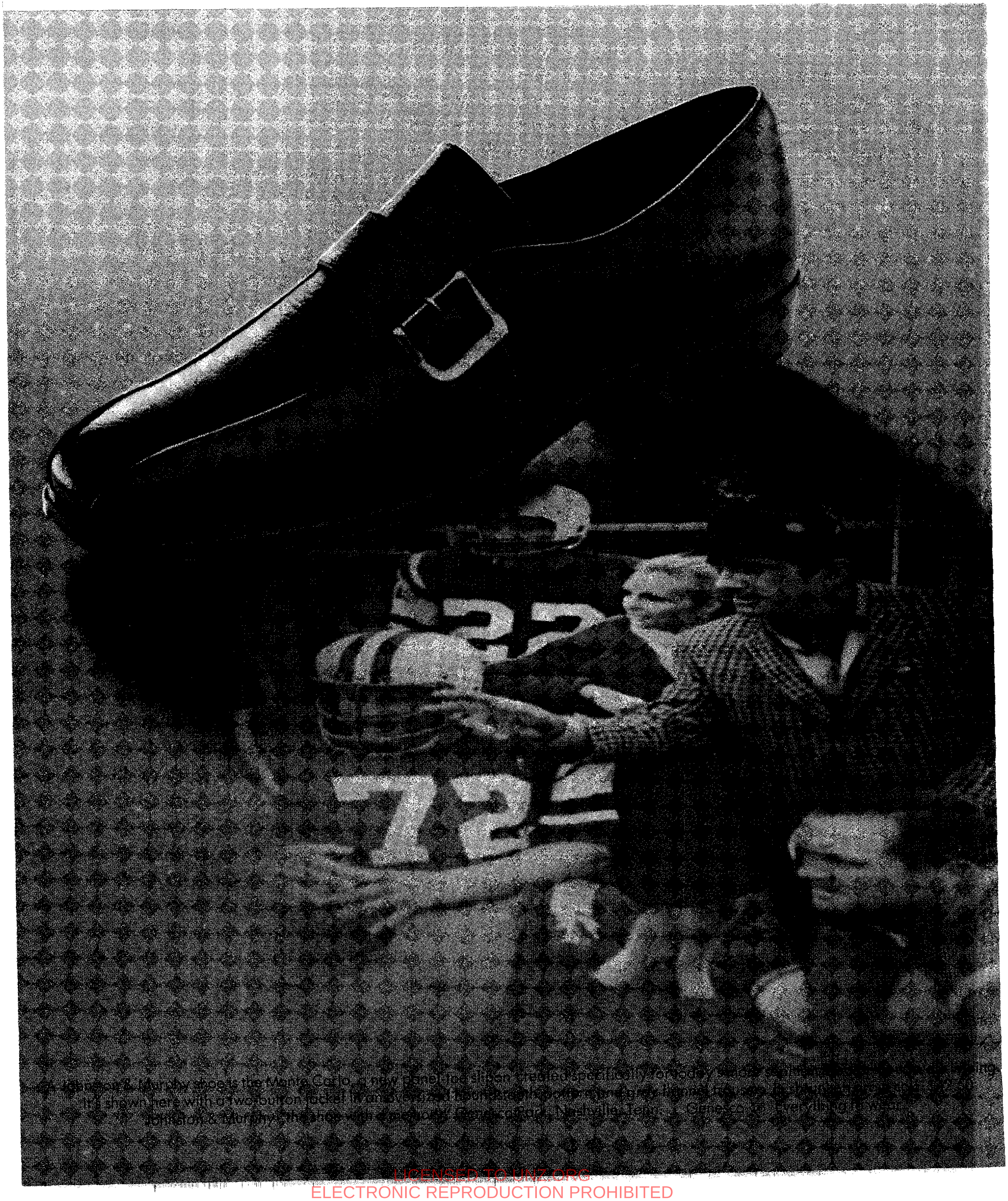

A Johnston & Murphy shoe is the Monte Carlo, a new panel-toe slipon created specifically for today's [illegible]
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Johnston & Murphy, the shoe with dimension. Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. [illegible] Genesco [illegible] everything to wear.

the capitalist system. By evening, it had revised foreign policy in detail, solved the problems of the cities, deplored alimony, and endorsed sexual freedom for citizens under twenty-one. ("We'll pick up votes on that when the youth reaches voting age," someone said approvingly. Jonas, normally the kindest of chairmen, looked reproachful. "I was hoping we were above winning votes," he said. "I hoped we were working on principles.") By Thursday morning, it had legalized marijuana, pronounced heroin medically harmless, established more humane old-age homes, and resolved that "if police agencies would do their jobs, organized crime can be smashed." (Garskof proposed that all white police be removed at once from black communities. "But there are understanding white cops," someone protested. "Then let them work in Scarsdale," Garskof replied.) By Thursday afternoon, so many resolutions had been passed that the committee established a subcommittee to improve the literary style of all its previous resolutions. Then, perhaps dissatisfied because there was so little left to do, Garskof deplored the lack of black representation on the Steering Committee. Since he was on the Steering Committee himself and should have known better, it was odd that he should make such a complaint, but his beard—even in the context of new radicalism—was an eccentric one, running straight, dense, and furry back along the underside of his chin, never touching his jaws at all, and it is not unlikely that he was just trying to liven things up a little. In any case, two resolutions were immediately passed: one expressing grief over the separatism of the Black Caucus, and the other deploring the lack of black representation on the Steering Committee. Martin Peretz, an instructor in government at Harvard and a member of the convention's executive board, objected. "You are trying to railroad chaos through this convention," he said, and he deplored the committee's "militant ignorance." (Later, Peretz said to Todd Gitlin, of Chicago's JOIN Community Union, that he resented the implication that the Steering Committee had been "coöpted." "Don't let's get up tight about coöptation," Gitlin replied.) In any case, more than half the Committee on Resolutions ultimately walked out, to form a Whites in Support of the Black Caucus Caucus, and what turned out to be the major preoccupation of the convention—attitudes toward the Black Caucus—was established. From then on,

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(SURVEY)

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How much would you pay to keep your wife one more year?

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It was a way of thinking about the value you *really* placed on a thing.

One of the first things you learned was that "features" had very little to do with it. (For example, if your country had had 20 more rivers, or your dog's tail wagged at 86 Per Minute—six less than an "average" dog's—the answer would hardly have changed.)

When KLH began making stereo equipment ten years ago, our founders (K., L., and H.) noticed that grownup manufacturers talked as though features had *everything* to do with value. We hated that. We still do.

"Feature:" Injecting 380 horsepower into cars that have no plausible market save those who commute back and forth over the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Or Again: Advertising 300 watts of power in a high priced stereo console unit to give it the *appearance* of value. (Neglecting to mention that large numbers of watts have nothing to do with hearing the music accurately, or even loudly, both of which depend on what kind of equipment you've squeezed the watts into. 35 watts in good equipment will do fa better.)

42-22-36

To define worth solely in terms of feature is like determining the "market value" of wife from her height, age, weight, width o smile, tendency to suntan evenly, and th number of pounds of food she is capable o cooking up in an evening.

It's true enough we all like to have *something* explicit to help our thinking. Even Consumer Reports will sometimes find itsel detailing competitive features and statistics; akin to Playboy's 42-22-36 ratings.

But studying the centerfold and accompanying data simply doesn't give us all the information we really need. What does? Well, probably nothing short of a few years in the same house together.

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Packard had it right, way back in the twenties, when its advertising rested on the confident slogan "Ask The Man Who Owns One."

(It was a new kind of "testimonial" but it's been watered down since. How is a man today to depend on testimonials to choose, say, his cigarette brand when dozens of equally beloved baseball players can't get together about which is best?)

Still, the principle of determining value through testimonials makes very good sense:

Economists, for instance, say value can be understood as "some measure of the sense of loss one experiences after being deprived of a commodity or service," or, ask the man who owns one how much he'd dislike losing it. (The boy contemplating his dog's worth figured it out the same way.)

Any other way of measuring value, like establishing a ratio between features and price, is at best only a guess, made *before* anyone could possibly know.

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What we propose, then, is a technique of *measuring* the sense of loss as a way of thinking about "Subjective Value;" i.e., what a commodity means to someone who has it.

So. Assume for a moment that you are about to be deprived of your wife. (Substitute husband or "good friend" where applicable.) How much would you pay in dollars to keep her one more year? When you're through thinking about that one, fill in No. 1 and have a look at the rest of the questionnaire.

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We began on this idea because we already have evidence (based upon a comparison of the number of hours owners sit listening to KLH phonographs as opposed to other brands) that our $300 stereo system is cherished somewhat more than at least one $400 system we could name; and perhaps twice as much as another $300 set.

Doubtless the same situation exists among magazines—some are surely valued more than others—or sewing machines, or autos, or toothpaste. Toothpaste? Well, we'll soon see, and if you're interested we will be pleased to let you know what we learn.

QUESTIONNAIRE

If one or more of these questions interests you, then kindly fill in the blank spaces that apply and mail to the address we have listed at lower right. For our part, we will gladly send you a tally of the results of this questionnaire, and others we are doing in subsequent ads, if you also add your name and address. Thank you.

1 (See Headline)______________.

2 Do you have a favorite magazine?______________. Which one?______________. If you were informed that because of financial difficulties the publication might discontinue publishing, how much would you be willing to pay for one more issue rather than be deprived of it?________. One more year's subscription?________.

3 Do you have telephone service at home? ________. If yes, assume you now pay an average of $20 monthly for this service. How much additional would you pay, rather than be deprived of it? ________.

4 The automobile you now own was purchased in what year? ________. At what price? ________. What make?______________. Assuming it's in good running order, and that you couldn't get another one like it, how much would you pay to keep it during the upcoming year?________.

5 Do you own a piano? ______. What kind? ________. How much did you pay for it? ________. How long ago?________. How much would you pay to keep from being deprived of it? ________.

6 Do you regularly use a particular brand of toothpaste? ________. If yes, which brand? ______________. Assuming you were informed that because of financial difficulties your brand of toothpaste might go out of business. How much would you be willing to pay, above its present cost, to have one more tube, rather than be deprived of it? ________.

7 Assume for the moment that an offer was being made for your wife's wedding dress. How much would you be willing to sell it for? ________. What does your wife say? ______________.

8 Do you own stereo equipment at home? ________. A console? ________. A one-piece table model? ________. A three-piece system? ________. Components? ________. Which make(s)?______________. How much did it cost you to buy? ________. How long ago? ________. If you were about to be deprived of the set you now own, and knew you could not get another of the same kind, how much would you be willing to pay to keep it? ________.

(If you worry that by putting your name below you may be subjecting yourself to a barrage of KLH literature, or that we may send a salesman around, or sell your name to some "list house," rest easy. We won't. Though if you would like to have a catalog and the name of the store near you that sells our equipment, please so indicate in the appropriate box.)

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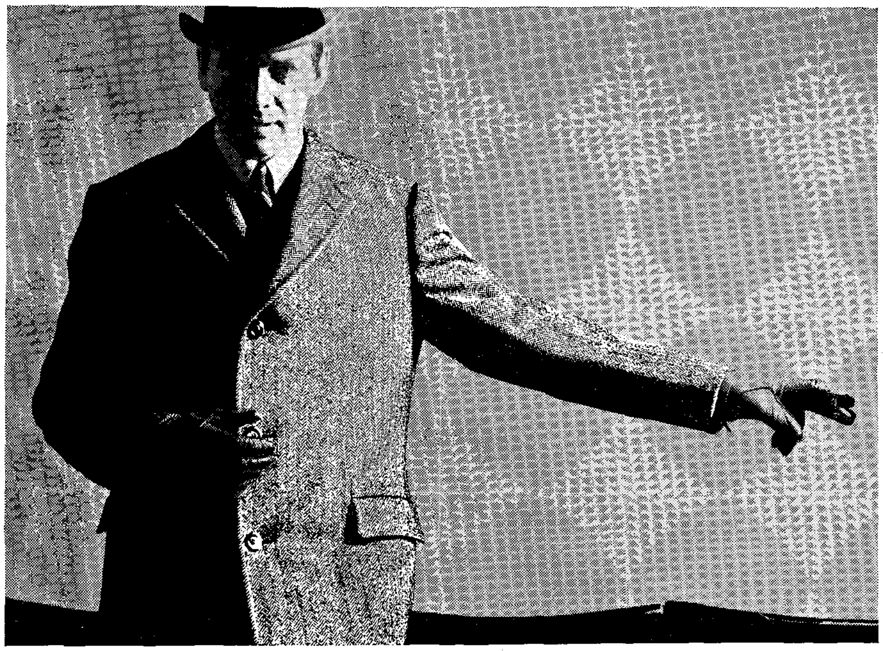

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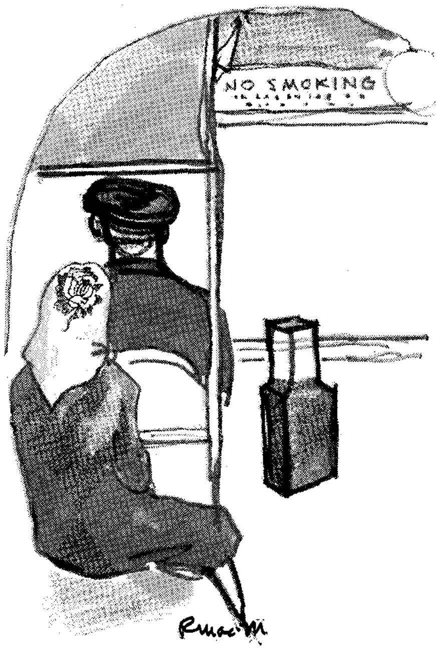
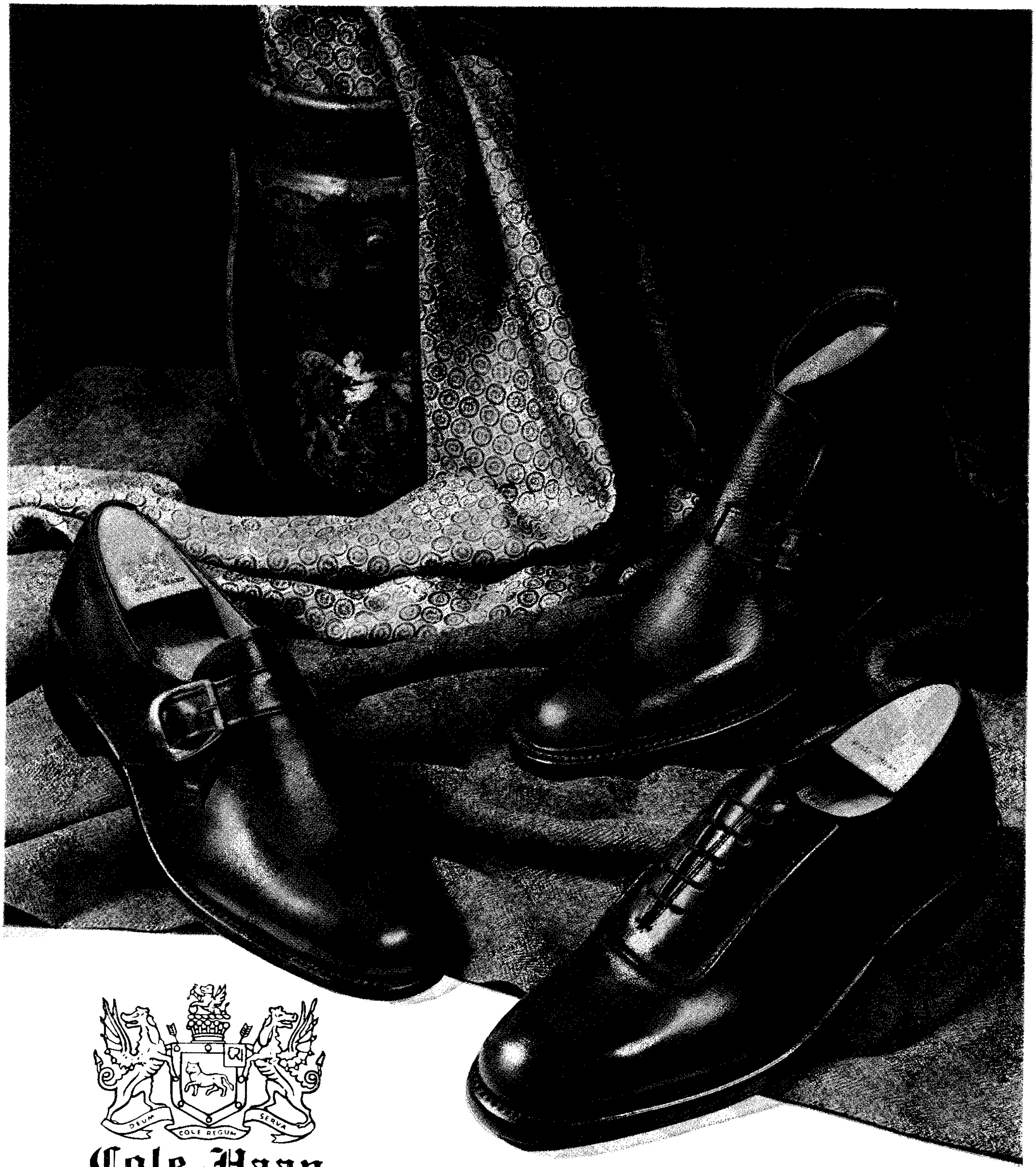
there was so much talk of caucuses of one sort or another—the White Radical Caucus, the White Revolutionary Caucus, the Radical Alternatives Caucus, the Poor People's Caucus, the Women Strike for Peace Caucus, the Mobilization Caucus, the Labor Caucus, the California Caucus, the Anti-King-Spock Caucus—that delegates seemed to be not so much discussing a New Politics as croaking mating calls to one another from adjoining lily pads. On Thursday evening, the Black Caucus itself consisted mainly of local Chicago teen-agers and Black Nationalists, who ordered (and charged to the convention) a lavish meal, and who advocated withdrawing from the New Politics Convention altogether, to join a Black People's Convention to be held on the other side of town. The Reverend Ralph Abernathy, of Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, however, briefly entered the group with what he called "some of our folk," and persuaded the others to remain—for a while, at least—with the still *nominally* integrated New Politics Convention.

THURSDAY night, in Chicago's Coliseum, a large, ugly stone fortification on the South Side, the full convention met for the first time. Julian Bond, the convention's co-chairman, was introduced by the moderator, Ossie Davis, as "a black terror in tennis shoes." He spoke briefly and then left the Coliseum, and he took no further part in the convention. Dick Gregory delivered one of his less effective monologues, in an apparent attempt to unite the convention by offering an apologia for its more extreme





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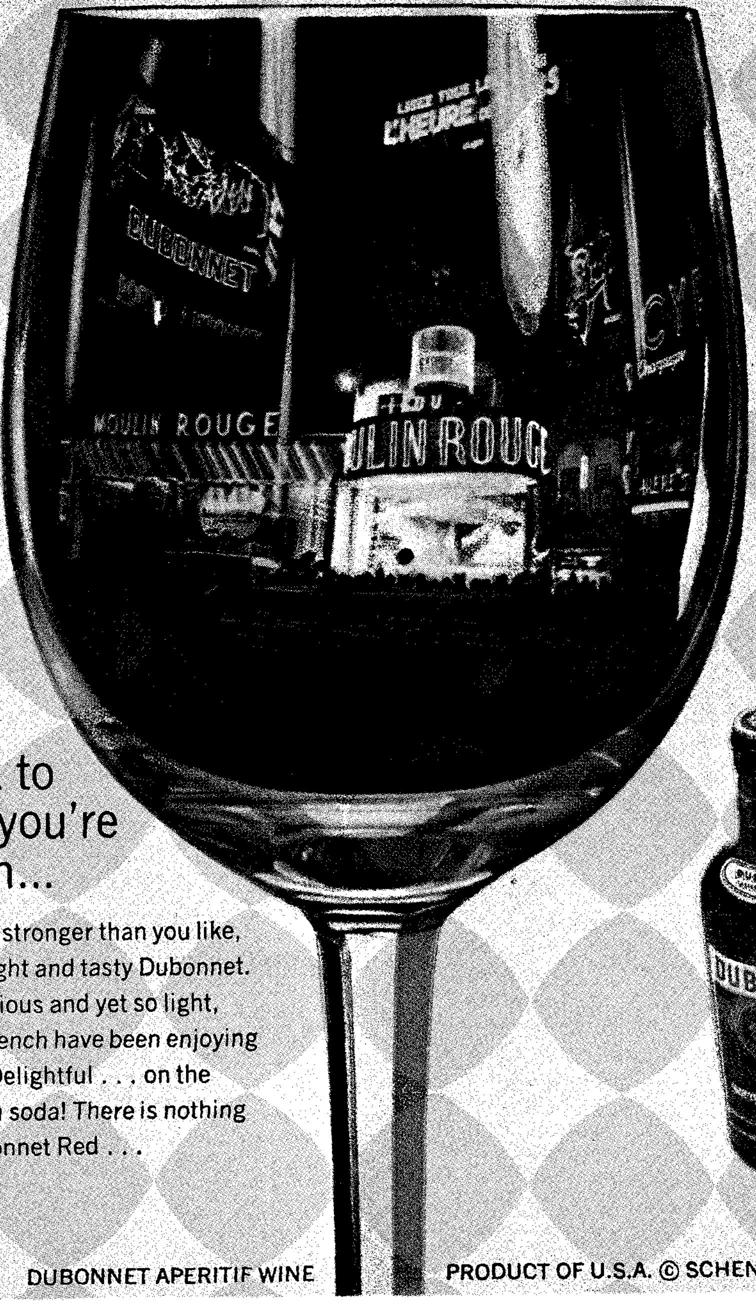
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elements ("Every Jew in America over thirty years old knows another Jew that hates niggers. Well, it's even, baby"). He remained with the convention another day and then left to march for open housing in Milwaukee. And Dr. King delivered his keynote speech, a long and, for him, rather flat peroration, in a tired voice. As he spoke, some local Negro teen-agers shouted threats and insults at him from the back of the room. Negro members of the audience tried to quiet them down, but within moments a few self-styled members of S.N.C.C. were charging through the crowd whispering "Make way for Rap Brown." (This never failed to produce an awed "Where? Where?" from whatever white radicals were nearby.)

The Reverend Andrew Young, of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (a member of the convention's executive board), turned to a white liberal lawyer with whom he had worked on many campaigns in the South. "These cats don't know the country has taken a swing to the right," he said. "I wish the violence and riots had political significance, but they don't."

"They just have political consequences," the lawyer said.

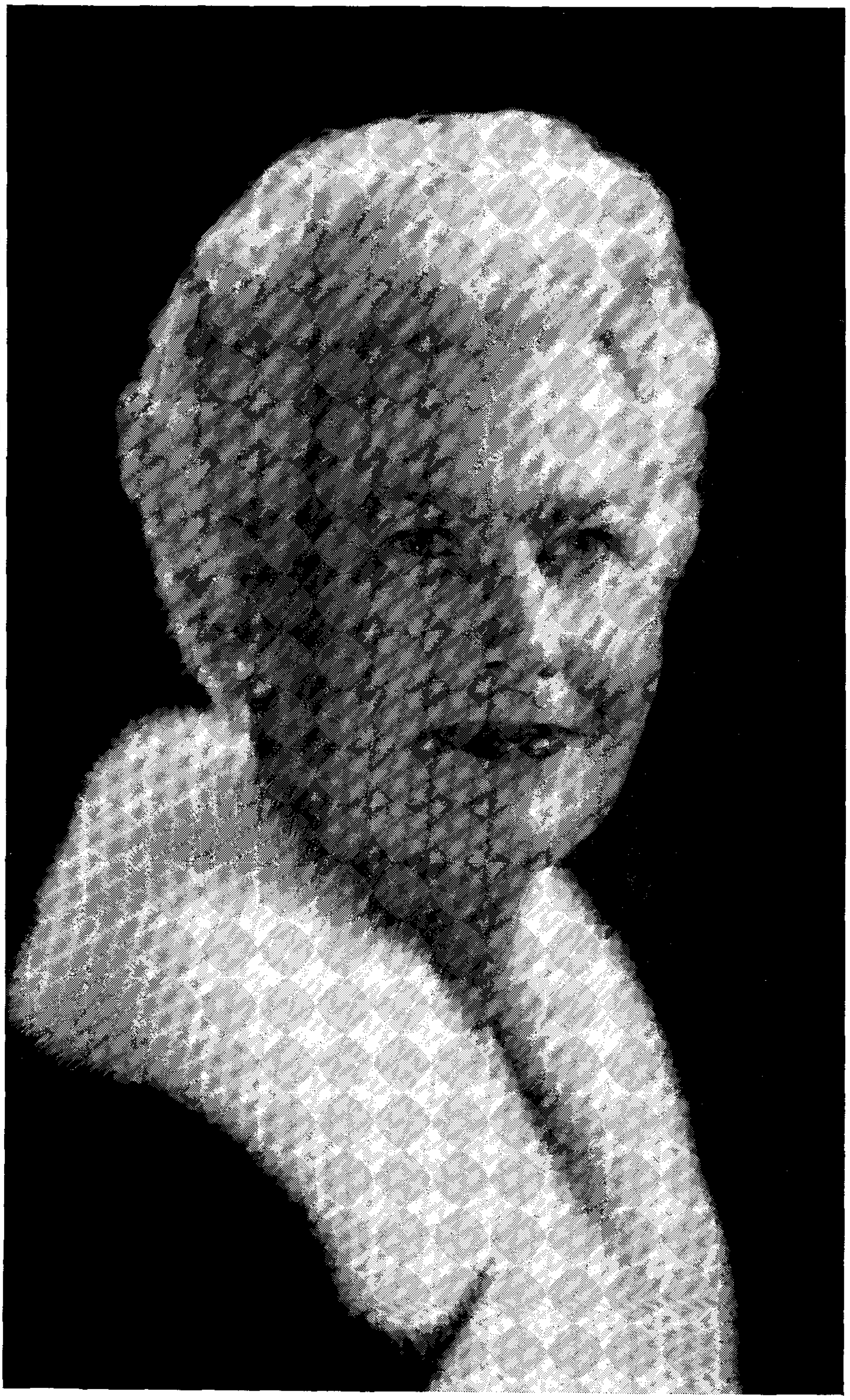
"Yeah. All bad," the Reverend Mr. Young said. He left the convention that evening.

Some teen-agers marked a cardboard box "Contributions for Our Black Brothers in Prison," and laughed loudly whenever whites dropped money in it. Two photographers who attempted to take pictures of these transactions were threatened ("You gonna lose that camera"), and it was only the quiet appearance of Dick Gregory, who caught two boys in a rather firm, friendly grip around the neck from behind, that dispersed the teen-agers. "Why, here's Brother Dick Gregory," they said, and they walked away, laughing and slapping each other's palms.

Dr. King left the convention the following morning.

At the convention's first official plenary session, on Friday morning, at the Palmer House, Gary Weissman, the chairman of the plenary (he had been an officer of the National Student Association but had abandoned it for the S.D.S.), announced to the delegates, whom he addressed as "Brothers and Sisters," that "the purpose of this convention is to enable the delegates to do what they wish to do."

Arthur Waskow, of the Steering Committee, immediately introduced a motion for the democratization of the Steering Committee with "members of



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all regions and all caucuses, if they feel they are not represented."

Sidney Lens, of the Labor Caucus, said, "Brother Chairman, I would move that the proposal be amended to include on the Steering Committee fifty per cent of the black people, to represent the thousands and millions who for four hundred years . . ."

In one of the long speeches that ensued (there were references to "this convention, with all its beauty and power" and to "this Chicago palace, with the country looking on"), someone referred to Appalachia as being in "the South," and a delegate rose to denounce this symptom of insensitivity to the problems of Appalachia. Someone proposed an amendment to Lens's proposal, and he accepted it. The chairman pronounced this acceptance out of order. Lens disagreed. "Brother Chairman," he said, "I've been thirty years a labor bureaucrat, and if I don't know that I don't know anything."

Many delegates questioned whether the plenary should continue to meet unless the Black Caucus joined it.

Paul Booth, a former national secretary of S.D.S., rose and threatened, if the discussion went on much longer without a consensus, to move to table whatever motion was on the floor.

A Mrs. Warfield, a Negro woman from Rochester, rose to suggest that she lead a delegation to the Black Caucus, wherever it was currently being held, to express understanding of whatever its demands might currently be.

Someone denounced this proposal as out of order, but the chairman disagreed. "This body is free to be as parliamentary as it likes," he said.

"Perhaps we could use the old Steering Committee as adviser to the new Steering Committee," a delegate proposed, referring to the motion for more Negro representation on the Steering Committee.

"What is the criterion for being black?" someone asked. Since one of the delegates in the Black Caucus was Miss Grace Suzuki, this was not an altogether unreasonable question.

"It won't hurt the convention to send a delegation," Mrs. Warfield said, rather impatiently. "I'll be standing here, if anyone wants to approach me."

"I'll tell you who's black," another speaker began. "If you were with us in Detroit, if you were with us in Newark, and Watts, and Cincinnati . . ."

Mrs. Warfield began to lead her delegation—ten or eleven whites and four Negroes—out of the room.

The motion was put to a vote. "What will mean an aye vote and

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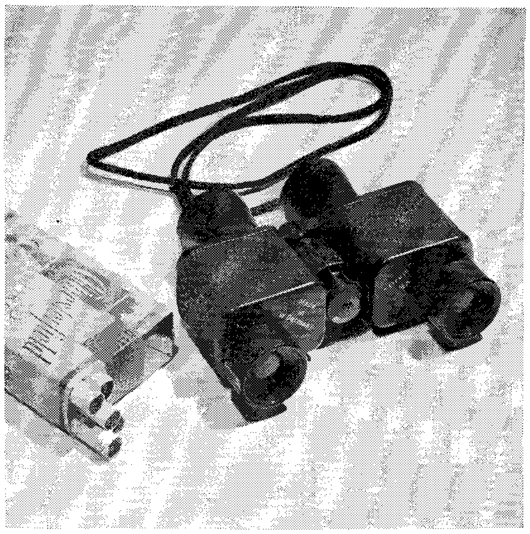

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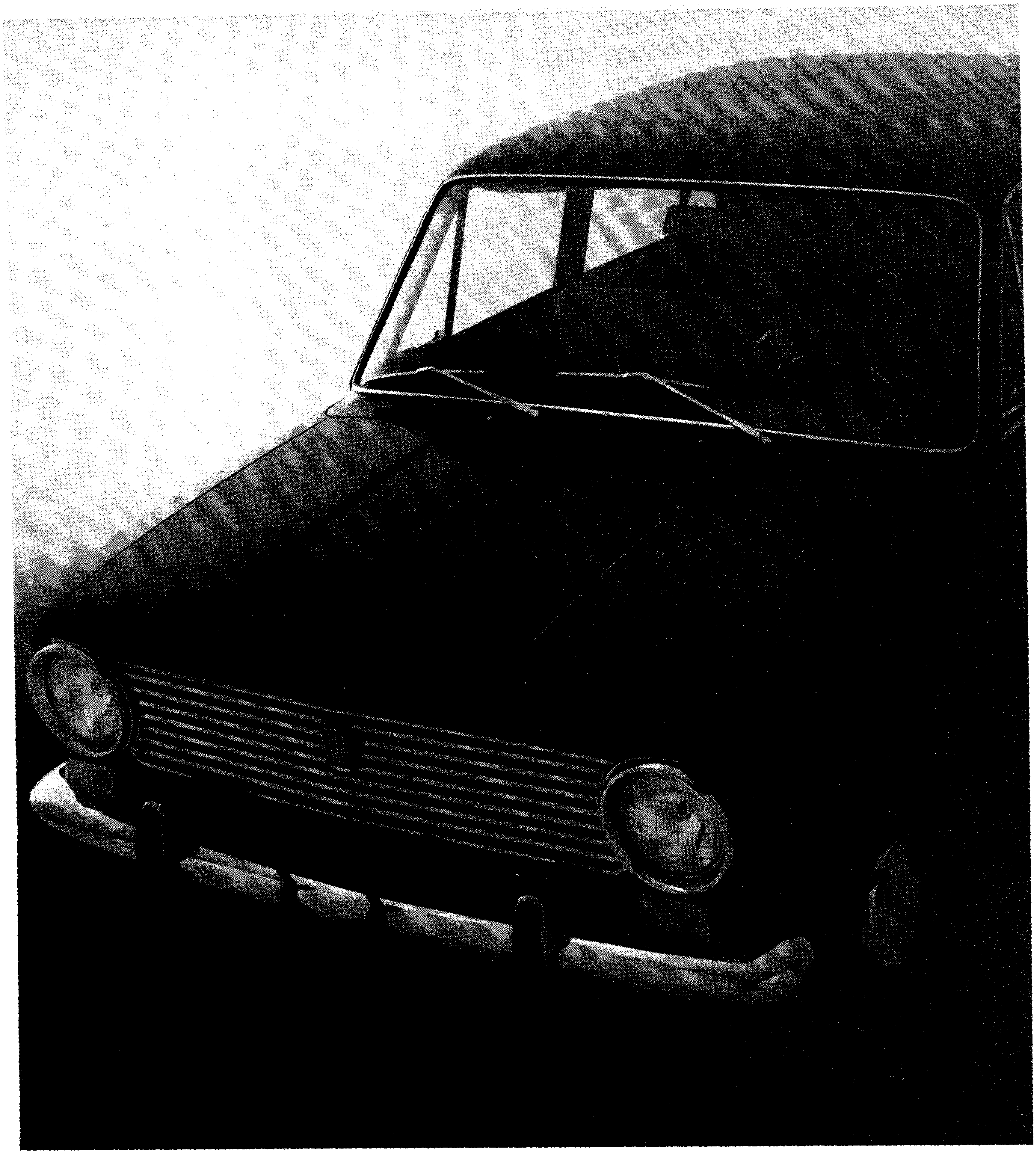

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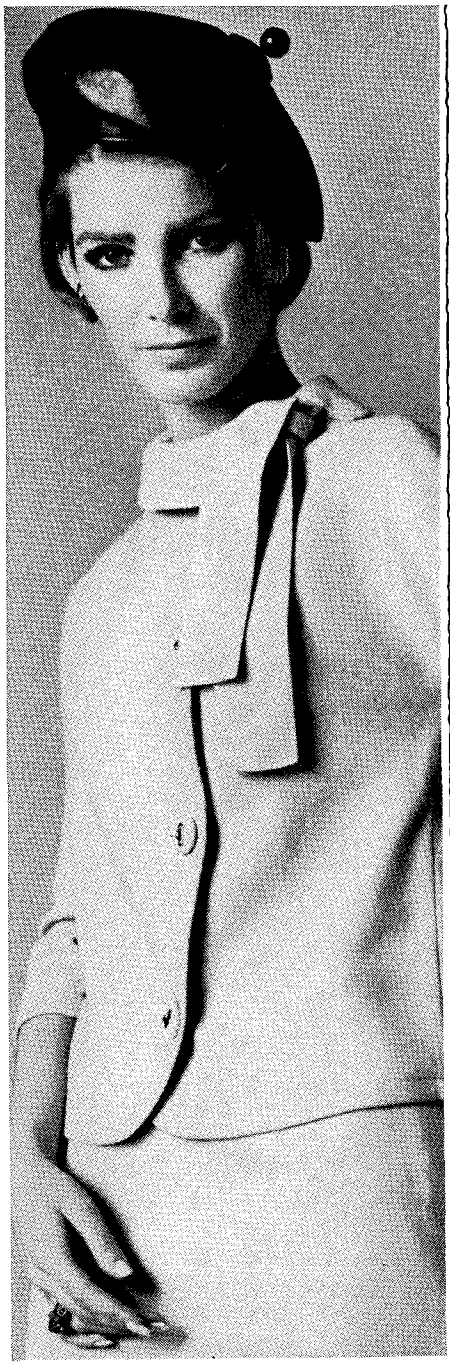

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what will mean a no vote?" someone shouted. There was no answer.

The motion passed.

Someone proposed that the plenary adjourn until the Black Caucus had given its response to Mrs. Warfield, but the Chair ruled him out of order and shut off his microphone.

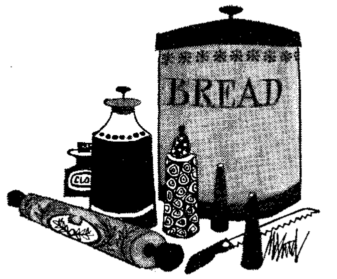
A delegate from Indiana rose to deplore the enlargement of the Steering Committee.

"You are debating a motion that has already passed—is that correct?" the chairman asked.

"That is correct," the delegate replied.

Mrs. Warfield's delegation never found the Black Caucus—or, rather, Mrs. Warfield left her delegation behind while she sought out all rooms that happened to have Negroes in them. "Don't discuss among yourselves," she said as she left. "There will only be so much confusion." The members of the delegation stayed on a staircase, adjuring one another not to talk, for fear of government agencies and the press. Mrs. Warfield returned to them briefly, to announce that she would continue her search. "Go back to the convention floor," she said. "Remember who you are—the committee to bring a black structure into this convention." Barry Jones, a Negro who had actually participated in the Black Caucus, kept repeating that the caucus had disbanded earlier in the day. The whites ignored him. "Darling, not in the presence of the press," a white woman said. Mr. Jones gave up.

Friday afternoon, in what had been described in the convention program as "a panel discussion of perspectives," a number of people delivered speeches. In the middle of a discourse by Manhattan Councilman Weiss, who argued, not altogether tastefully, that the regular Democratic Party might still give dissidents "a couple of shots at Lyndon Johnson—speaking figuratively, of course," Floyd McKissick, of CORE, preceded by five Negroes in a flying wedge, walked down an empty aisle to the platform. By the time Weiss had finished speaking, all the chairs on the platform were occupied, and he unceremoniously climbed off. McKissick, standing between two impassive, bearded, gum-chewing Negroes in fezzes and khaki jackets (one of whom performed a sort of ballet with his hands while McKissick was speaking), began his speech. In the two years since the Mississippi March and the advent of the Black Power slogan, McKissick has tried to remain in touch with radicals and liberals alike, keeping his public utterances wild and his private influence moderate. It is a strange course to take, and the effort has told on him. His rhetoric veers back and forth from center to extreme. His head bobs and his voice climbs octaves. He blinks continuously. In describing the destruction wrought by Molotov cocktails, his words to the white man were "Hell, man. You made this problem. You clean it up." He spoke of "the twin brothers, capitalism and racism," and he referred to all Negroes who had risen to positions of national influence not as "blacks" but, contemptuously, as "Negroes." Then he remarked that no good could come to the black people from the New Politics Convention (he subsequently withdrew CORE from the Conference entirely), and invited all whites to attend the Black People's Convention that night instead. (Later, apparently under pressure from members of the Black Caucus, he revoked the invitation.) Preceded by the flying wedge, he left. Robert Scheer then made a speech urging that the convention address itself to "the vicious nightmare" (boredom, wife hatred, alienation) of life in white America. Like many radicals, he managed to refer to the unarguable proposition that material affluence has not brought complete happiness, and to make the reference itself sound like an alternative offer. He seemed to imply that a revolution of the prosperous was imminent. Regarded by many as the Bobby Kennedy of the New Left (since the New Left bitterly opposes the real Bobby Kennedy), he was given a standing ovation. Another white radical, Robert Cook, formerly of the Yale S.D.S., now of the New Haven AIM (American Independent Movement), argued that whites should support Negro riots by diverting police to other areas during the looting and sniping in the ghetto. He was applauded, also.



That night, the White Revolutionary Caucus (which consisted mainly of pale, thin, bespectacled women and pale, torpid men, making plans for guerrilla warfare) barred Negroes from its meeting; the White Radical Caucus

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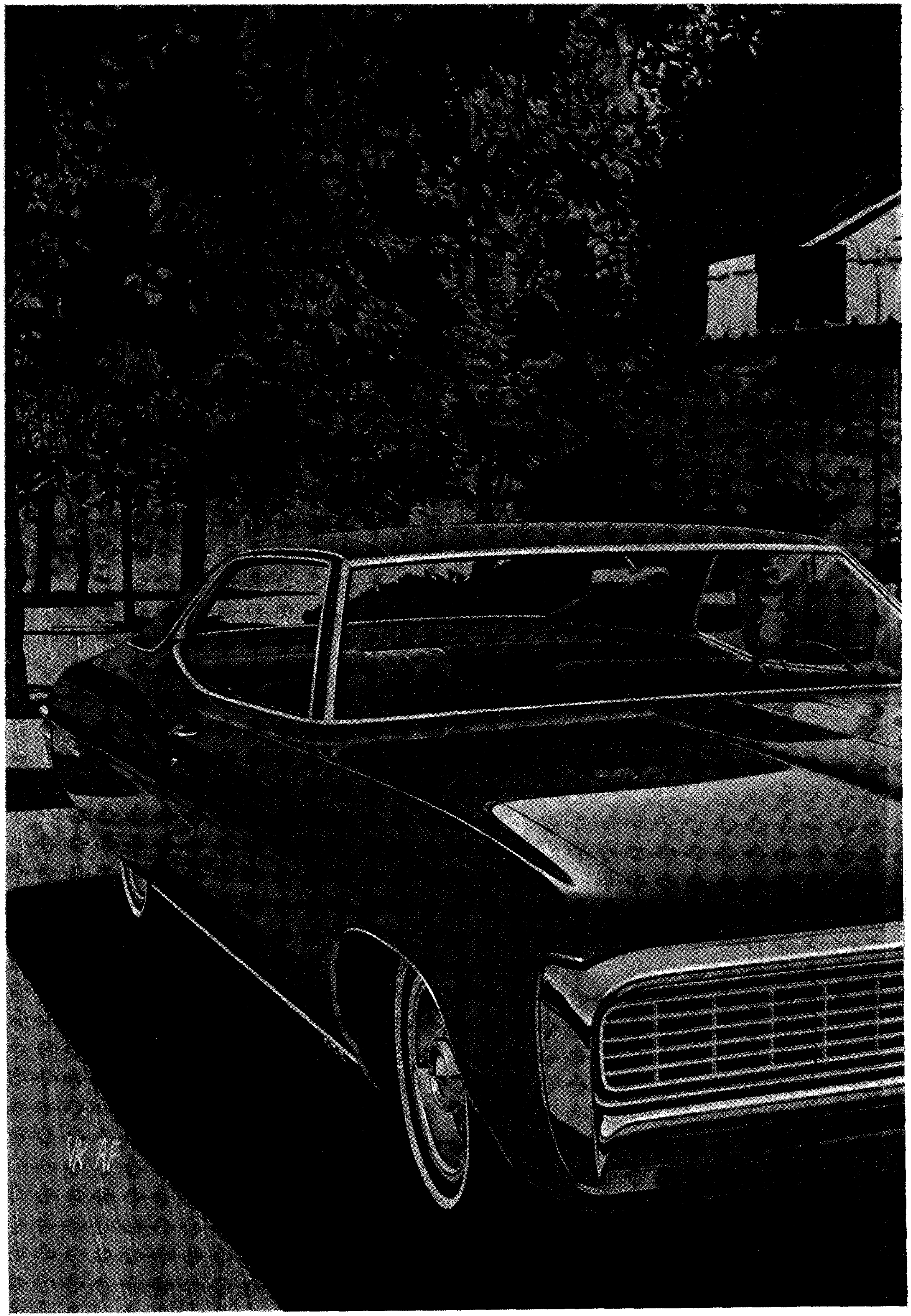

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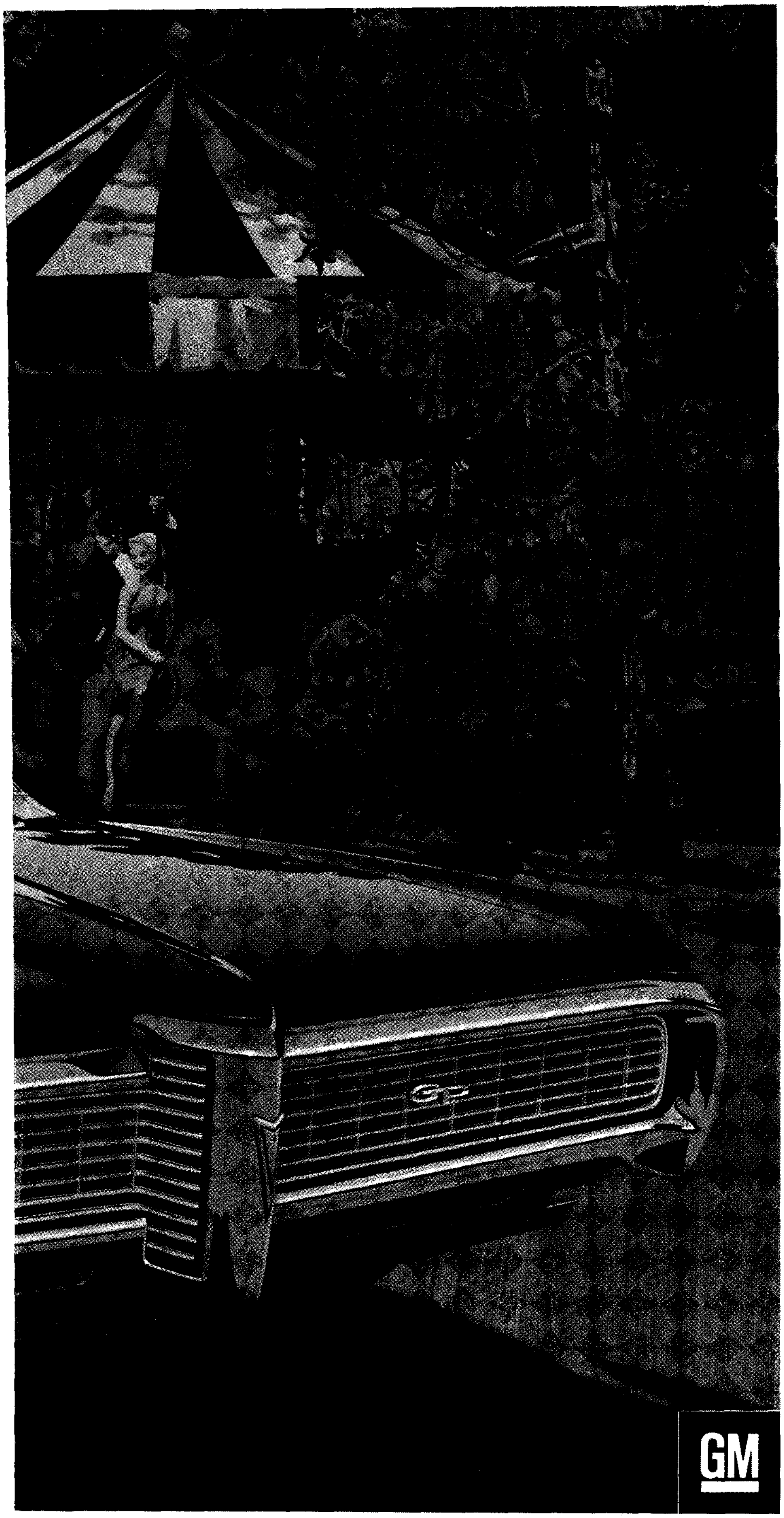

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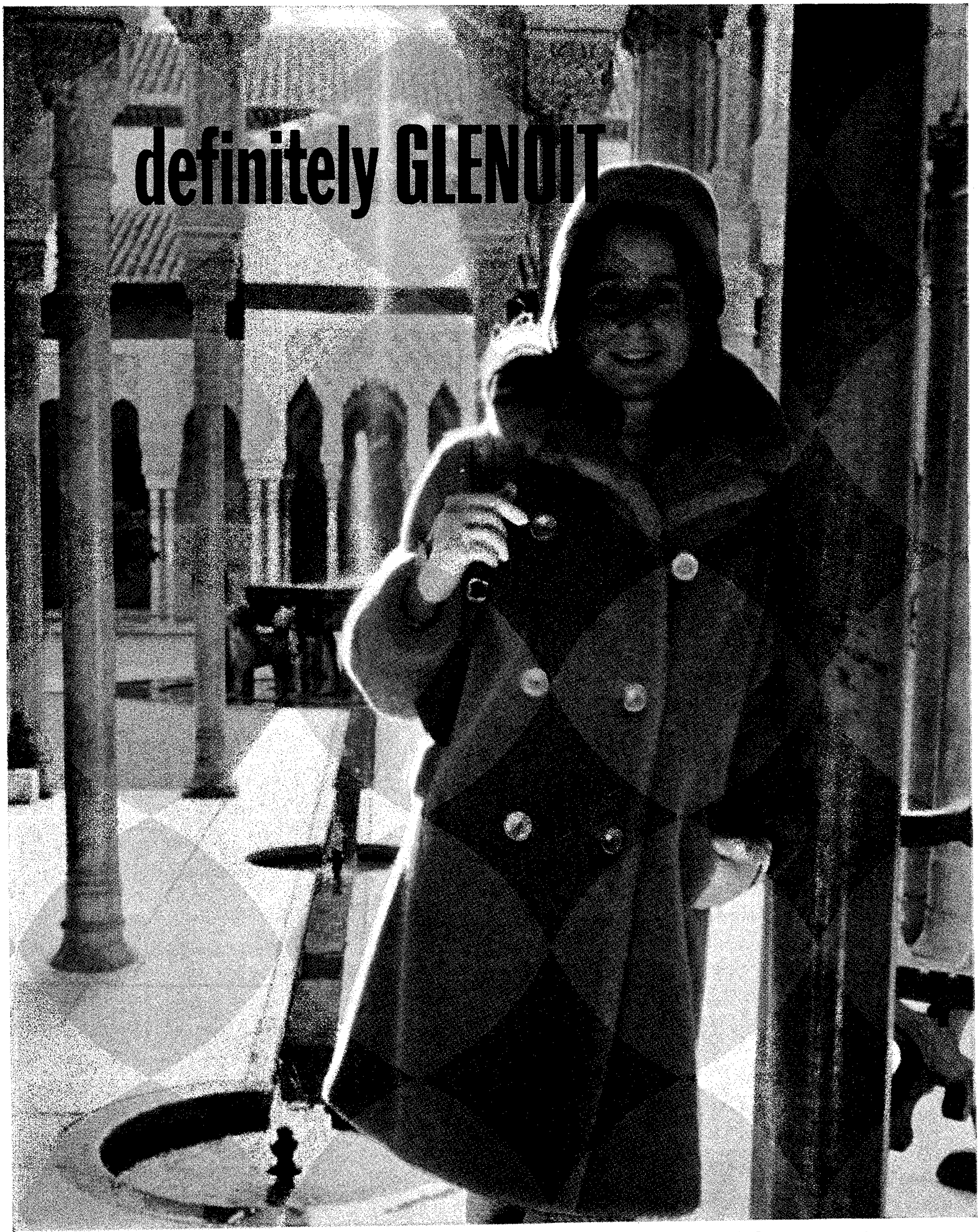

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(which consisted mainly of members of S.D.S., Vietnam Summer, and other local-project organizations) plotted to sway the convention from a national ticket, in order to use the Conference mainly as a servicing facility for the local organizers; and the Black Caucus—despite a last-minute plea from McKissick, who made a brief appearance there—voted to submit its thirteen proposals, along with an ultimatum stating that if they were not passed by noon of the following day the Black Caucus would leave the convention. All through the night, in an orgy of confession about their childhood feelings toward Negroes, the whites on the Steering Committee considered the ultimatum. Ivanhoe Donaldson, a Negro member of S.N.C.C., argued that since the blacks at the convention were the only radicals really "in motion," no real white radicals should balk at the letter of their demands. There was a great deal of soul-searching by whites. ("I have thirty years of working for civil rights," a white liberal said. "At least, nobody can take that away from me." Whereupon, with some dime-store analysis of his motives, they took it away from him.) Martin Peretz walked out. The Steering Committee voted to submit the ultimatum to a "special plenary," to be called the following morning, and by dawn most of its members were ready to pronounce themselves "radicalized."

Casady announced to a crowded Grand Ballroom on Saturday morning that a session's declaring itself a plenary did not make it so and that he could not participate in an extra-legal plenary. Then he, too, walked out. (His walkout, with Peretz's of the preceding night, initiated a kind of daily ritual; the few responsible whites at the convention often found themselves walking out, only to walk right back in, and out again.) The front center section of the plenary was roped off and reserved for members of the Black Caucus, creating the impression that if only someone had thought to rope off the back of the buses in Birmingham and shout "Black Power!" the civil-rights movement would never have been necessary. Gary Weissman, who again presided, let the gathering "formally, duly convene itself as a plenary," and thereafter granted what he called "the indulgence of the Chair" to all deviations from parliamentary procedure that were favorable to the ultimatum. A woman who pointed out that one of the resolutions endorsed "wars of liberation," though many at the convention were pacifists, was ruled out of order. Several members of the Steering Com-

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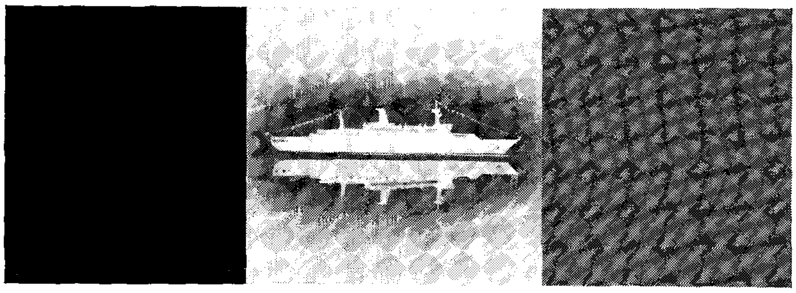

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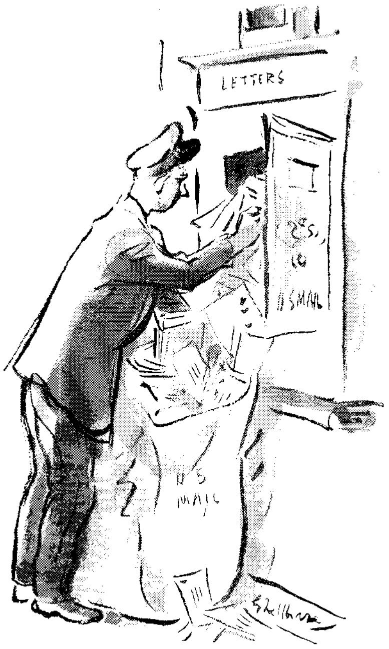
mittee, in the first of what became a series of conspiratorial jags, spoke in favor of accepting the ultimatum. The white radicals argued that the thirteen proposals should be accepted, regardless of their content, which was pronounced "irrelevant." (White radicals were constantly consigning matters, and people, of substance to some limbo of irrelevance.) Sidney Lens, representing the Labor Caucus, favored "not proposing to split words or commas or periods." Everyone seemed determined to foster a black illusion that the only whites interested in political coöperation were those who would accept terms of complete capitulation. Robert Scheer, who got up to make a motion to go the "Zionist imperialism" resolution one better, was inadvertently shouted down. In a heated interchange with the chairman, Charles Samson, who at that point was spokesman for the Black Caucus, denied Scheer's right to speak at all. "All of a sudden this person pops up," Samson said, pointing at Scheer in absolute outrage, "and he wants to make an amendment." Several Negroes who wished to speak against the adoption of the proposals were hustled from the room by enforcers from the Black Caucus, and threatened and silenced outside. One of the enforcers who ushered several Negroes out was an African Nationalist from California who was rumored to be the United Nations Ambassador from Tanzania. The ultimatum was accepted, three to one, and the plenary closed after the chairman proposed, and declared adopted by acclamation, a resolution to send a congratulatory telegram to Ho Chi Minh on the occasion of the twenty-second anniversary of Vietnamese independence.

THAT afternoon, the White Radical Caucus was troubled. Its coup against a third ticket and in favor of local organizing had never got off the ground, and, as one member after another pointed out, the Israel resolution would scare off liberal money, and the bad press that the morning's developments would receive might scare off everyone else. No one mentioned the possibility that the resolutions might be substantively wrong—only the possibility that they might alienate support. Several members of the caucus proposed that the white local organizers withdraw from the convention and form an organization of their own. Todd Gitlin pointed out that "the convention might still rise from its ash," that, in any case, most members of the White Radical

Caucus had voted for the resolutions, and that it might be worthwhile staying around to "neutralize" the convention. Eric Mann, a white organizer from Newark, and one of the few radicals present who never cast a disingenuous vote, suggested that the organizers remain at the convention to paralyze it by keeping the others from endorsing a national ticket and "from doing all the screwy things they want to do."

Saturday evening, the plenary voted down the proposal to form a permanent third party. Again, a delegate proposed that the plenary adjourn until the Black Caucus, which had again withdrawn into itself, was present, but his proposal was not accepted. The Black Caucus itself was in a state of shock. The advocates of withdrawal from the convention, who had rammed the thirteen proposals through the caucus in the first place, had been certain that the plenary would turn the proposals down, leaving the blacks with an excuse to move to the Black People's Convention on the other side of town. Now they walked out anyway, leaving the Black Caucus to the moderates. Claude Lightfoot, of the Communist Party (rated as moderate by the radical left), and several members of the Du Bois Clubs, also Communist, soon took over, to give the Black Caucus some direction.

The White Radical Caucus, meanwhile, was in session on another floor, still plotting whether to sway the convention from the idea of putting up even a temporary third ticket or to leave the convention. Theodore Steege, a white member of the Ann Arbor



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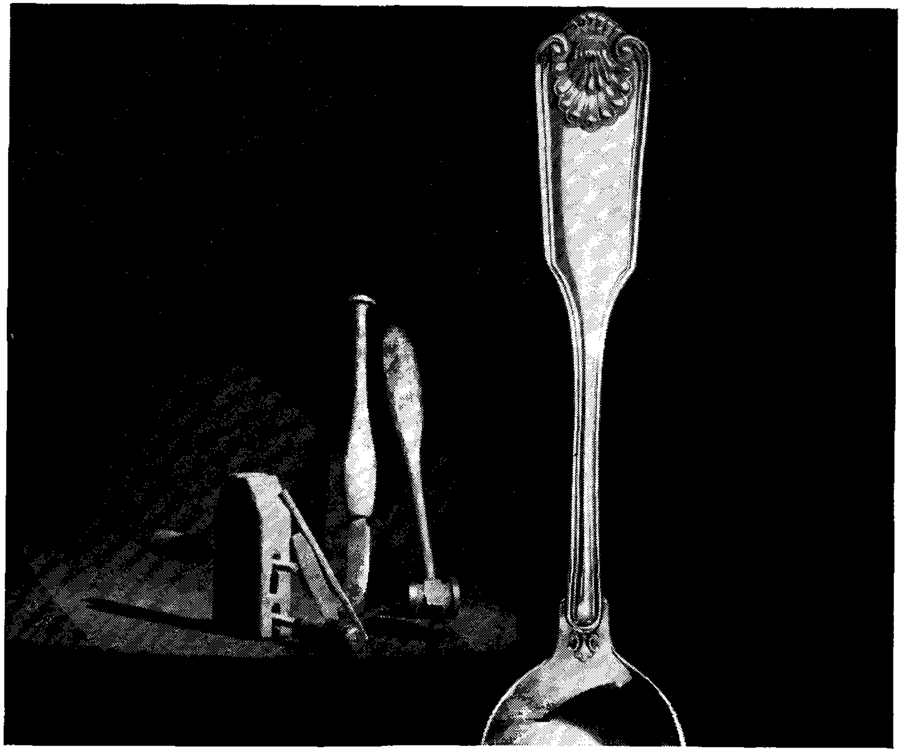

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S.D.S., announced that the Black Caucus had come to a new conclusion: Since the white delegates had been willing to accept the Black Caucus ultimatum, the Black Caucus knew that it was not dealing with real radicals; it would therefore either withdraw from the convention or consider supporting a third-ticket proposal and withdrawing support from the local organizers. The only Negro present—who later turned out not to have been a participant in the convention at all—shouted from the back of the room that this information was false. His word was accepted. A delegate from the Third Ticket Caucus appeared before the White Radical Caucus to offer what came to be known as the California Compromise. The California people, mainly the staff of *Ramparts*, wanted to be free to put up a ticket of their own, and the proposed compromise was for all states to be free to put up local and national third tickets if they liked but for the convention to go on record as mainly supporting non-electoral organizing. The White Radical Caucus adopted the California Compromise.

The delegates at Saturday night's plenary, however, did not understand the California Compromise. In fact, most of them had never heard of it. A little old woman got up to say that she never liked to make an important decision without "sleeping and praying," that she disapproved of all the "intrigue," and that she hoped no vote would be taken before morning. She was applauded. A hippie wearing a headband and a card reading "Free"—one of two hippies who showed up at the convention—tried to speak and was denied the microphone. Before the California Compromise could be introduced, a vote was taken and the third ticket was defeated by two votes. A Negro appeared and announced that the Black Caucus was once again being excluded from the decision-making process and that it would announce the method of its participation in the morning. A motion to postpone all decisions until then was defeated. Delegates from the White Radical Caucus and the Third Ticket Caucus agreed privately to reintroduce the California Compromise the following day.

Sunday afternoon, Rap Brown was scheduled to speak to the plenary, but, at the insistence of James Forman, who was once the executive secretary of S.N.C.C. and is now its international-affairs director, he agreed to

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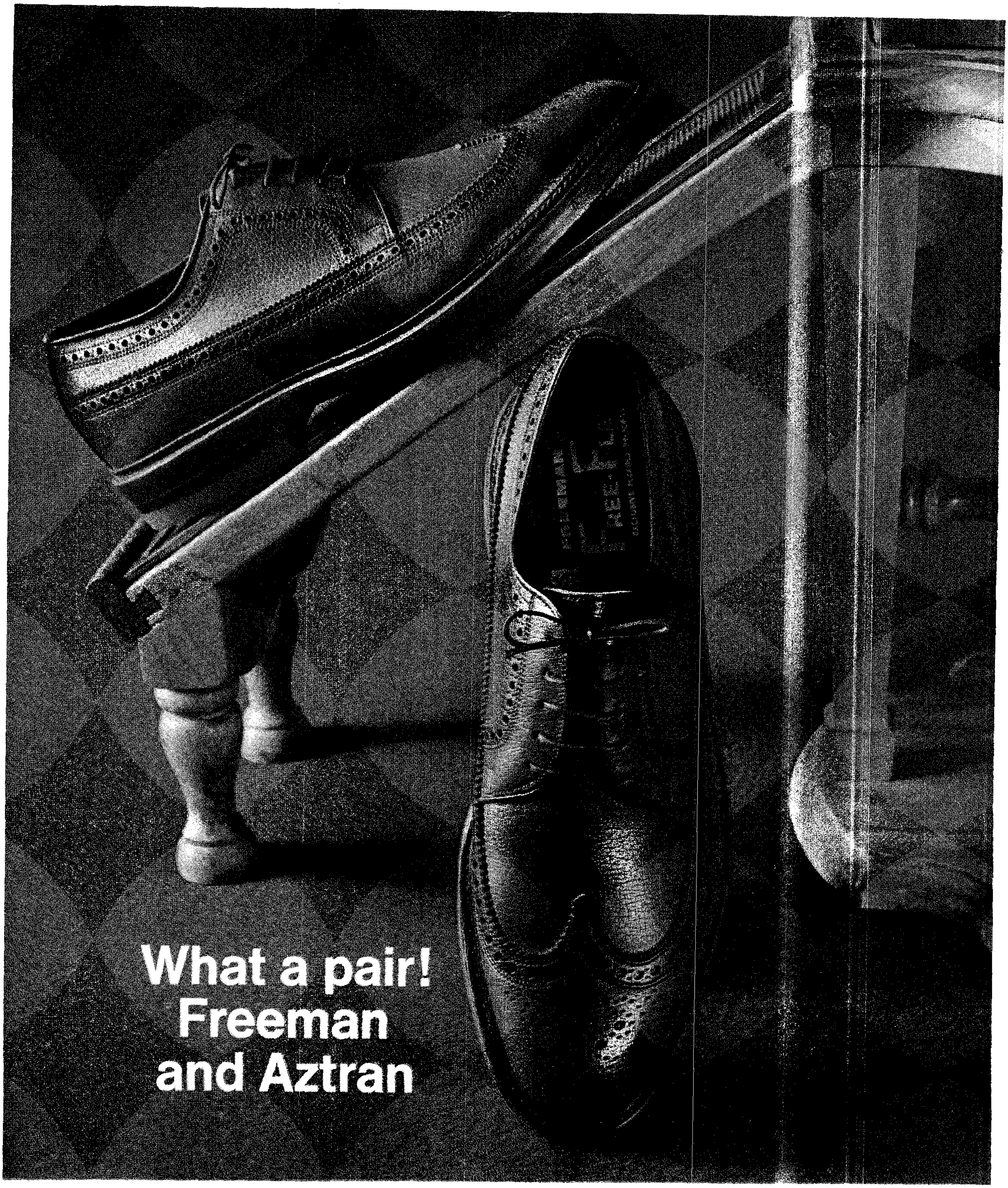

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speak to the Black Caucus instead. Forman, however, addressed the plenary session—originally announced as a Black Liberation Panel—for several hours, in the course of which he "passed" whatever resolutions he chose (although it was not a voting plenary); denied the microphone to anyone else; declared himself "dictator" at one point and then, when Peretz and some other whites at last walked out, dismissed the whole thing, rather unconvincingly, as a joke; and made a proposal that both calumnied the genuine plight of the poor and may puzzle genuine revolutionaries in other countries for years to come. As an act of revolution, he suggested a boycott of 1968 General Motors cars. He was given several standing ovations, and by the end of his harangue most people present agreed with the amphetamine radicals that although he might not have said anything either true or important, he had "really turned them on." (Bertram Garskof declared himself honored, at this point, to be part of "the white tail on the real movement.")

In the late afternoon, before the evening plenary, the Black Caucus made its new demands known: the plenary was to be regarded as merely another committee of the convention, and the Black Caucus was to be granted fifty per cent of the total convention vote. The White Radicals, who had been thinking of nothing but their conspiratorial compromise, were bewildered. Only one of them, in their caucus, spoke against the new demands. "I know it's all irrelevant and meaningless," David Simpson, of the University of Georgia S.D.S., said. "I'm just not going to vote for it, because it's such a sick thing. I just don't want to be part of such a sick thing."

In the California group, Simon Casady said to Warren Hinckle, executive editor of *Ramparts*, "I guess what they're asking is to let them hold our wallet, and we might as well let them."

"Especially since there's nothing in it," Hinckle said.

At the Third Party Caucus, rhetoric had lapsed into the style of another age. "We have preserved the unity of this convention," a delegate of the Socialist Workers Party was saying, "to present an alternative to the American people." "Hear! Hear!" the delegates replied.

At that evening's plenary, where the Black Caucus demand for half the convention's vote was introduced,

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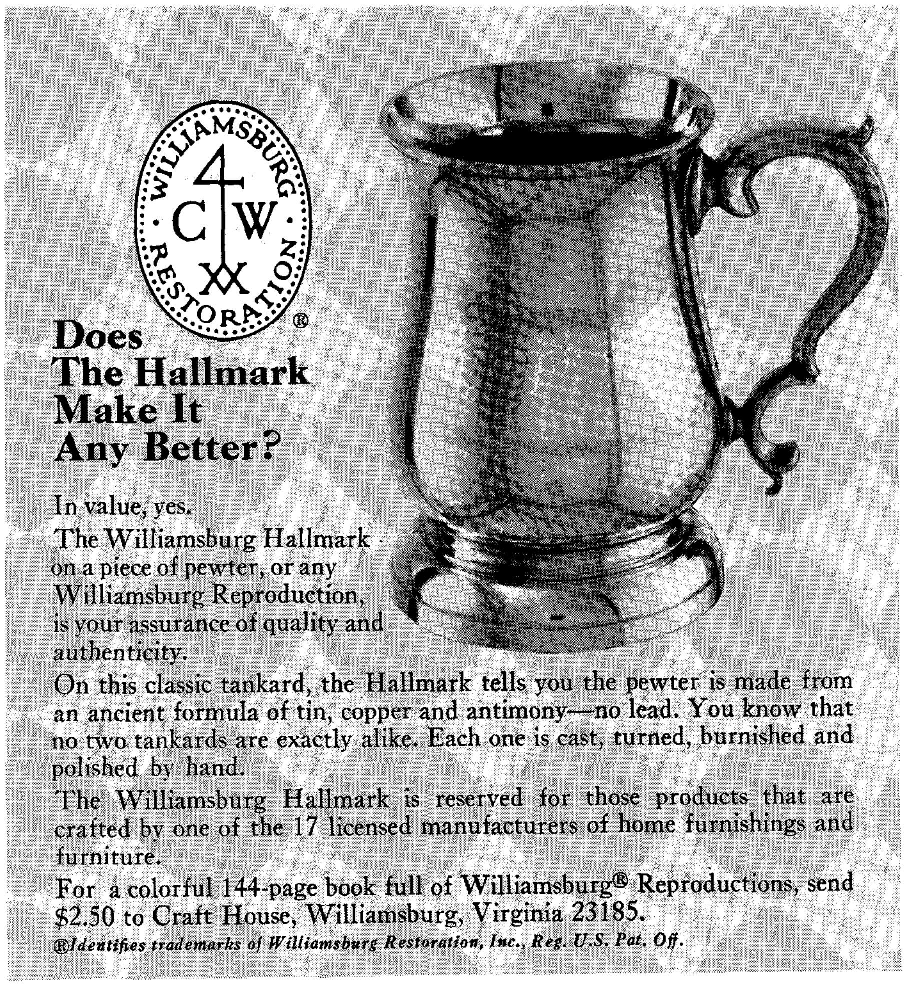

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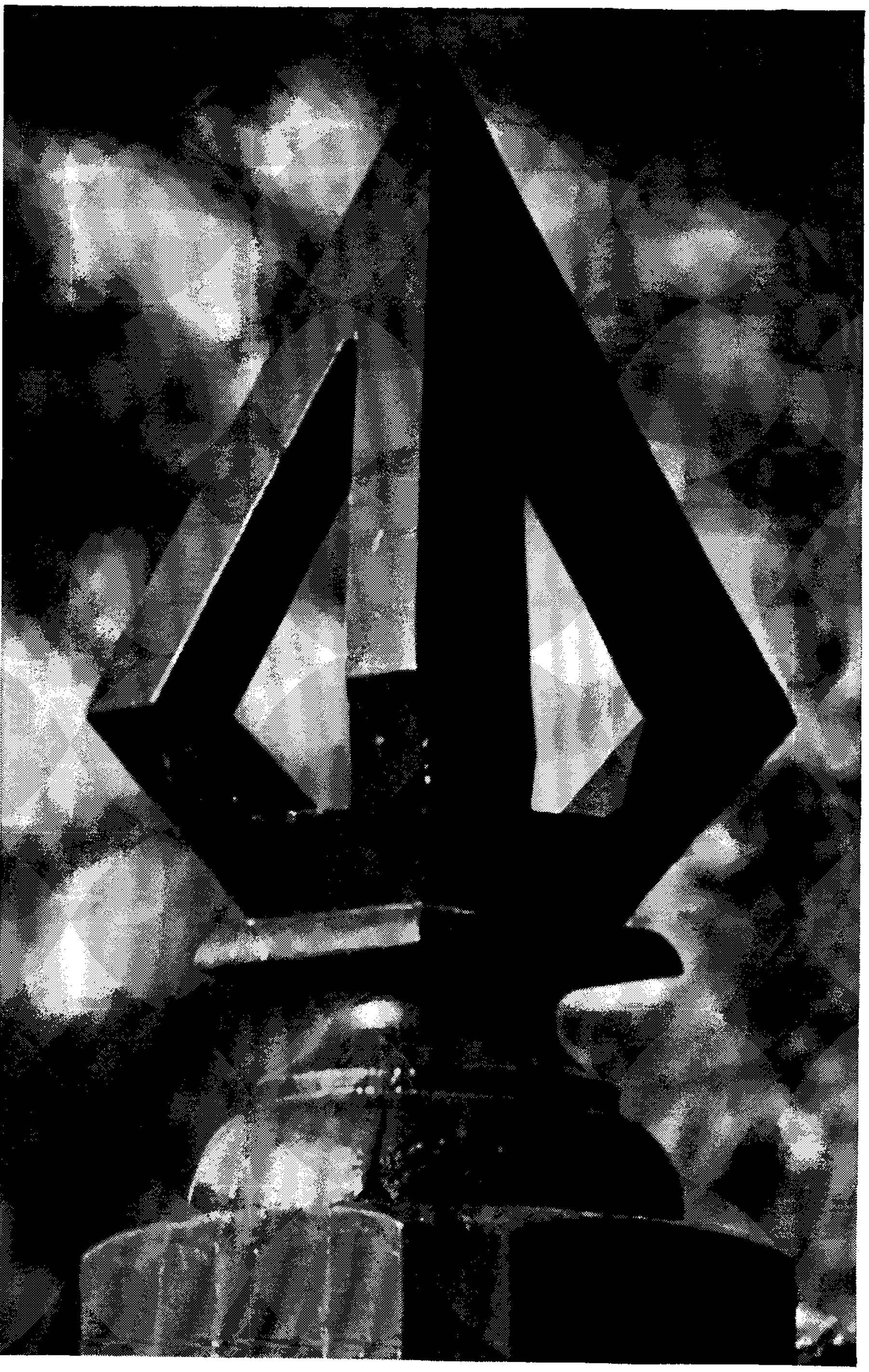
Communist Party and Du Bois Club members rose one after another to endorse "our black brothers'" position. What had happened, it turned out, was that while the white radicals were planning their local-organizing coup, and then settling for the California Compromise, the Communist Party and the Du Bois Clubs had temporarily, for whatever it might be worth to them, taken over the Black Caucus, and, through it, the entire convention—an achievement roughly comparable to embezzling a sieveful of smog. By inducing the Black Caucus to make the demand at all, the Communists had turned blacks against whites: if the white radicals voted for it, they lost their power over any further decisions of the New Politics (including the power to paralyze a third ticket); if against, they lost Negro cooperation. "Radicalized," they voted for. ("Masochistic Fascists," the Reverend James Bevel, a Negro veteran of innumerable civil-rights campaigns, called them later on.) In the plenary, any Negro who walked up to a microphone to speak—even *for* the new demand—was approached by two tall young members of the Black Caucus and persuaded to sit down again. The demand was accepted, and a pink card representing half the convention's votes was given to Carlos Russell, a poverty worker from Brooklyn, who was now the Black Caucus chairman.

From this moment on, the Black Caucus showed itself to be more intelligent, more sensible, and more independent than any other group at the convention, and than the convention as a whole. To begin with, after a unity speech by Russell, the Black Caucus adjourned the plenary. Then, as white petitioners from the White Radical Caucus, the Third Ticket Caucus, the newly formed Israel Caucus, and even the pre-convention Resolutions Committee and the Progressive Labor Party cooled their heels in an anteroom, and delegates from SANE and Women Strike for Peace (who had either abstained or voted for) wandered about in the ranks of the "radicalized," the Black Caucus—in a surge of good feeling—let any Negro in who cared to come. As a result, the Black Caucus may have had the first genuine discussion of the entire convention. When William Higgs, a white associate of the radical National Lawyers Guild, who was out in the corridor, cast about in his mind for the name of some Negro he might know inside the caucus, and finally succeeded in summoning one—a woman delegate from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party—he failed to persuade her that a national third ticket would really help her much in Mississippi. ("I see what you mean, Bill," she said when she came out into the hall, "but I can't help thinking I need all the energy I got for the local issues.") And Steve Newman, of the Progressive Labor Party, who now threw in his lot with the local organizers, and against the conservative, third-ticket-strategy Communists (since Maoists believe in revolution by non-electoral means), never got a chance to talk to anyone at all. By the time the plenary reconvened, at midnight, the Black Caucus had endorsed a proposal by the Communist Party's Claude Lightfoot: local organizing, with a third-ticket decision to be deferred. But, in another surge of fellow-feeling, the spokesman for the Black Caucus—having heard the White Radical Caucus's point of view through an intermediary, Ivanhoe Donaldson—phrased his proposal as though it were the California Compromise. No one protested. Everyone was baffled. And it passed.

MONDAY morning, Arthur Waskow, of the Institute for Policy Studies and of the Steering Committee, tried to dissuade a woman from the Women's Rights Caucus from introducing a proposal that women be granted fifty-one per cent of the vote at the plenary. "You're not thinking politically," he said. "It will sound like a joke. A parody. I think you're completely insensitive to the politics of this convention." The White Radical Caucus was in session once again. Eric Mann said he thought that they would have to reckon with the possibility that most of the money except the Communist Party money would now withdraw from the Conference but that there was no point in being too fussy about where money for local organizing was coming from. In the two half-black, half-white committees—one for organizing, one for the third ticket—that would be set up in that afternoon's plenary, he went on, Scheer's people could be counted on to see to it that the Communist Party did not run away with the third ticket. And the white half of the local organizers could be turned into a white S.N.C.C. Then the plotting began again, in the intimate, nearly inaudible voices that are part of the white-radical mystique: "people already in motion," "implement specific programs at the local level," "relate," "in that bag," "where they're at," "doing their thing," "pow-



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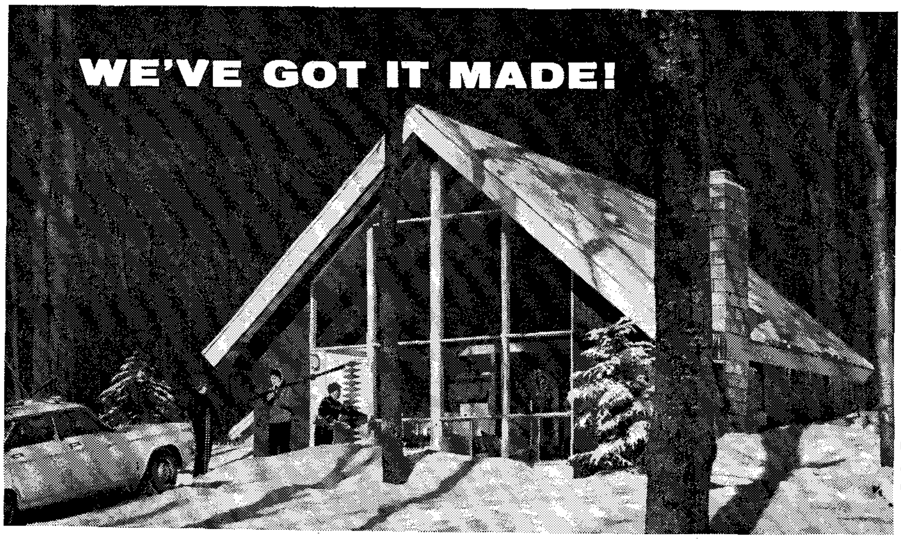

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er structure," "coalesce with," "crystal-clear," "relevant," "beautiful." It seemed that some awful rhetorical cycle was coming to a close. A radical movement born out of a corruption of the vocabulary of civil rights—preëmpting the terms that belonged to a truly oppressed minority and applying them to the situation of some bored children committed to choosing what intellectual morsels they liked from the buffet of life at a middle-class educational institution in California—now luxuriated in the cool political vocabulary, while the urban civil-rights movement, having nearly abandoned its access to the power structure, thrashed about in local paroxysms of self-destruction. Both had become so simplistically opposed to order of any kind that society may become simplistic and repressive in dealing with them. There just may be no romance in moving forward at the pace that keeping two ideas in one's head at the same time implies; at least, there have been no heroes of the radical center yet. But the New Politics, black and white, seems to have turned from a political or moral force into an incendiary spectacle, a sterile, mindless, violence-enamoured form of play. In the final plenary, the Black Caucus, in addition to reversing its Israel resolution, managed to pass a few resolutions opposing Vietnam and the draft, and to appoint the two committees to recommend things for the New Politics, if there should be any, to do in the future. —RENATA ADLER

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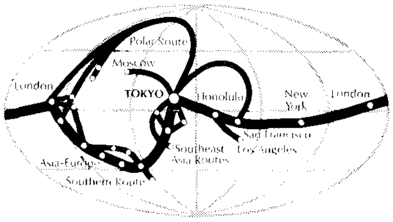
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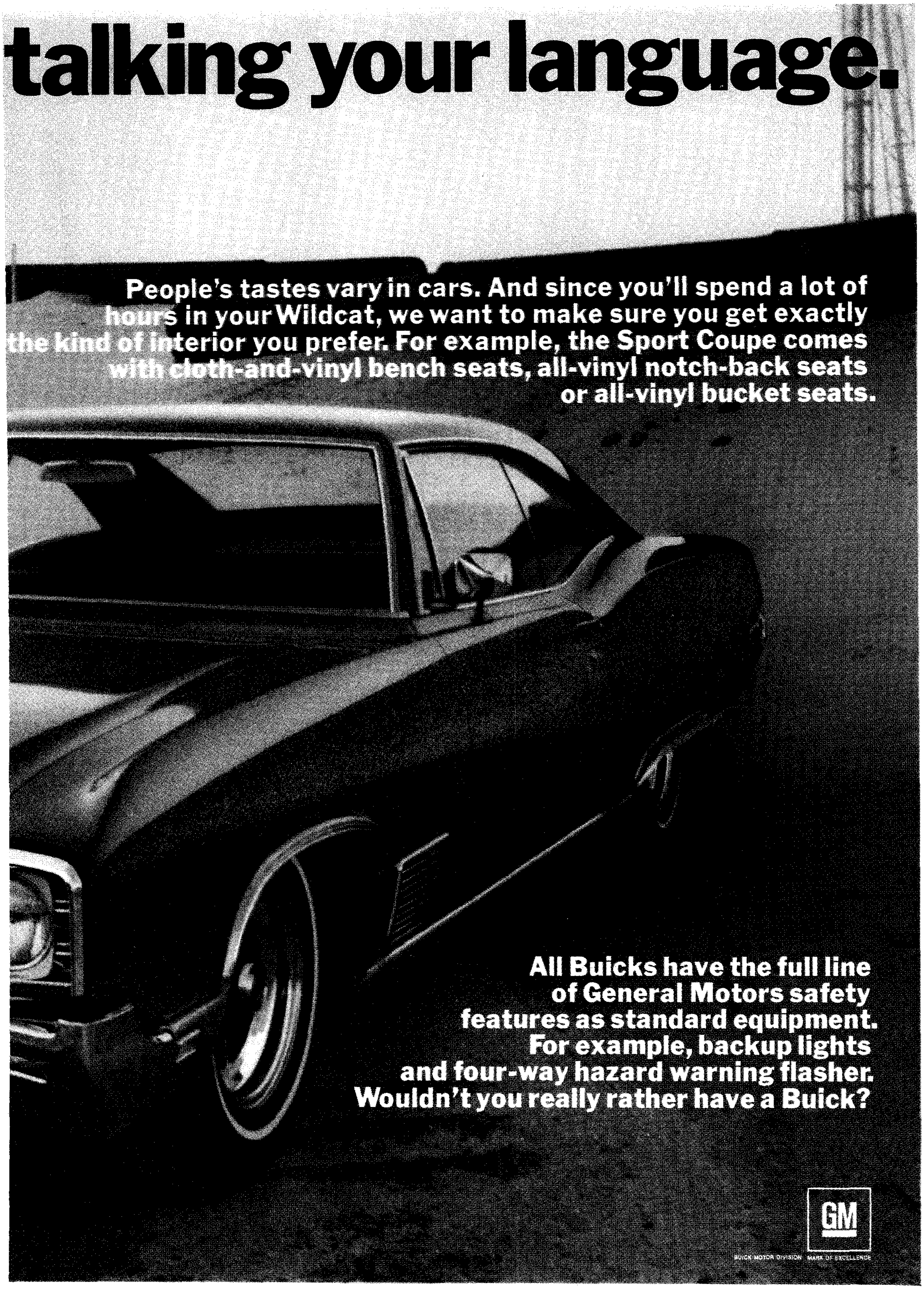

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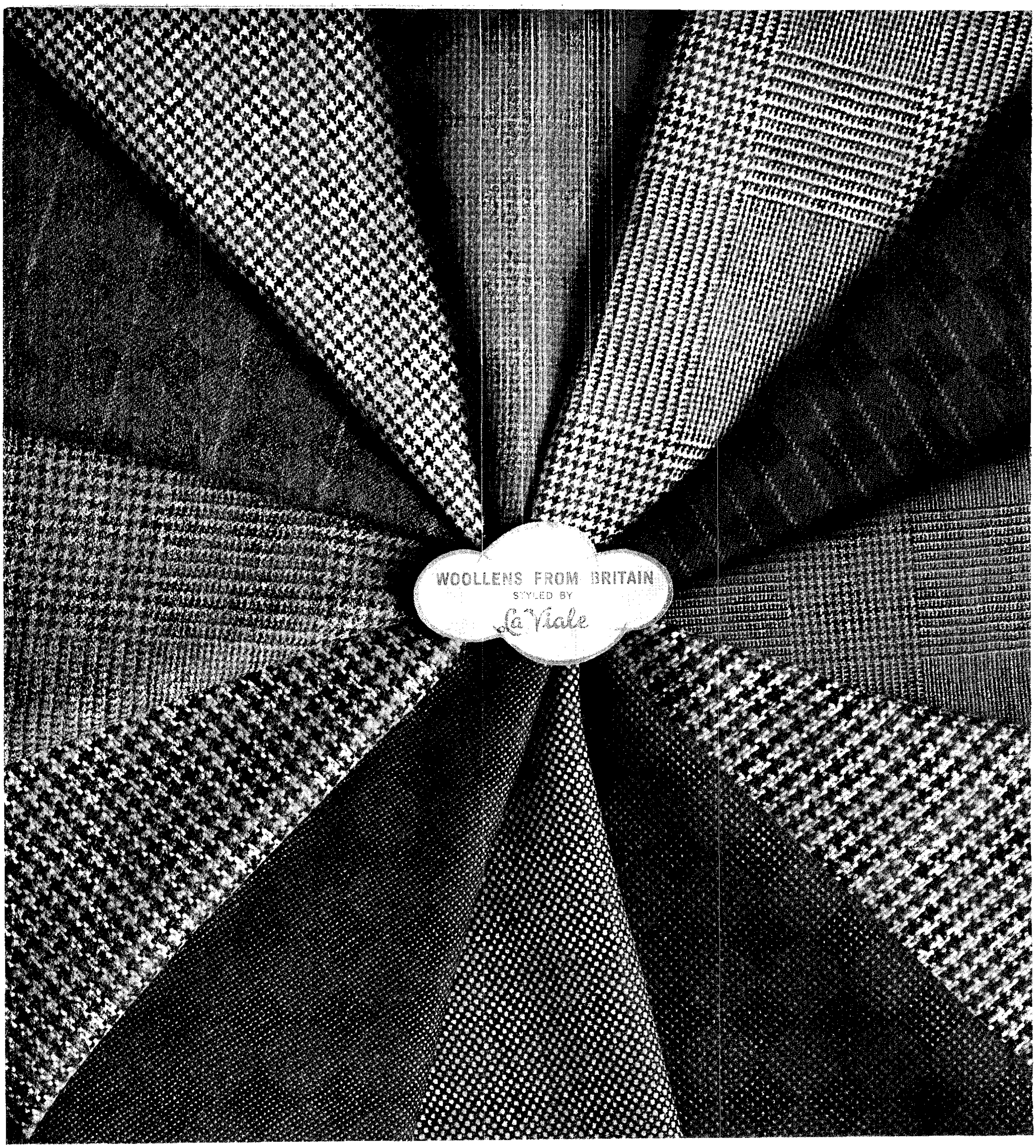

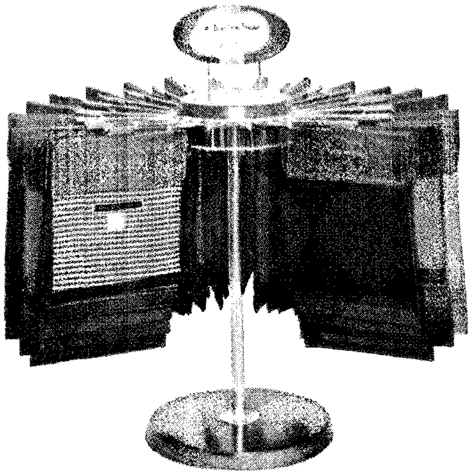

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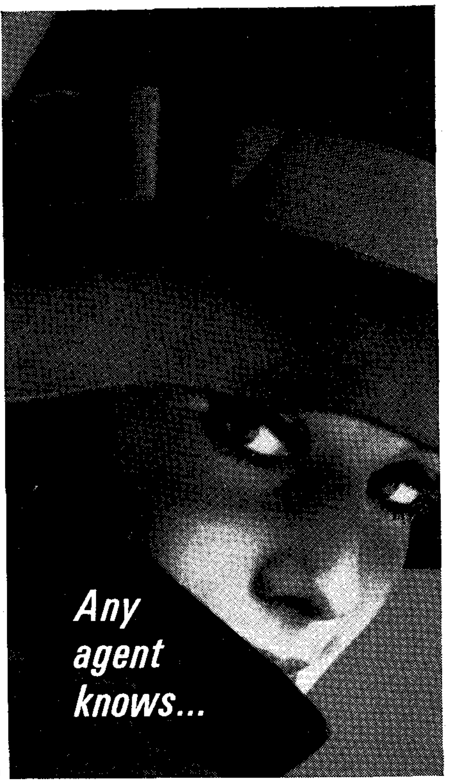
Gillo Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers"—a picture full of dust and heat and violent death, a picture painful and beautiful—is an altogether convincing reconstruction of certain events that took place in Algiers between 1954 and 1957, in the course of the guerrilla war waged there against the French authorities by the National Liberation Front (a war that, though it failed, led indirectly to the emergence of Algeria as an independent nation in 1962). It is so brilliant an example of one of the very oldest kinds of moviemaking that one is tempted at first to mistake it for something absolutely brand-new; the perfection of its finish puts a deceptive distance between it and its innumerable forebears. The fact of the matter is that movies had scarcely been invented before they were seen to provide an ideal means of re-creating historic occurrences, and so it came about that, in defiance of the expected order of things, imitation documentaries preceded the genuine article by many years. Long before Flaherty, in characteristic unthinking exuberance, produced the naïve "Nanook of the North"—the first movie to which the term "documentary" was ever applied—the quasi-documentary had achieved a highly sophisticated form. From the start, it was a favorite with audiences; indeed, it has never been out of favor. One of the most celebrated of early movies based on real events was "The Great Train Robbery," shot in 1903. This past April, an excellent movie arrived here bearing a single extra word in its title: "The Great British Train Robbery." It, too, was based on a real event—the holding up, in 1963, of a mail train running between Glasgow and London—and so faithfully did it reproduce the original episode that it amounted to a veritable "how-to" handbook on hijacking. Still another version of this same hold-up, skimpily entitled "Robbery," will be coming to town next week.

"The Battle of Algiers" is not, then, the first of its kind but simply and enviably the best of its kind. How Mr. Pontecorvo and his colleagues accomplished their miracles of verisimilitude I don't fully understand. It appears that they used special film stocks to give the rather grainy effect of newsreels; they also employed certain accepted gaucheries of *cinéma vérité*—hand-held cameras and the like—to create an impression of unpremeditation and immediacy. But these are merely tricks, and what makes the picture so remarkable is not the seeming authenticity of time, place, and circumstance but the authenticity of the strong emotion with which it is charged. "The Battle of Algiers" is a chronicle of murder, torture, betrayal, and retribution, but beneath and beyond its continuous squalid violence we perceive a redeeming purity of intention on the part of the chronicler. Mr. Pontecorvo has sought to do justice both to the facts of history and to his subject—the pursuit of independence by a band of N.L.F. conspirators—as the basis for a work of art. The conspirators found it morally acceptable to blow many of their innocent fellow-citizens to bits in the name of liberty, and the French found it morally permissible to blow the conspirators to bits in the name of law. Evil men and good are alike in their capacity to discover things in life worth killing and being killed for; it is in the light of this ambiguity that Mr. Pontecorvo tells his tragic story, and in the end it proves an exalting one.

There is but one professional actor in "The Battle of Algiers"—Jean Martin, playing the role of the French colonel whose paratroopers, seasoned and embittered by their defeats in Indo-China, have been given the task of tracking down and destroying the N.L.F. Martin conveys superbly the toughness and intelligence of the military careerist, who, knowing precisely how distasteful the performance of his duty may prove to be, never flinches from the necessity of performing it. The other members of the large Arab and Italian cast are said to have been recruited on location in Algiers. The screenplay of "The Battle of Algiers" was written by Franco Solinas and Mr. Pontecorvo, and the musical background was composed by Ennio Morriscone and—again—Mr. Pontecorvo. The director of photography was Marcello Gatti.

"The Tiger Makes Out" is a sedulously frantic comedy, carpentered by Murray Schisgal in what



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he makes great efforts to pretend is a slapdash fashion from his pleasant little one-act comedy of a few years ago. Mr. Schisgal finds a rich source of humor in the lacklustre conversational style of middle-class American men and women; the hard-core inanity of what they say evidently strikes him as funny enough, but when they repeat themselves word for word, over and over, why, then he doubles up with laughter and would be pleased to have us do the same. For a time, we follow Schisgal's lead, but soon his grisly echolalia comes to seem a device as artificial and as arbitrary as the elaborate sight gags that he often depends on to take the place of plot. Although Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson work awfully hard at making us laugh, the sad truth is that they are both a little too mature for their parts and constantly teeter on the brink of striking us not as ardent oddballs battling to make something of themselves but as middle-aged, unwitting losers. Bob Dishy has some bright moments as a much put-upon suburban husband, and Charles Nelson Reilly makes a brief, hilarious appearance as a psychopathic college administrator. Arthur Hiller directed "The Tiger Makes Out," which was shot mostly in Greenwich Village and is the better for it.

A SUPPOSED thriller called "Games" is the handiwork of a number of young people who don't yet know any better, and may never know any better. It is a terrible picture, and I wouldn't be so hard on the young as to mention it except that Simone Signoret is its star; her admirers deserve to be warned that even she is helpless in—to coin an Irish bull—the presence of so much absent talent. . . . The fifth annual New York Film Festival has just opened at Lincoln Center, with "The Battle of Algiers" starting things off on the highest possible note of excellence. The rest of the program includes movies by such directors as Allio, Skolimowski, Korty, Godard, and Widerberg. On paper, it looks like the most interesting Festival to date, and I suspect it will prove to be that on screen as well. See you at the fountain.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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DAYS AT THE ZOO

II—ELEPHANTS AND MONKEYS

I HAVE long been fascinated by zoos, and some months ago I set out on a systematic tour of the world's zoological parks to see how they were currently fulfilling their basic functions of preserving and studying wildlife and educating the public in the ways of animals. One leg of my journey took me to Asia, and after two pleasant stops in India, at the Delhi Zoological Park, which is very modern and impressive, and at the more traditional Alipore Zoological Gardens, outside Calcutta, I made my way southward to study the zoo situation in the island commonwealth of Ceylon. In India, no matter how lazy one may be physically, the mind works reasonably well. In Ceylon, I at first felt my thoughts floundering in a medium of gluelike consistency, but after a day or so this ceased to bother me, as green countryside, flower scents, and the unhurried, majestic booming of the sea lulled me into a sleepy tempo suitable to that island. It was in such a state that I went to the Dehiwala Zoological Gardens, in a suburb of the capital, Colombo. I have never seen another zoo that so well deserved the appellation "gardens." In the Colombo area, everything grows well; surrounding the houses in the town there is always, behind neat little fences, a riot of green and flower colors against the red soil. At Dehiwala, I found, this lushness was delightfully exaggerated. As I stood at the zoo's gateway, which is an ornate one, I felt rather as if I were perched on the edge of a huge soup plate full of watercress. Around the zoo's rim, which is crisscrossed with pathways, women in saris and men in white, mostly Western-style, clothes ambled about or sat in the shade, drinking orange pop through straws. Babies toddled along or nodded over their mothers' shoulders. Everything was shaded, soft, and good-natured. From where I stood, the rim curved away on either side, and in the distance, through the leaves, I saw buildings and cages; on a signboard in front of me was a large, well-marked map illustrated with pictures of animals and annotated both in Singhalese script and in English. I had been told to go straight ahead, along a main walk, to find the zoo's headquarters. The path took me down several short flights of steps and between several semicircular rows of animal enclosures and little garden plots to the office of the director, Mr. W. L. E. de Alwis, which, I discovered, is in the house where he and his family live. In the office when I entered, a huge old dog was sleeping on the floor. Somewhere in the house, a baby was crying. Mr. de Alwis was tall, good-looking, and youthful; he was also—unlike many of the other people I had met in Ceylon—crisp and alert. "I can't imagine working anywhere but in a zoo," he said soon after I had introduced myself. "Ever since I can remember, I had wanted, and intended to get, some job connected with a zoological garden."

The zoo, he said, is supported and run by the government, which makes no effort to balance the expenses and the take at the gate. But even though the entrance fee is small, the take must amount to more than a pittance, because more than half a million people visit the place every year. "You see, it's one of the regular things tourists do," Mr. de Alwis explained. "Colombo is a crossroads of maritime travel, and hardly anybody from abroad drops in at Colombo without coming here. It's a useful talking point whenever there are arguments about the ethics of maintaining a zoo."

"Ethics?" I repeated. The word set some uneasy thoughts roiling in the Ceylonese glue, for I had lately had some heated discussions with people in Europe and America who felt that keeping animals caged was inhumane.

"Why, it's our biggest problem—at least that's how I often feel," Mr. de Alwis

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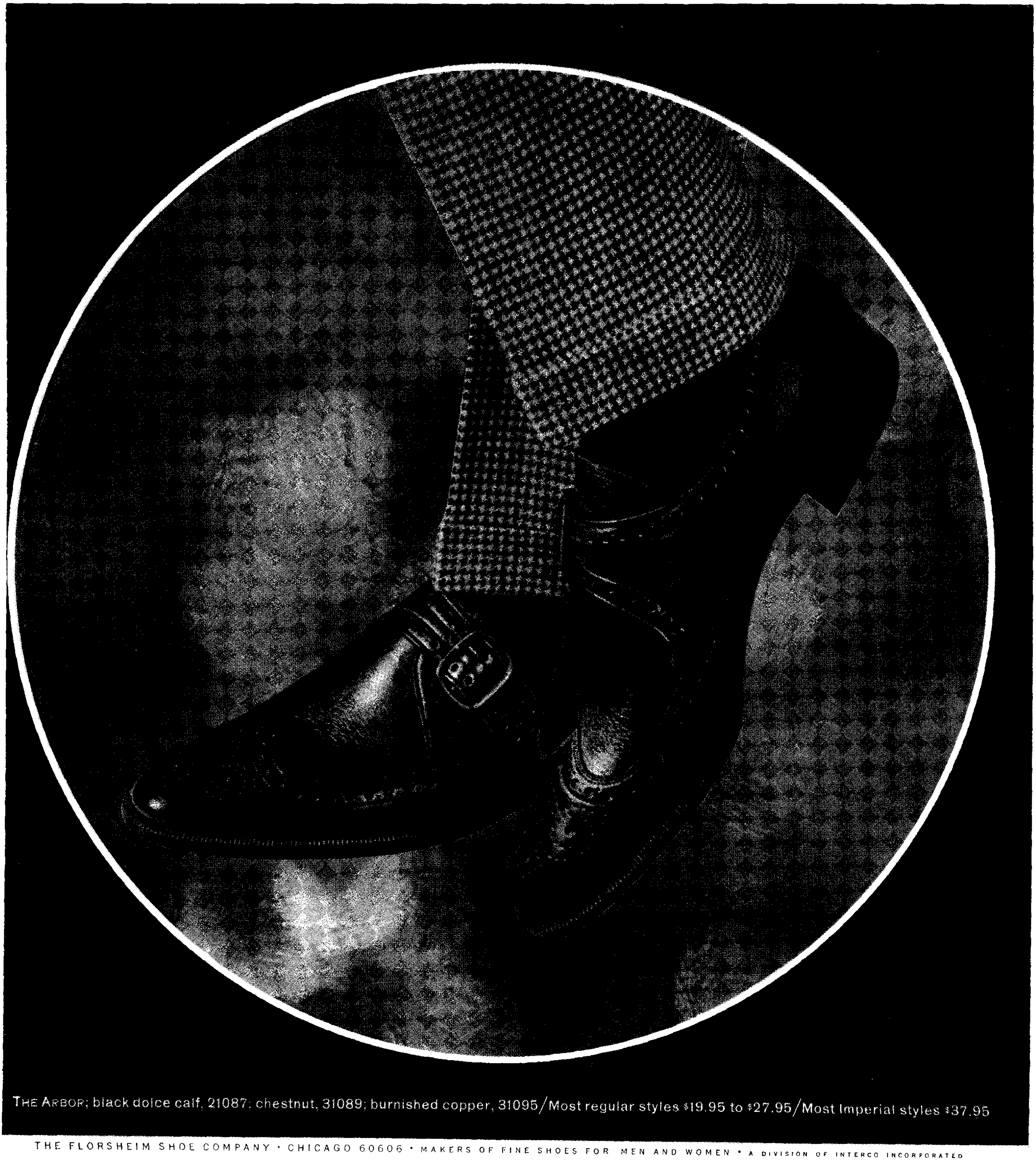

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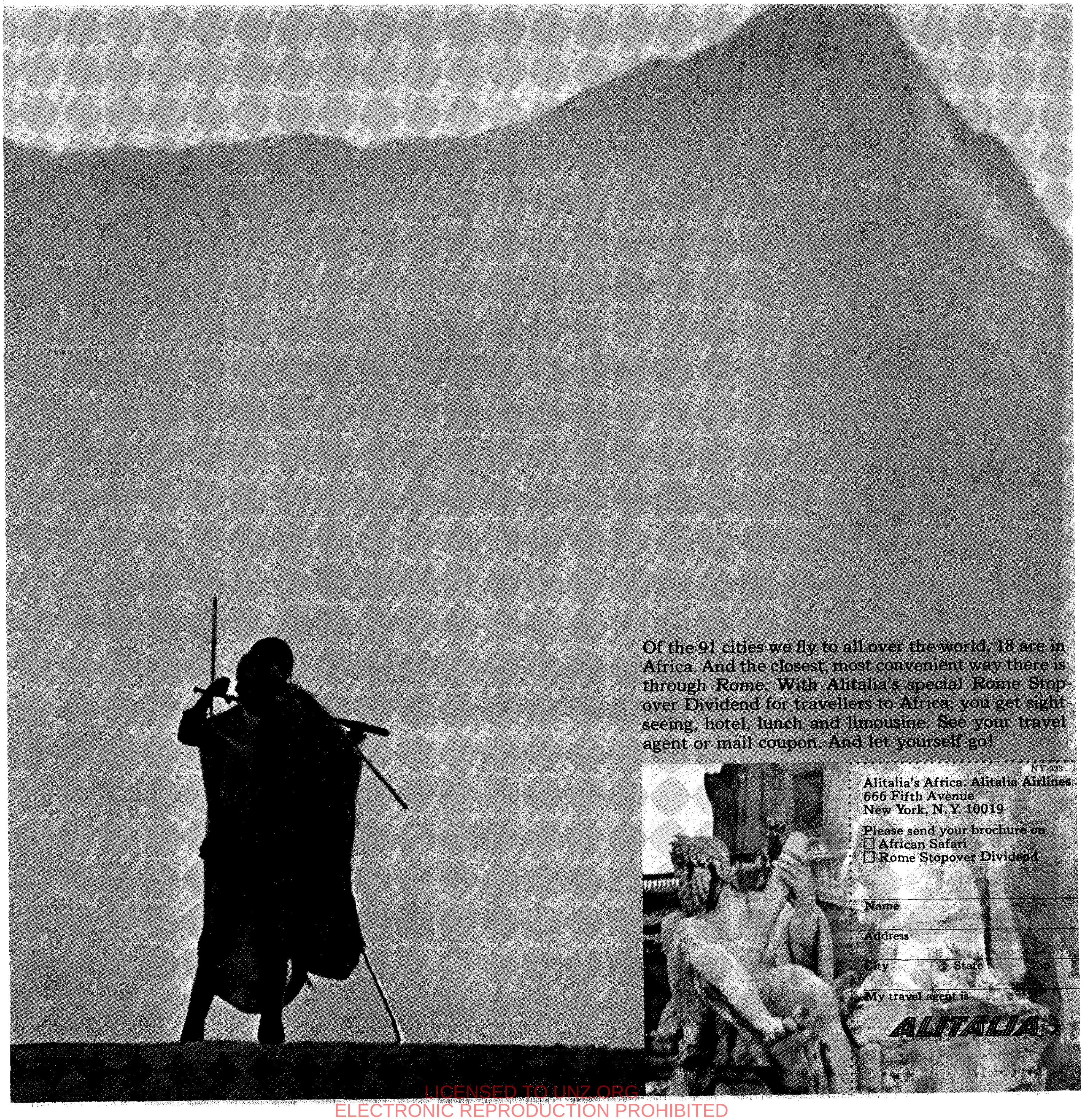

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said. "You couldn't know about that, of course." I tried to tell him that I could, but he rushed on to explain, "It's a peculiarly local question. The majority of the people here are Buddhist, which means they're strongly opposed to any form of violence or cruelty. They assume that zoos are cruel per se, and so they're against us as an institution—that is to say, they're against us until they get better acquainted with our methods. When they take the trouble to come and look around the place, they find that we treat our animals well, and then they stop opposing us. Incidentally, I shouldn't blame all the opposition on the Buddhists. The Hindus line up with them in this matter."

"But Hindus haven't much influence in Ceylon, have they?" I asked.

"Well, there are some, you know, and it all adds up," Mr. de Alwis said rather gloomily. "Still, here we are, as you can see. Sooner or later, we hope, the whole country will learn that we have a good effect on children, not a bad one. If our example can teach children the right way to treat animals—well, that's a positive virtue."

I said, "You might do what they've been doing lately in London—make an alliance with the schools. On certain days there, the teachers bring their classes to Regent's Park, where the zoo people have fixed up some special exhibit just for them—a raccoon, for instance—in a cage that is especially easy to see into. The kids take a good look at it, and there may be a lecture on the animal by the curator or a keeper, and there's literature for everybody to carry home and study. Afterward, at school, the children and the teacher discuss the raccoon, the kind of country he comes from, its geography and vegetation and general ecology, even the people of that country—all kinds of peripheral subjects. They get a lot out of it, I'm convinced."

Mr. de Alwis shook his head decidedly. "It wouldn't work—not here. I don't know much about English children, but ours would be too easily distracted—they wouldn't pay attention to the lecture. Besides, some parents would certainly object on the usual ground that zoos are cruel and shouldn't be encouraged. Well, let's have a look at things. I have a few theories of my own on educating the public. I'll show you around, and then, a bit later, I'll show you our performing elephants, which are our biggest attraction."

As we walked down the main path,

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I reflected that the terrain resembled a Greek theatre as much as anything, except that it was hard to get an over-all view amid the shrubbery and trees. But soon, as we walked along, the resemblance to a theatre faded out in a maze of construction. No two lines of cages seemed to be on exactly the same level. In fact, clusters of cages and enclosures and pits were so cleverly plotted to give an impression of space that I was surprised when Mr. de Alwis told me that the gardens covered an area of just forty-two acres.

"The zoo in its present form dates back only to the end of the Second World War," Mr. de Alwis said, and then he was interrupted by a keeper with a question that took quite a long time to answer. After we had walked on, he continued, as if there had been no break, "But it was already here, in another form. A Mr. Hagenbeck settled in Colombo in 1928. You've heard of the Hagenbecks, of course?"

"Of course," I said. I knew that since the mid-nineteenth century the Hagenbecks, of Hamburg, Germany, had probably been responsible for more innovations in zookeeping and animal training than any comparable group. I also knew that they ran a famous private zoo in Hamburg, that they had once run an equally famous circus, and that they still conducted a worldwide trade in wild animals.

"Well, the Hagenbeck here was primarily an animal dealer," Mr. de Alwis continued. "I'm not sure just when he started letting the public in to look at the animals. Probably it didn't happen all at once—probably people started coming and then he decided to charge for the privilege. Anyway, by the time he left the scene he was making more money out of exhibiting his animals than he was out of exporting them. He went out of business in '36, and the local authorities had to take charge of the animals. Being a German in a British colony, he probably saw the handwriting on the wall. I believe he was later interned as an enemy alien. In any case, when the war ended he vanished from the scene. Meanwhile, the place had been confiscated as enemy property, and the government has been running it as a zoo ever since. I'm the third director since it was put under state management. It goes without saying that we've made alterations—there's always some sort of construction going on in a zoo—but the general pattern is as Mr. Hagenbeck laid it down. In my opin-

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ion, he, like all the other Hagenbecks, knew how to plan."

Again we paused, this time to look at men working on the foundation of a new cage to be placed on high ground.

"I've moved the exhibits around a good deal," said Mr. de Alwis. "I don't like the common method of putting related species together in a group. You know, lions and tigers and leopards—all the cats—in one house or one section, primates in another, and so on. People get bored. Children, especially, will stop looking after they've seen one or two cages of similar animals. I want to hold their interest. If you don't know what you might see next, you keep on going. I like to show a few birds, then a couple of big cats, then some small mammals—in other words, *anything*, as long as it isn't the same thing in one cage after another. I haven't completed my arrangements, of course—it takes time. But we'll get there. And labels on the cages are very important. You can do an immense amount with labels. I go in for long ones, because just a name isn't going to mean much to the ordinary child. Suppose we have—let me see—a spotted genet, for instance. What's the use of telling a person totally unlearned in zoology that it's a spotted genet and letting it go at that? He'll forget the name the next minute. I would add to the label the explanatory words 'African civet.' That *is* what it is, and the name means something to a Ceylonese child, because we have civets of our own. Another thing about labels is that they break the monotony. Just looking into one cage after another without knowing anything about the occupants is bound to be tiresome. People in a zoo get tired of the same thing. In fact, people in a zoo simply get tired, so I've got benches here and there in the little gardens to create displays and rest places all in one. Here are some rather nice birds." He turned aside into a curving path before a row of cages.

My eye was caught by a long-legged blue-and-purple bird with a bright-red bill. "What's that marvellous colored one?" I asked.

"That's just a purple coot. Haven't you ever seen one before? We have a good many purple coots in Ceylon." He glanced at his watch. "I'm trying to get you to the elephant arena just when the show comes on, but we still have time to see some of the reptiles."

In front of several pits containing snakes was a large placard lettered

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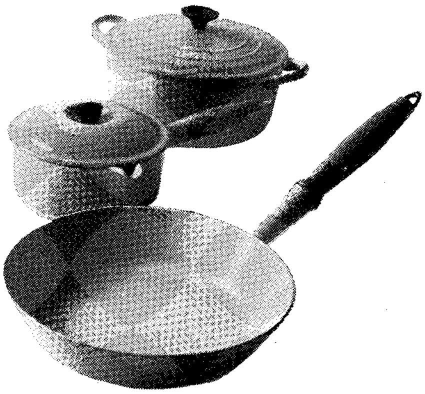

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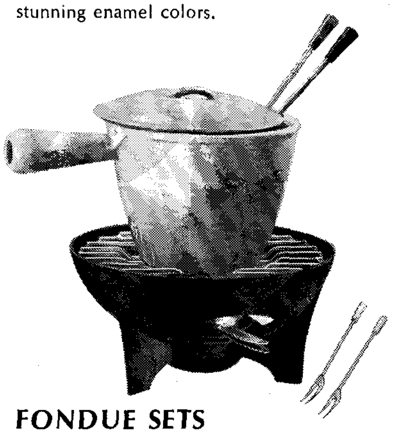

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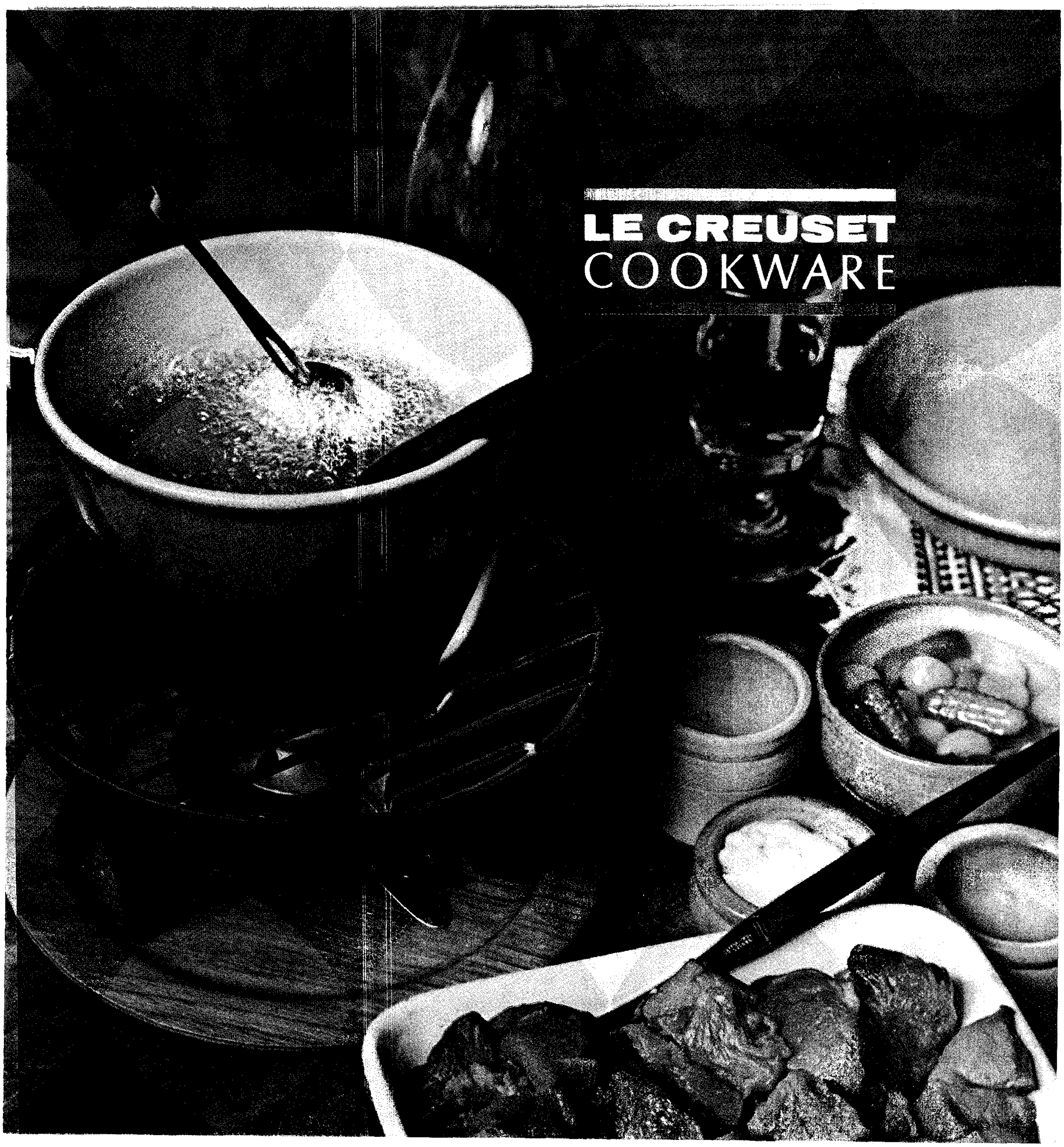

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boldly with a message composed—like all the zoo's other signs—by Mr. de Alwis:

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>
> It Is Estimated That Nearly 300 People Die of Snakebite Annually in Ceylon, but We Should Not Be Unduly Perturbed by This Figure as a Good Number of Victims Die, Not So Much as a Result of the Venom, but Through Shock and Near-Hysterical Fright.
>
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In one pit Mr. de Alwis indicated a huge coil of patterned snake labelled "Reticulated Python: Malaya." "How long would you say that animal is?" he asked. "Guess."

I shook my head.

"Well, it's about thirty feet. We haven't been able to measure him for several years—measuring a python is quite a job—but he must be about that, and the greatest length recorded for the species is thirty-three feet. He's awfully old, too—about twenty, I should think."

"A few months ago, we had quite a scare," Mr. de Alwis continued. "He got some sort of serious fungus on part of his skin. How is one to treat a thirty-foot python? Well, we finally figured out a way. We put planks across the pit and walked out over him and lowered a pole that was tipped with a lump of wadding smeared with medicine. It wasn't hard to manipulate the pole after a little practice, and we managed to cover the infection. As you can see, it has cleared up. He's so old he hardly ever moves except at feeding time, and that doesn't come along very often. Pythons take a long time to digest their food."

Next, we got onto the subject—an inescapable one around zoos—of breeding animals in captivity. Mr. de Alwis spoke first of the difficulty of raising the young. Many animal mothers in zoos kill their young, he said.

I asked if he thought the same females would do so in the wild.

He shook his head. "I think it's what we call 'captivity behavior.' It's aberrant," he said. "But remember that an animal may be a bad mother at the first

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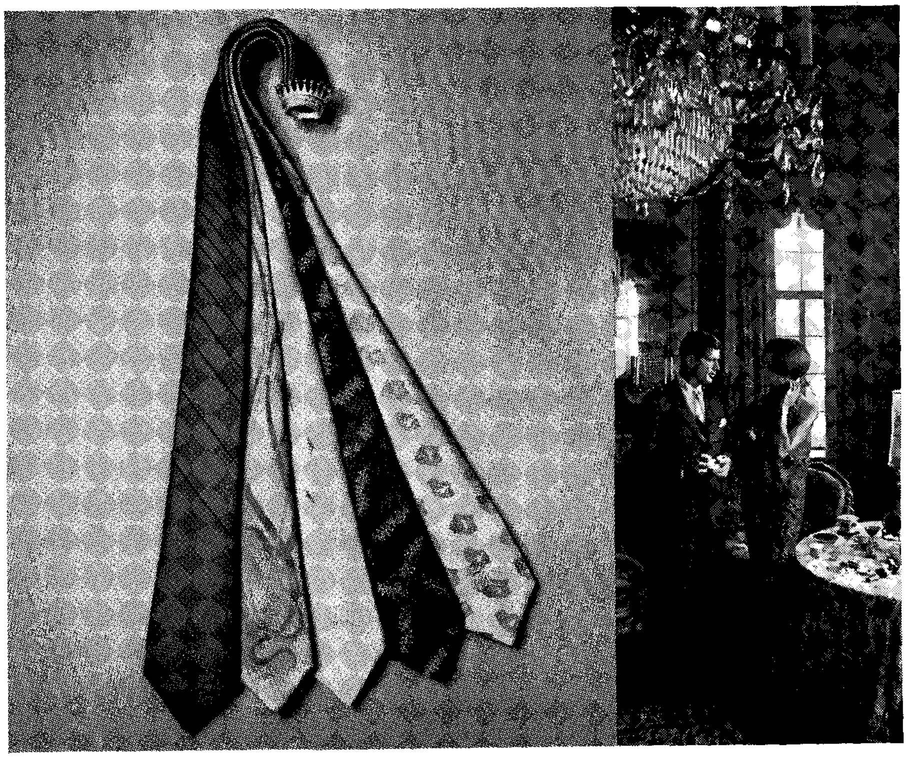

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birth and yet be perfectly all right the next time. We recently had an example of what I mean—a guanaco who was terrified of her firstborn and acted as if she didn't know what it was. We had to take it out of the enclosure before she killed it. Yet when the second came along, she was an excellent mother."

I later found that the famous zoologist Dr. Heini Hediger, of Zurich, discusses this point in his book "Psychology of Animals in Zoos and Circuses." He says that there are two sorts of threat that beset newborn zoo animals. One—not without similarities in human behavior—results from a mother's exaggerated solicitude for her firstborn offspring. Lacking a feeling of security, she tries to hide her young in safer and yet safer places, perhaps dragging an infant about the cage by the scruff of the neck until it dies. The other type of maternal malfunction occurs when the mother is not yet mature. Then the birth can be considered in the light of a dress rehearsal; either the infant is too weak to live or the mother, finding it a threatening mystery, abandons or kills it. Dr. Heinz Heck, of the Hellabrunn Zoo, in Munich, believes that in the wild a female elephant's first baby is always stillborn—a theory that has not been verified. Hediger also cites the testimony of Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, the great-ape expert, who reported that the chimpanzee mothers at his farm at Orange Park, Florida, seemed afraid to touch their firstborn.

Now Mr. de Alwis said it was time for his elephants to perform. The elephant arena at the Dehiwala Gardens is the size of a large circus ring, and is surrounded by tiers of grassy terraces. About a hundred people were sitting on these natural benches when we arrived, and others stood on a surrounding road or perched on a low retaining wall. Painted on a whitewashed wall next to the arena was another of Mr. de Alwis's signs:

EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST,
THOUGH THIS MAY NOT SEEM
RELEVANT.
WE ALL KNOW HOW TO MILK A
COW,
BUT YOU CAN'T MUCK ABOUT
WITH AN ELEPHANT.

"I think this performance will surprise you," said Mr. de Alwis. "I doubt very much if you've seen anything to approach it anywhere else. Our Ceylon elephants actually dance. You haven't been to Basel yet, have you? Well, the Basel Zoo has quite an elaborate elephant act, but its director, Dr. Ernst Lang, was struck by our show here all the same. At the moment, the cast is made up of six Ceylon elephants, including one young learner. Ceylon elephants are not exactly the same as Indian elephants—they're a subspecies, and there are some distinctions. Ceylon elephants are usually slightly smaller, for one thing. They're supposed to be more intelligent, too, and so used to be very much in demand in foreign countries. Even Indian rulers used to import a great many. Incidentally, we've recently acquired two African elephants."

I said, "You'll never put them in the show, of course? They're untrainable, aren't they?"

"No," said Mr. de Alwis. "Despite the common opinion, African elephants have frequently been trained. It just takes a different approach to train an African animal. We're going to try to train ours when we can get around to it. Here we go."

A jingling of bells, a shouting and scampering of children, and the animals were there, their massive feet making no noise on the woodland path. The procession plodded around the road outside the arena and then down to the entrance, the second elephant holding the tail of the first with his trunk, the third the tail of the second, and so on, down to the sixth, and last—a baby so small that it had to stretch its trunk full length to grasp the tail ahead of it. I remembered reading that elephant groups often walk in the same manner in the wild, which may explain why, through the processes of natural selection, the trunks of baby elephants are disproportionately long. The procession had now entered the arena. The elephants circled it once and then released their grasps on each other and fell out of formation. The lead elephant now stepped forward, holding a sign high with his trunk and turning slowly so that all might read it. The sign carried a request to the visitors not to use any flash cameras during the performance. The elephant put the sign down, drums struck up, and the five big beasts rose on their hind legs and began to twirl round and round.

"Ever seen anything like that?" Mr. de Alwis demanded, and I shook my head.

The animals stood on circus kegs. They sat down like bipeds along the edge of the arena, front feet in the air, and then, at a roll of drums, all but one stepped back. The remaining elephant was led forward by an attendant, who then lay flat on the ground before it. It stepped delicately over him

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with its front feet and lay down on top of him. We in the audience gasped, though we were confident that the attendant wasn't being squashed—all of us, that is, except one small boy, who began to cry at the top of his voice. Standing up, the elephant waited until the attendant had stood up, too, and then it wrapped its trunk around him, lifted him, took part of his clothing in its teeth—most of his weight was supported by the tusks—and began to carry him around the arena. The little boy continued to howl. The elephant, loping like a setter bringing a shot bird to its master, trotted along with its burden. The little boy shrieked so loud that at last his mother led him away.

"When that child grows up, he will oppose zoos," Mr. de Alwis said sadly as the show ended.

I SHALL skip lightly over the next two Far Eastern zoos I visited. In Johore Bahru, outside Singapore, is a zoo, or menagerie, that is the private property of the Sultan of Johore but is open to the public. When I was there, the grounds were being enlarged, but the place held little attraction or interest for me. Nor did I care much for the Manila Zoological Gardens, which seemed to be stagnating in the breathless heat. Like the municipality that supports them, the staff members no doubt have financial troubles, which may help to explain the situation. Still, Manila showed me something new—a raccoon dog. If it hadn't been for the label on its cage, I would have dismissed the creature as a raccoon. Actually, I discovered, it's not even a close relative of the raccoon; it's a kind of fox. Raccoon dogs are found wild all over the eastern part of Asia, from Siberia to Vietnam, and in Japan as well, though there they have almost been exterminated by hunters, who eat the flesh and sell the fur and the bones. The bones are used in the manufacture of local medicine.

One raccoon dog, however, is not enough to make a zoo, and I travelled on to Japan in a skeptical frame of mind. If the Ueno Zoological Garden of Tokyo was no better than the last two zoos I had seen, I decided, I would leave the country within a day or so. The director of Ueno, Dr. Juro Hayashi, was shocked when I gave him a hint of my intentions. "Ueno Zoo isn't the only collection in Japan, you know," he said. "It's not even the largest, but, of course, I like to think it's among the best. We have fifty-two zoos in Japan, and eighty aquariums. It would be nice if you could visit all

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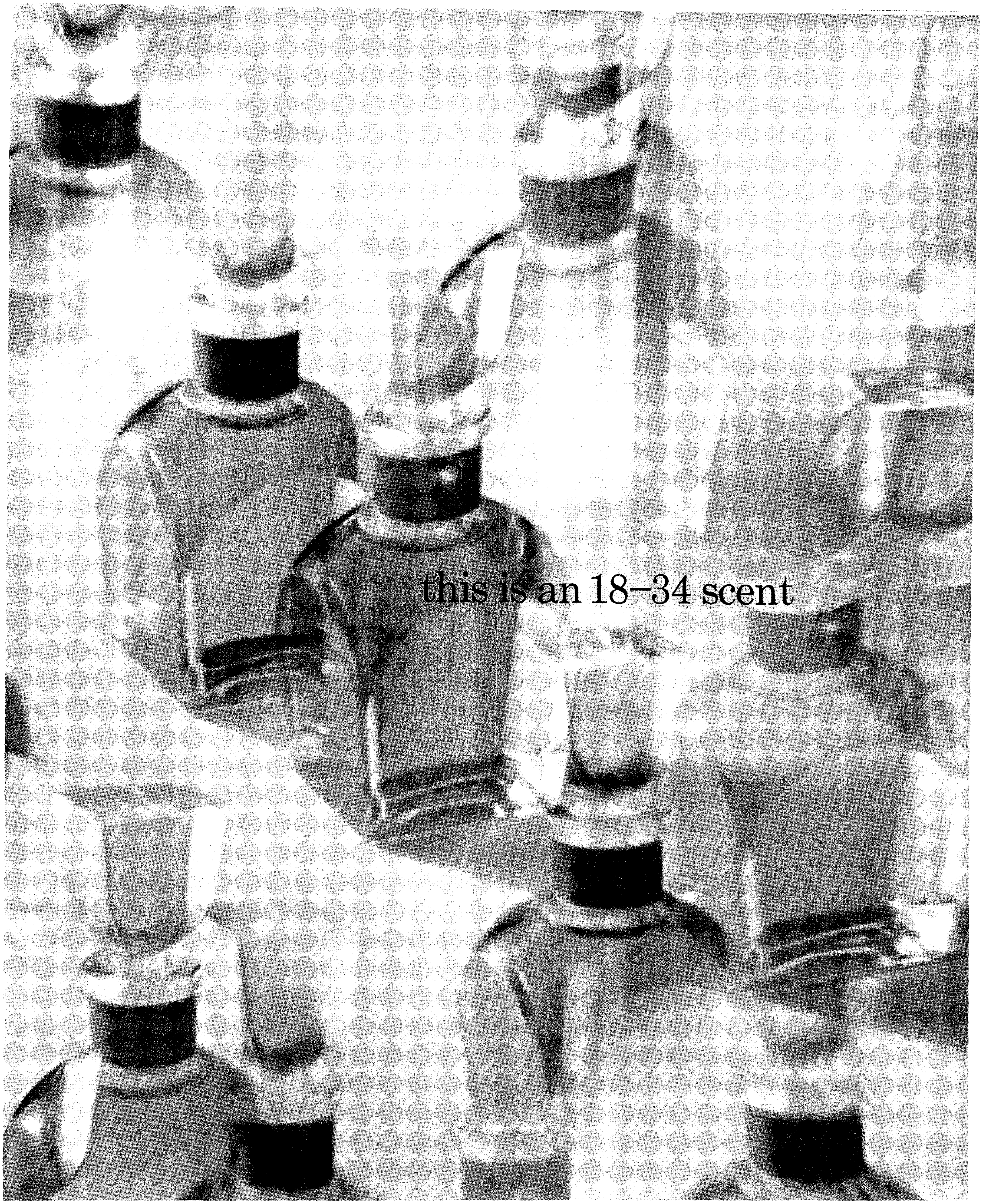

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of them, but if that's out of the question you should at least see Tama Park, on the outskirts of Tokyo, and Nagoya, and the monkeys at Inuyama. And you really shouldn't leave Japan without visiting Kyoto, where there's a good zoo. For that matter, why restrict yourself to Honshu Island? Hokkaido has interesting zoos, and as for Kyushu . . ."

At any rate, I saw Ueno Zoo that day. Ueno is a happy, busy, growing place. After a few minutes, I even got used to the constant crackle of the loudspeaker, disseminating announcements and music. The noise seemed a part of the general gaiety, along with scampering children, sober school queues, pram-pushing mothers, fathers taking photographs, and women carrying lunches wrapped up in colored cloth.

Ueno Zoo has a long history, I learned from Dr. Hayashi. When it first opened, in 1882, it was tiny, covering less than five acres. For many years thereafter, it was under the direct management of the imperial household, but in 1924, by which time it had spread over four additional acres, it was formally presented to the City of Tokyo, and has remained under its control. During the Second World War, the elephants and other large animals at Ueno were destroyed by municipal order as soon as United States planes began bombing Japanese cities. "All Japanese zoos had to do the same thing," Dr. Hayashi said. "In some cases, the bombings added further to this deliberate destruction. At the O Shima Island Zoo, for instance, a lot of monkeys and deer and squirrels escaped from broken cages, and they have been living and breeding in the wild ever since." After the war, as the nation recovered, so did the zoos. By 1952, Ueno was outgrowing its limited territory, and the municipality bought more land—a fifteen-acre adjacent tract. The new section, called the West Zoo, brought into the limits of the grounds a fairly large body of water, Shimobazu Pond. This has been landscaped down to the last square inch, with a monkey island and two other islands, each holding at least one nicely shaped tree. When I saw the pond, these features were all but obliterated by birds, thousands of which were swimming on the water. "Wild ducks," Dr. Hayashi said. "We have a lot of trouble with this pond. It silts up, and we have to dredge it every year. The bottom should be covered with concrete. Sooner or later, this will be done, and then I hope to utilize the space

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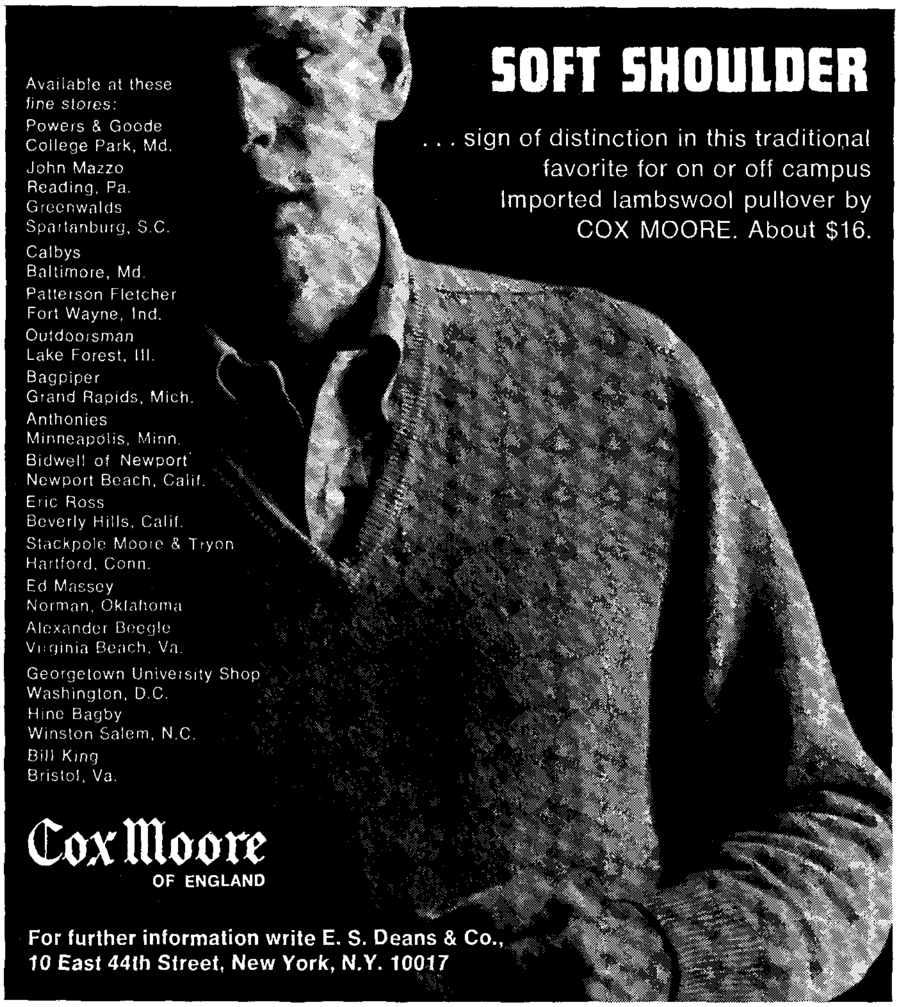
underneath. Why shouldn't we have a special exhibit under the pond—an underground zoo? The roof would be the bottom of the pond, do you see? Under it could be polar animals—bears, perhaps, and certainly penguins, and reindeer pulling sleds for children to ride on." He was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

I murmured that it sounded awfully dark.

"That's a part of my idea," he said. "Lights! We would have lights everywhere, including an aurora borealis shining on the ceiling. Think how good it would be for the penguins! We do well with penguins here."

We next reached Ueno's African section, and there I learned that the war had not wiped out every single one of the zoo's animals, after all. The giraffe dynasty had survived, and in consequence Ueno Zoo can claim a sort of giraffe longevity record. Japan's first home-produced giraffe, a reticulated member of the family, was born at Ueno in 1937, and a present representative of the third succeeding generation was born, also at Ueno, in 1957. There are now forty-three giraffes in Japan. This may sound like quite an adequate number of giraffes, but a few years ago, when Chinese zoo officials offered to swap a breeding pair of giant pandas for some giraffes, the Japanese government declined the offer. "They wanted a whole lot of giraffes—twenty-five, I think," said Dr. Hayashi. "In any case, our people decided we couldn't spare so many. Moreover, we wouldn't consider spending foreign currency to acquire additional giraffes. It would have been wonderful to get those pandas, but other things had to come first. Besides, what if the supposed breeding pandas didn't breed? The Chinese could easily have accused us of not feeding or caring for them properly." Shaking his head, he turned to a happier subject. "Here we have a baby hippo. We've had quite a lot of hippo births at Ueno. One of our females has produced six calves, but the sixth one was weak and died almost immediately, so we kept watch on the mother. She didn't seem well—wasn't eating much, and appeared tired. After making all sorts of tests, we decided that she had diabetes. It turned out that this diagnosis was correct, for she reacted well to treatment. I don't know that diabetes had ever been found in a hippo before. Certainly she improved remarkably after we started giving her daily shots of insulin. In fact, she seemed quite well. As long as we kept up the treatment,



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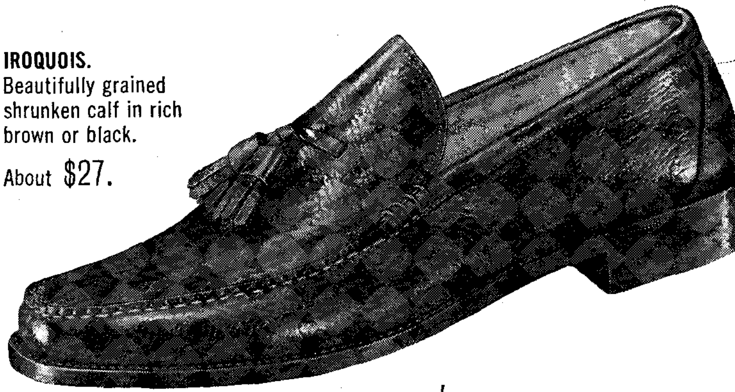

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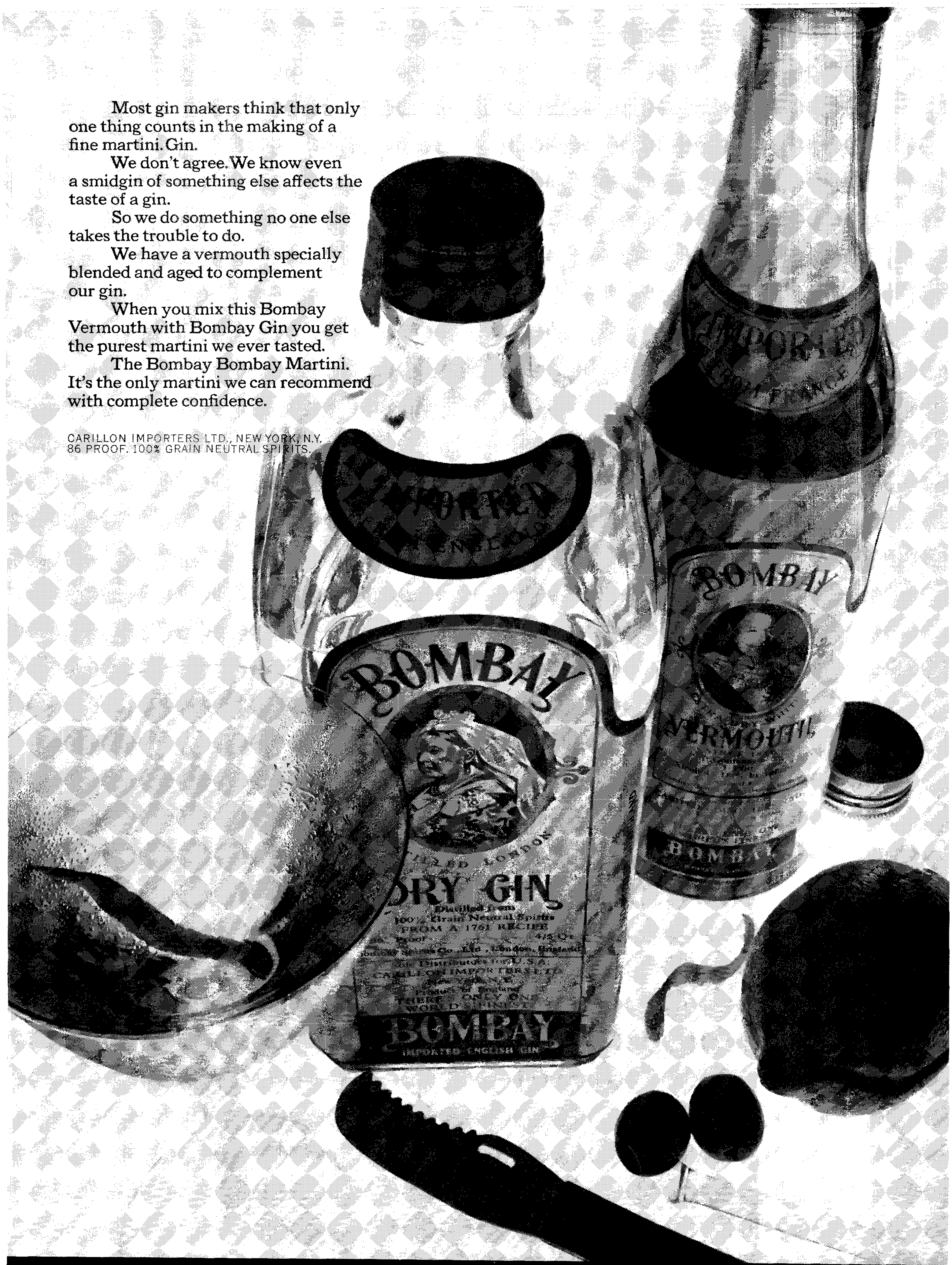
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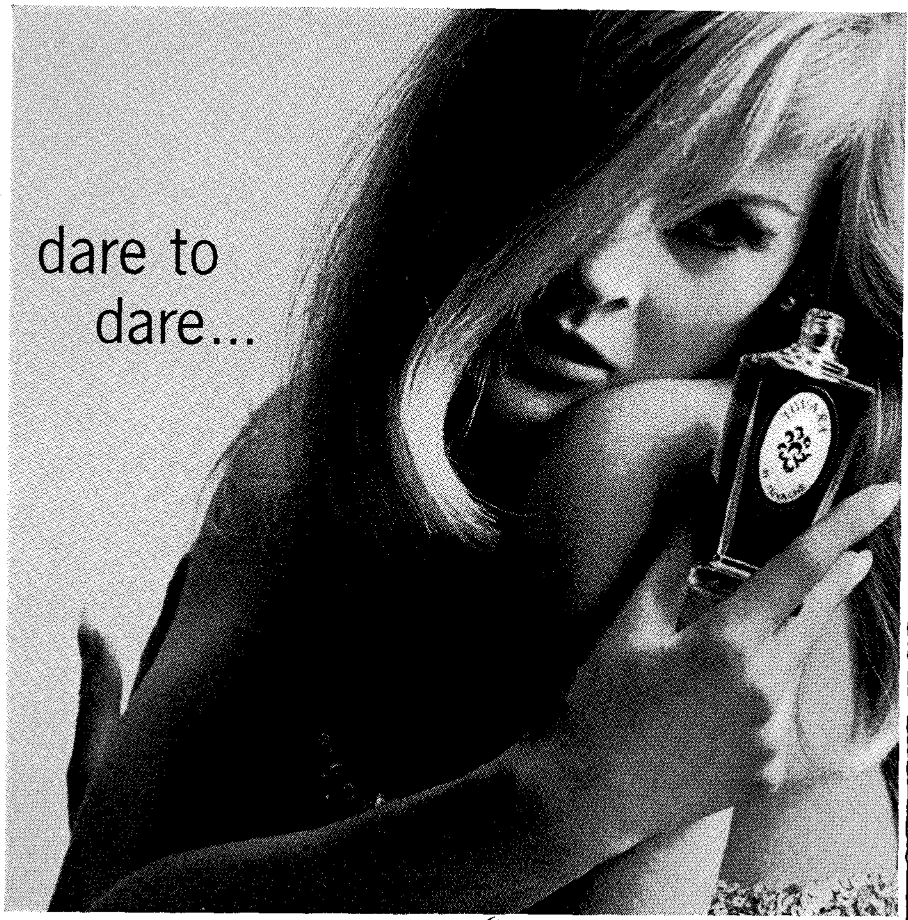

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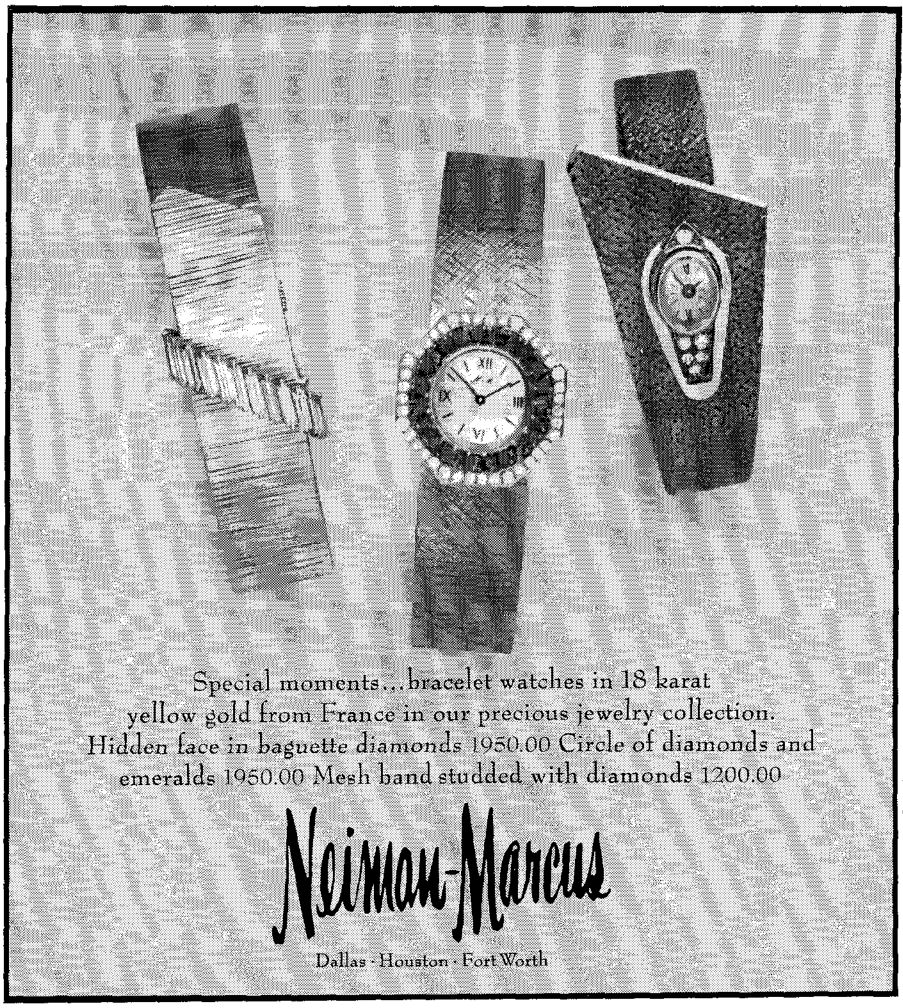

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she ate a normal amount and was reasonably energetic. Then, one day, after about a year of treatment, she quite unexpectedly fell into a coma, and she died without coming out of it. Do you know what we found in the autopsy? Some of the insulin shots hadn't gone right into the bloodstream; because a hippo has so much fat, the needle didn't always penetrate. This might have been all right if the arrested insulin had remained where it was, in the blubber, but it didn't; in time it was released, and then, of course, with this insulin added to the daily shot, she got a fatal overdose."

Walking on, Dr. Hayashi said, "Here are our cranes—sarus, Australian, and so on. Over there is a pair of Japanese cranes. Here we're rebuilding some cages. Now, look at this. Do you see anything unusual about it?"

We had halted at a moat surrounding a concrete mountain with lots of crags—one of those arrangements that zoos build usually for mountain sheep or for monkeys. But here were both species—sheep and baboons—in one enclosure. I looked inquiringly at Dr. Hayashi, and he grinned. "They get on well together," he said. "They're not from the same part of the world at all—the sheep are from the Middle East and the baboons from Abyssinia—but they get on well. You can see for yourself." Sure enough, a baboon lying on one of the larger ledges had his head pillowed on a reclining sheep, and on the ground below us another baboon was industriously grooming a big-horned animal, which seemed to enjoy the attention.

Suddenly the loudspeaker brayed forth the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." This was the signal for closing time, and the mothers started wheeling or leading their infants toward the exit.

THE next morning, I was up early. Dr. Hayashi and his wife were motoring to Tama Zoological Park, some twelve miles southwest of the center of Tokyo, and I was to accompany them. At Tama, I knew, the Tokyo Zoological Park Society operated a large country annex to the Ueno Zoo, just as the London Zoo runs a big branch zoo at Whipsnade. I also knew that Dr. Hayashi took particular pride in Tama, because before he took up his present duties he had supervised its construction and had been its first director. When Dr. Hayashi arrived at my hotel, he explained that his wife would not be travelling with us after all but instead would meet us at Tama. "She had to go and pick up another

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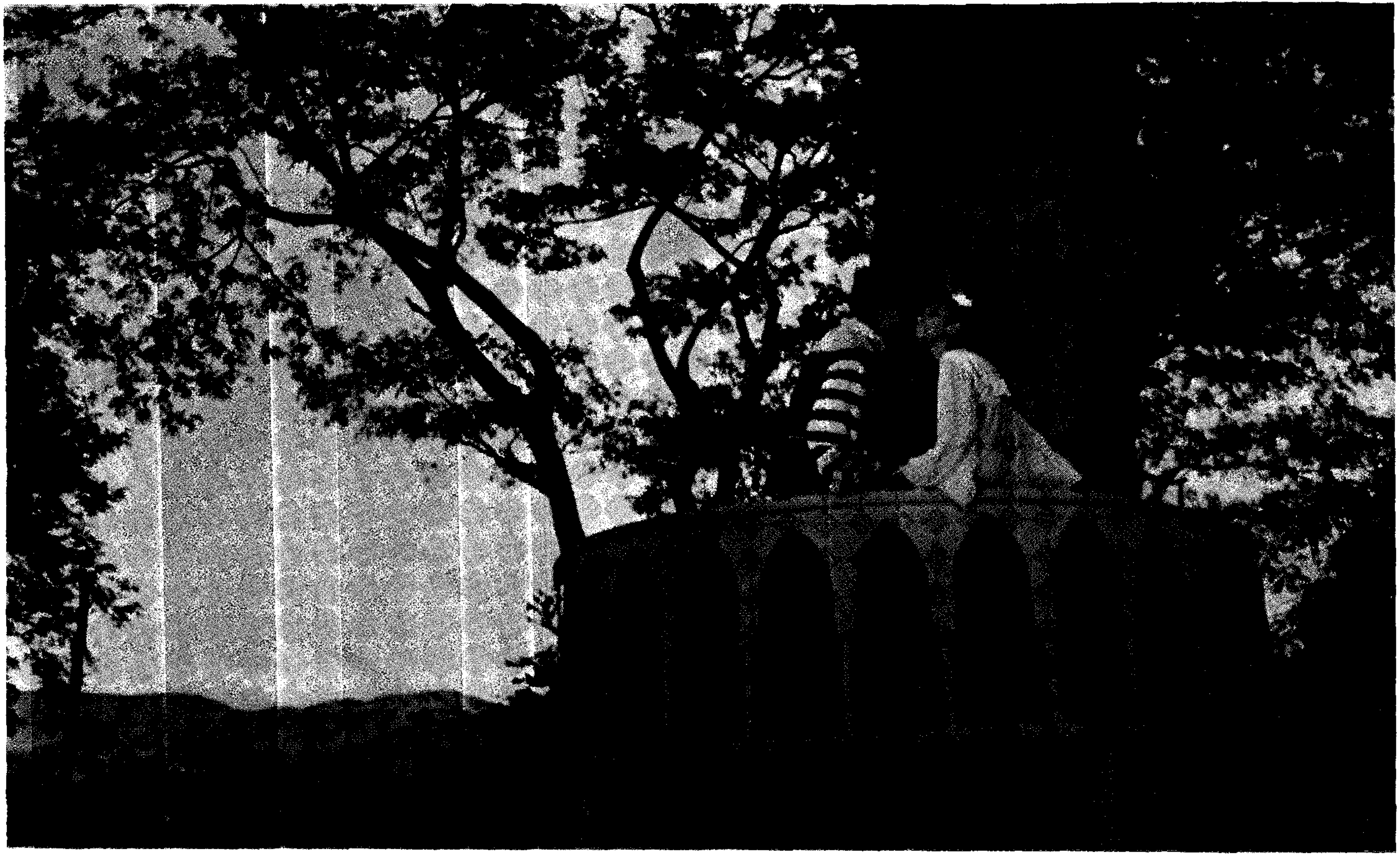

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lady, who is also going to Tama—the wife of a government Minister—so we thought this way would be better," he said. "The other lady has a special reason for wanting to visit Tama. Next month, at the town near the zoo, Hino-machi, there is to be a dedication ceremony for a new building, and the Minister's wife is going to write a poem of commemoration, which she will read aloud. She wants to prepare for it today by finding a temple she can retire to in order to write her poem."

"Oh, yes," I said, as we got into the car. "You mean she'll stay there and write her poem between now and then?"

"No, she will write the poem during the ceremony, not ahead of time. But, of course, she would like to make sure that she will have the surroundings right. I am confident that she'll like the temple we intend to show her—it's a celebrated one."

"But what if she doesn't?" I inquired.

"There are plenty of other temples," Dr. Hayashi said.

We whizzed along one of the splendid roads that were built to take care of the extra traffic during the Olympic Games of 1964. Unconsciously, I stepped hard on imaginary brakes whenever we rounded a curve, and at last Dr. Hayashi said cheerfully, "Do not be afraid. I have never had an accident. Arrested for speeding, yes, many times, but never an accident."

I remembered that I had in my handbag a clipping that I meant to ask Dr. Hayashi about, and I brought it out. " 'A thirty-year-old donkey in a Tokyo zoo has been fitted with false teeth, with the help of which it now makes hearty meals of green grass, having previously been in pretty poor shape,' " I read. "That must be your zoo, Dr. Hayashi. Did it really happen?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes, it's quite true. He's a very old donkey, brought back from China by our soldiers at the end of the war. We did have teeth made, and they work well, but the newspapers in Tokyo got the story a little wrong. The reporters said that when the teeth were finished and were put into the donkey's mouth he immediately started cropping grass. As a matter of fact, eating grass was *not* the first thing the donkey did."

"What did he do, then?"

"Bit the dentist," said Dr. Hayashi, and doubled up over the steering wheel with mirth.

By the time we reached Tama, undisturbed by police, and parked in a lot

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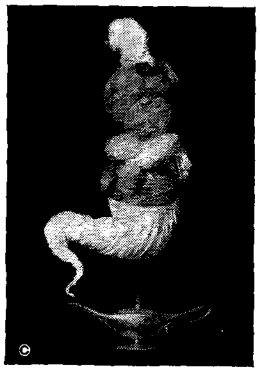

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outside the gates, I had found out that the zoo there was quite new, having been opened in 1958, that it occupied more than ninety acres, and that many new exhibits were still being completed. The country around it seemed to me unusually wild and unsettled for that populous part of Japan; the entrance to Tama was strikingly bare of houses and shops, such as I had learned to expect around the entrances to Japanese parks. "It's a long way from Tokyo as we count distance," Dr. Hayashi said when I asked about this. "But we get a lot of people, especially on holidays. Last year, the attendance was something more than a million two hundred thousand. Ah, there they are," he said, indicating a chauffeur-driven black limousine that had pulled up behind us to let two ladies in kimonos and shawls descend. We went to meet them, but everything had to wait while Mrs. Hayashi greeted a number of other women, who seemed to spring up out of nowhere to bow and smile and pay her polite compliments. Finally, the two ladies got into our car, along with an official from the zoo, and the gates were opened. We rolled slowly through and followed a shaded avenue that rose gently to the horizon between wooded enclosures; it was actually a pedestrian path, but, as Tama's founding father, Dr. Hayashi was permitted to take liberties. Because it was a cold day, we had the place pretty much to ourselves. Each enclosure stretched far back, up rocky hillsides, and the animals were feeding peacefully or running about.

When we reached the crest of the hill, the zoo lay spread out around us, its enclosures varying according to the terrain. The animals in one rocky space puzzled me—a number of foxes going about their affairs completely unperturbed by the hulking form of a bear that sat among them. "It has to do with a Japanese fairy story, or fable," Dr. Hayashi explained. "We have many stories about animals. In some of our zoos, we keep a hare in a small cage among raccoon dogs, for all our children have heard about the hare's adventures with other animals. Tama Park gets a lot of schoolchildren as visitors, because of the insectarium. You see, I was originally trained as an entomologist, and I'm particularly proud of the insectarium. We'll go there now." We drove along a bumpy road leading to a building set on a steep slope. A truck was drawn up close to a side entrance, and men in working clothes were forking bales of greenstuff out of it. We came to a courtyard, in the mid-

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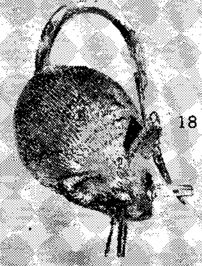

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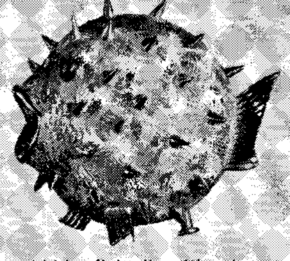

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dle of which stood a giant figure of a grasshopper. "There isn't another zoo exhibit like this in the world," said Dr. Hayashi. "Even now, though it's still unfinished, it's an important center of education. That grass and hay they're unloading is food for the insects. They'll eat it all within a few days." He spoke of experiments that were being carried out so that it would ultimately be possible to find ways of putting on lively exhibits throughout the year instead of depending on natural cycles. Eventually, visitors would be able to watch butterflies emerging from pupae, moths coming from cocoons, dragonflies going through all their phases, beetles and spiders and ants, he said—it was going to be tremendous. The Japanese ladies stood silent on the hillside, holding their shawls tight against a persistent wind. When Dr. Hayashi proposed going through the building for a look at the insects, the Minister's wife gave a ladylike little shudder and refused, so we all got back into the car and went on our way.

From another high point, we looked down on the African section of the zoo. One large enclosure held giraffes and another held hippos, but I didn't pay close attention to either exhibit, because I was absorbed in a chimpanzee peninsula—a long, irregular tongue of land surrounded by water everywhere but at one end. The end was blocked by a shelter, an elaborate closed house, and a low railing—electrified, I was told—ran around the whole area. The chimps didn't go near it. Two were playfully wrestling, and another lay on its back sunning itself.

"And now," Dr. Hayashi said, "we are going on safari in Kenya." The car descended from the plateau and went by a roundabout route to a pair of locked gates in the wall of a Moorish-

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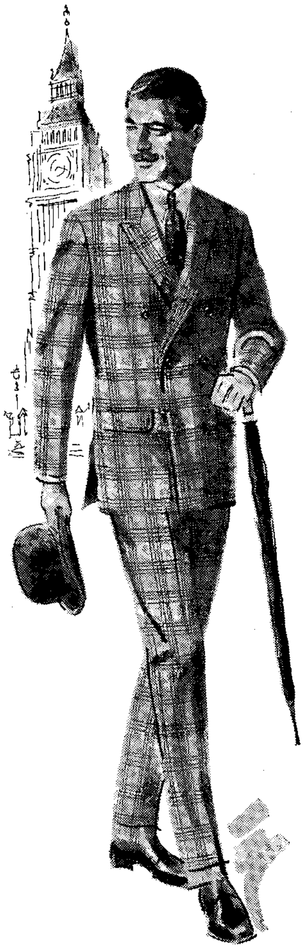

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looking structure. Attendants inside opened the gates, and, rolling through, we were faced with another pair. Here we paused for a bit in a large, empty area, which Dr. Hayashi said was destined to serve as a bus station. "The way we've come is not the road that will be used when it's all finished," he told me. "The approach is going to be by tunnel. I got the idea of this station when I was in Kenya. I call it Swahili architecture. All this comes from Kenya—the animals, too. Now we may have a surprise or two." Attendants had unlocked the second pair of gates and swung them wide, and Dr. Hayashi drove out into an open expanse, pausing briefly to shut the window on his side of the car. We were driving over red sand and rubble, surrounded by a wall of the same color, made of an adobe-like material. Heavily grilled windows in the Swahili bus station looked down on our backs. There were built-up hillocks and banks, and a sketchy road wound between them. Ten or twelve lions walked about or lay on the ground; one, which had been standing rigid, his face toward the wind, took an interested look at us and sauntered over. Dr. Hayashi stopped the car, and the Minister's wife said something in a squealing voice. The lion was followed by others. They walked around the car, one of them sniffing it all over, like a curious dog investigating somebody's shoe. On my side, a lion came up to the glass and looked me in the eye. His face appeared quite remarkably large. Still, its expression was amiable. When Dr. Hayashi started the car again, all but one of the lions lost interest in us. That one—a young one—ran alongside, frisking, until we came to the exit gate.

Now Dr. Hayashi took us to the zoo restaurant for lunch, and there I sat next to a young curator whose specialty was monkeys. "There's been a tremendous surge of interest in monkeys here in Japan," he said. "I hope you're planning to see the Monkey Center at Inuyama."

"Inuyama? I don't think—"

"If you're going to Nagoya, you can visit Inuyama," he assured me. "It's very near. By the way, at the Nagoya zoo you mustn't miss the gorillas and their trainer, a man named Asai. If possible, you should also see Baboon Island, in Mikawa Bay, which is controlled by the Inuyama Monkey Center. Of course, there *are* other monkey centers in Japan. The biggest is on Kyushu—our southern island, you know—on Takasaki Mountain, near the Beppu hot springs. More than a

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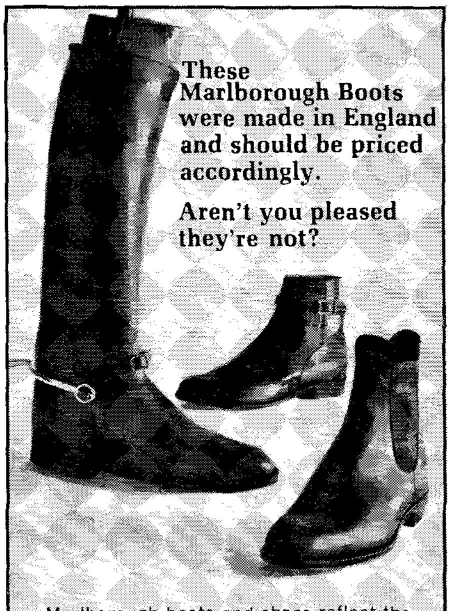

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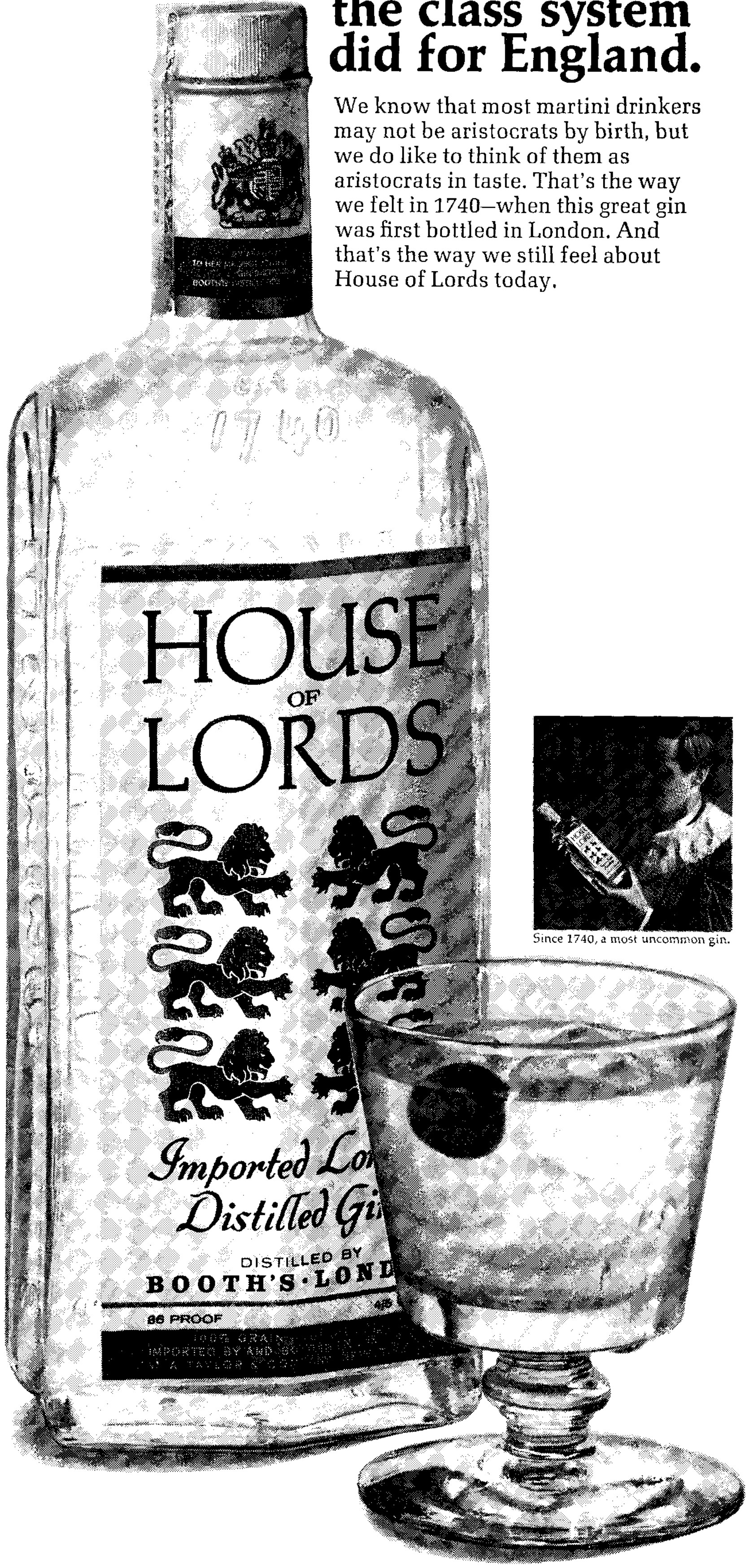
thousand wild Japanese macaques used to live around there. They were nearly wiped out, but now the authorities have started to protect them, and they've inceased to three hundred. They live in the wild, just as they've always done; behavior of animals in the wild is never quite the same as it is in zoos, of course. For instance, monkeys in the wild state warn each other when strangers approach, but monkeys in cages never do. I've taped twenty-three different calls made by Japanese monkeys." I must not think, he went on, that the Monkey Center was interested only in Japanese macaques. They wanted to acquire a wide variety of species, and had already accumulated nearly sixty. At that very moment, an expedition of Monkey Center people was in Africa, collecting.

ON the following day, I went to Nagoya. It is a very large seaport and manufacturing center, but it is off the tourist route, and in two days there I saw only one other American—a factory-supplies salesman, distracted by homesickness. Almost nobody else I encountered—not even the man behind the hotel desk—spoke English. But, whether or not tourists know about it, Nagoya's Higashiyama Zoo attracts more than two million visitors every year. Few Japanese zoos have anything like the area boasted by Tama Park, and Higashiyama Zoo covers less than forty-five acres. (The Bronx Zoo, in New York, by comparison, covers about two hundred and fifty acres, and last year had about two and a half million visitors.) It is so cunningly arranged, however, that the exhibits don't seem cramped. It was first opened in 1936, and had thus barely got under way when the war started, but although, like all the other zoos in the country, it had to be started over again afterward, it has caught up in several respects, as I soon found out.

A veterinary officer showed me around, and soon after we started out, he led me, by one of the byways reserved for the use of employees, to a door in a high, curved wall, which he unlocked and opened. Stepping in after him, I was tumultuously greeted by a number of baby orangutans. They were very tame and very demanding of attention, and I paid no heed to anything else until, as I exchanged kisses with the boldest of them, I heard a burst of applause. I looked up to find that I was in a public enclosure, with hundreds of people staring at me from across a moat. What with the confusion this discovery aroused in me, and



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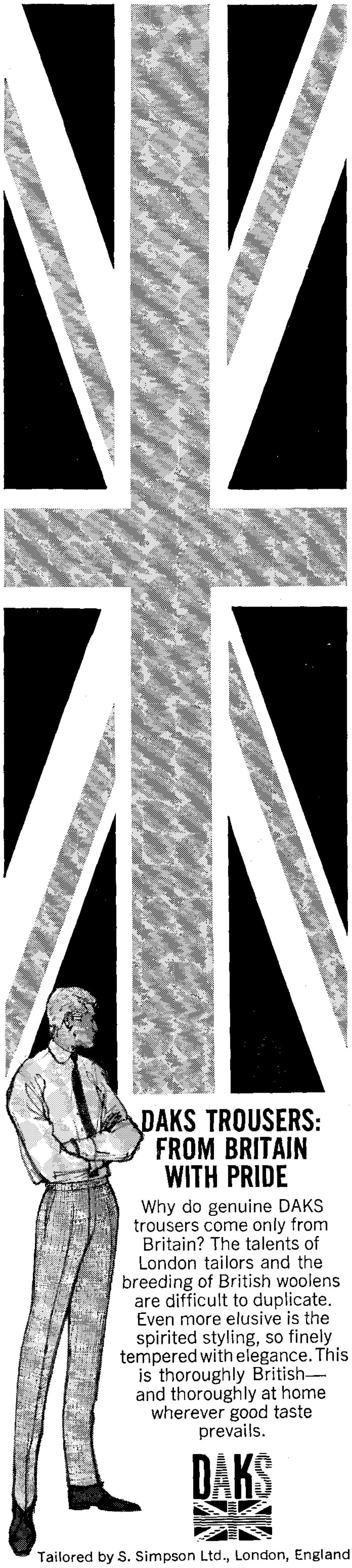

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the fact that the vet didn't speak English, I failed to ascertain how it was that the zoo happened to have such a lot of these rare young animals. Dealing in orangs without special permits is simply not supposed to be done nowadays, because they are rapidly becoming extinct in the wild. The curator at Tama had told me that only one orang had then been bred in Japan but that they were hoping for another birth soon. Clearly, not all Japanese zoo men were conservationists—or were not then. Subsequently, I learned, the Japanese authorities agreed to abide by the rules of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—an organization founded in 1948, to which forty-six nations now belong—and the trade in orangs has ceased accordingly.

We left the orang enclosure by its back door and came around to view the great-ape living quarters from the public side. There was a row of several moated areas; the middle one was empty, but a good many people had nevertheless gathered at the railing that commanded a view of it, and the vet plunged into the crowd to make a place for me at the front. I was finally deposited at the railing, where I had an uninterrupted view, and this was fine as long as there was nothing in particular to look at, but after a moment a door in the back wall was opened and the people around me surged forward so violently that I was nearly cut in half. People lifted children to their shoulders, or just pummelled their neighbors in the scramble, as a tall, lanky man in overalls and a floppy hat came through the door, followed by a sort of chain gang of three gorillas, single file, the second and third with their hands on the shoulders of the one ahead. What was striking was that they weren't baby gorillas, or even toddlers; they were nearly full-grown. Once in a great while, some animal trainer will put on an act where he is at close quarters with a gorilla of reasonable size, but it happens very seldom, and I had never before seen one man on familiar terms with a trio of them. Chimpanzees, although easily trained when young, are generally said to be difficult actors to handle after the age of eight—some people make it six—but gorillas are believed to be difficult at any age. Nevertheless, the three I was looking at went through their paces without any friction at all. Now the three primates sat down on three small stools, and their trainer—whose name, as I remembered I had been told by the Tama curator, was Mr. Asai—washed their faces, one

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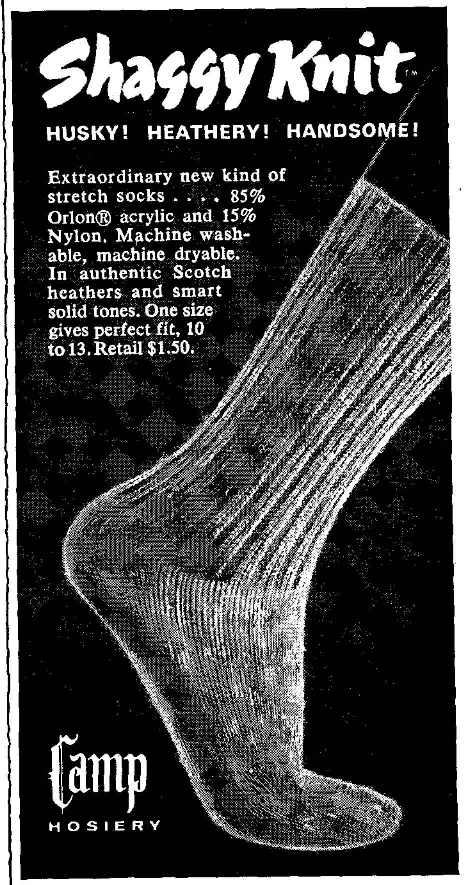

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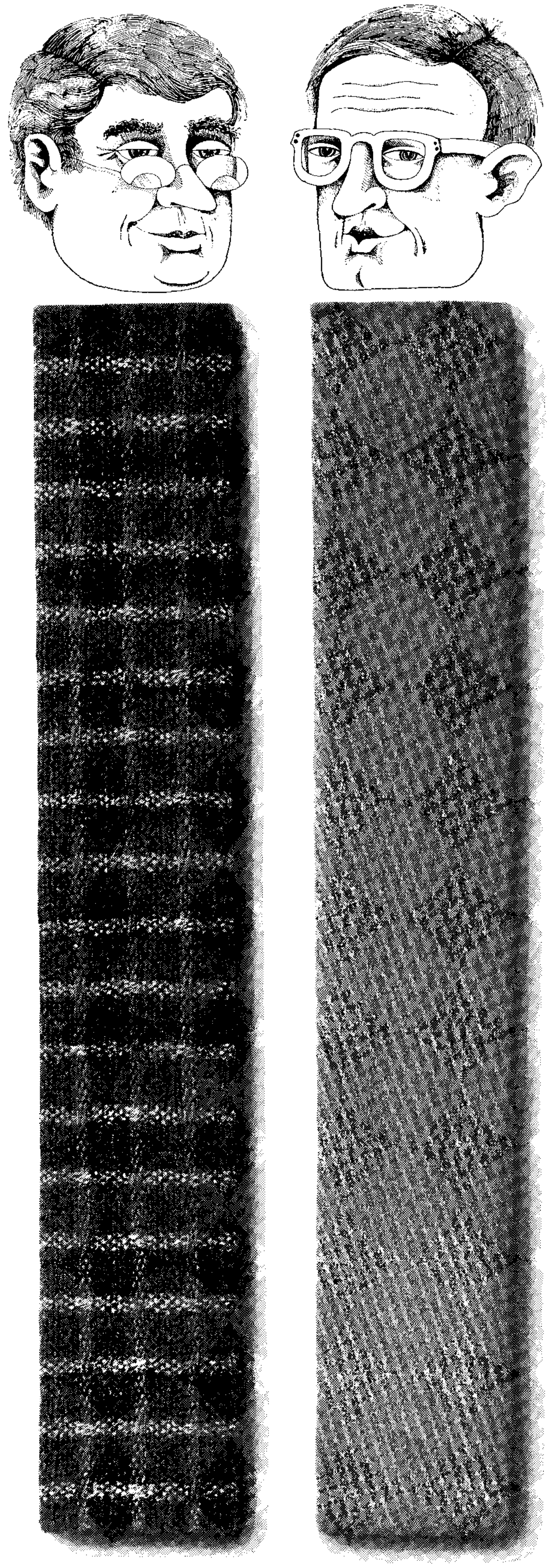
after another, with a wet towel. He gave them hats, which they put on, and next, sitting around a table that Mr. Asai brought out, they had a tea party, during which Mr. Asai swapped food with one of them, almost mouth to mouth. This part of the act, which Western audiences might be too squeamish to appreciate, was done with a purpose. Gorilla mothers feed their children in this way, and no doubt such gestures helped Mr. Asai maintain a close relationship with the apes. Like chimpanzees and dogs in other animal acts, the gorillas put on a show within a show; one of the three pretended to be disobedient, and when Mr. Asai clumsily chased him the others jumped him from the rear. For a while, the trio sat in a row with their feet dangling. Then they sat on their heels. They played musical instruments—a horn and a drum—and, as a climax, to the beat of a flat percussion instrument played by Mr. Asai, they did the Twist. I can't say that they did it very well, but they did it.

Not until the trainer and his apes had left the enclosure did I once more become aware of the discomfort of being pinned to the fence by the crowd of enthusiastic spectators. The gorillas and Mr. Asai had been gone a long time, and the marks on my anatomy were fading, before I stopped marvelling at what I'd seen. I knew that the zoo superintendent, whom I had met briefly, spoke some English, so I went back to his office to ask him about Mr. Asai, but we couldn't really communicate much. All I gathered was that Mr. Asai was also very good with elephants.

There is a sequel to my Nagoya visit. Afterward, I bored people to death with my talk of the gorilla act. Some of my hearers didn't know anything about the subject and so couldn't appreciate the wonder of it. Some who knew more just didn't believe me, and said that the animals I'd seen were not gorillas but chimpanzees—a remark calculated to send me into a frenzy of indignation. Only one man, Dr. Ernst Lang, of Basel, gave me credit for knowing what I'd seen—because, he said, for a while his zoo had featured a young performing gorilla. "He used to ride a tricycle, and so on," Dr. Lang told me. "But we found that he was taking it too hard. He was overanxious about the performance, and began losing weight, so we put a stop to it." Then, at a meeting of zoo people I attended a few months later in San Diego, there was an evening when some of those present showed films and the chairman



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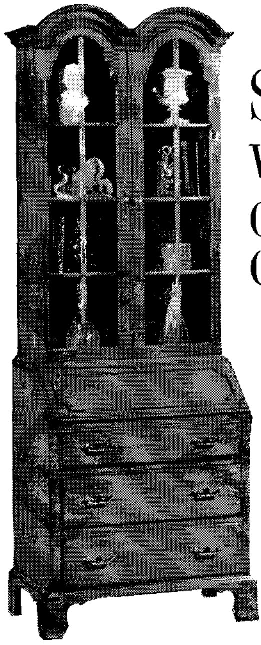
introduced one of them with the words "We're now going to see something that I won't describe in advance. You wouldn't believe me if I just told you about it. It's a documentary made at the zoo in Nagoya, Japan." There was Mr. Asai, getting ready for the day's work. It was early in the morning, and he was waking up his three gorillas, who shared his house. He and they had breakfast together, and then set out for the enclosure, where they went through the day's first performance. I saw it all again—the tea party, the Twist, and the rest of it—while all around me in the audience the zoo men watched in silent amazement. On the screen, Mr. Asai took his gorillas home, put them to bed, and sat down at a desk to write up his notes on the day's events. The End. The lights went up, and the audience applauded and made incredulous comments. The chairman, however, simply said, "Those are the biggest chimpanzees I've ever seen in my life!"

DURING my stay in Nagoya, I obtained some more information about the Japan Monkey Center at Inuyama, and the more I learned about it the more strongly I wanted to visit the place. It was, I realized, undoubtedly unique both as a zoo and as a research center. On the day of my visit, I was met near the entrance to Monkey Park by a member of the staff, a veterinarian named Dr. Kotera. Inside, a gentle slope rose into steep, wooded hills. The place seemed devoid of life except for an old watchman sitting in a small hut, in which I noticed a shelf lined with bags of peanuts. Dr. Kotera bought one of these, and the old man put his hands to his mouth, uttered a loud cry, and rang a cowbell. The landscape came alive. Down the hillside streamed a troop of monkeys, large and small, some with babies clinging to their stomachs. They were the Japanese macaques, or *Macaca fuscata*, so often portrayed by Japanese classical painters and ivory-carvers—stocky animals with long, thick fur, chin whiskers, and pink faces. No doubt they recognized Dr. Kotera, but they weren't shy about approaching me, either.

"These are of a subspecies that we call *yakui*," said Dr. Kotera. "In this troop, there are a hundred and fifty. Every single one is known to us; every one, as you can see, has a tag in its ear, so that we can keep track of it."

I had seen no fence or barrier, and I asked if there was anything to keep the animals from straying.

"No," he said. "There's no need



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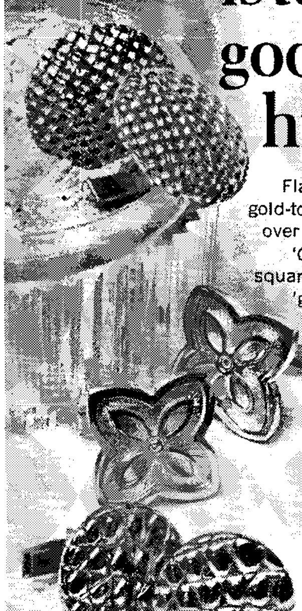

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of anything. These monkeys don't go away from their territory. It's not their habit. Besides, they are fed, and that in itself would keep them from wandering very far. We wouldn't want to fence them in; we don't want them to live like zoo animals. That's not the idea. Our professors wish to observe their way of life in the forest." He broke off to give peanuts to a large monkey that was impatiently tugging at his trouser leg. When he had time to speak again, he said that every monkey in the troop had a name, the males being called after fruits and the females after flowers. At last, his peanut sack was empty, and the monkeys appeared to know this, for they stopped begging. As we got into Dr. Kotera's car and started away, though, several of the younger, more daring animals got up on the gateposts to watch our departure. Not one jumped into the road or climbed a telegraph pole; these monkeys were too sophisticated for that.

We drove up a winding road to the park's highest point, where the offices, laboratories, and museum of the Monkey Center are situated, commanding a splendid view. I knew that the Japan Monkey Center had evolved from two other bodies—a primate-research group that two professors at Kyoto University had started just after the war, and an experimental animal-research committee headed by two professors at Tokyo University. The Kyoto group had specialized in the ecology and social behavior of primates; the Tokyo group was more interested in insuring an adequate supply of monkeys for experimental purposes. The two groups had amalgamated to form the Monkey Center, and in 1956 the Nagoya Railroad Company had pledged financial support. Although the railroad foots the bills, the Ministry of Education actually controls the Center. Here *Macaca fuscata* is studied ecologically and sociologically, monkeys are bred for research purposes, and the Center serves as a clearing house for data obtained at all similar institutes in Japan. Under its auspices, there has been organized among children of high-school age all over Japan the Monkey Friend Club, which is associated with the Japanese Society for the Protection of Wild Monkeys and with the Association of Nature Conservation. The Center also puts out a monthly magazine called *Monkey*. The museum exhibits stuffed animals, pictures, diagrams, and other things that have to do with the subject of primates. A

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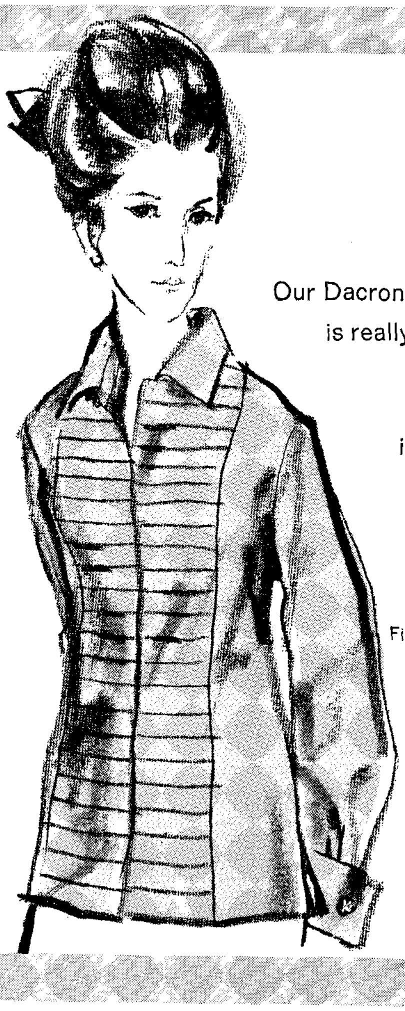

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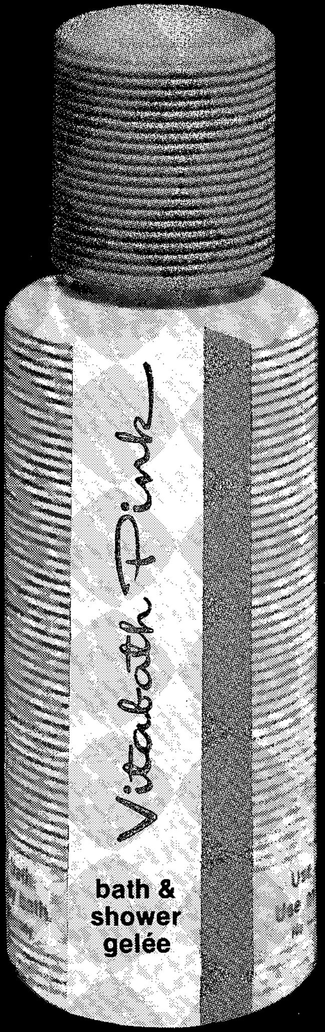

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much frequented room houses the Monkey Doll Collection, which is the gift of a private benefactor and consists of ten thousand dolls representing monkeys. The Japanese think well of both dolls and monkeys; the annual nationwide Doll Festival is an important occasion, and their tradition is full of primate legends, among them the saga of a monkey who made a long pilgrimage and ultimately became a Buddhist.

The Center at present houses fifty-six species of primates, and it hopes ultimately to increase this to two hundred. In addition, there is a children's zoo, which houses other animals. The Center is particularly proud of what it calls its "monkey apartment houses." I saw one community of spider monkeys housed in these, and was much struck by the sight. I can't say what the neighborhood would have looked like during the heat of the day, because by the time we got there the short spring afternoon was drawing to a close and the tenants had retired. The little village had nothing outlandishly whimsical or Disneyish about it; there were just some little houses on stilts, none of them more than four feet high. A bamboo curtain covered each doorway. Dr. Kotera stepped into the enclosure, went over to one of the houses, and knocked at the door. The curtain was suddenly pulled aside and a monkey's face looked out. A moment later, the curtain was dropped again, and presumably the tenant went back to sleep.

From Dr. Kotera and some of the other people, I learned a lot about projects concerned with the Center's study of wild colonies of primates. The "free-ranging" macaques in Monkey Park are not really native to that district, having been transplanted there from Yaku Shima Island, south of Kyushu. And three little islands at the west end of Mikawa Bay, near Nagoya, support communities of monkeys other than Japanese macaques. One is the home of a troop of crab-eating monkeys from Southeast Asia; one, Baboon Island, which the Tama curator had mentioned, is inhabited by an interesting integrated group of Doguera and Yellow baboons; and one has fifty Formosan monkeys. On another islet in the bay, forty-five *Macaca fuscata fuscata*, Japanese macaques of a species different from Inuyama's, were settled after being moved from Shodoshima Island, in the Harima Sea. As a sideline, the Center controls still another islet in the vicinity, Maejima, which is given over to rabbits, guinea fowls, pheasants, and peacocks. The

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public is permitted to visit most of the island parks.

These small colonies near Inuyama are far from being the whole story, however. There are many monkey communities in Japan that the Center's people have been observing for years. Much of the work of the Center attracts little attention except among scientists, but almost everybody wants to know how monkeys behave, and observations that are made in this area by sociologists, psychologists, and anthropologists will always find an eager audience. Thus, it was a big story when, in 1965, two Japanese—an anthropologist named Junichiro Itani and an ecologist named Masao Kawai—released a report on a long study of the Japanese macaques of Kyushu, with special emphasis on one troop that lives on Kojima Island. There were sixty-one of these macaques, all *Macaca fuscata fuscata*. Formerly, they had subsisted exclusively on food they found in the wild, and had only just survived the long, hard winters, when they had to depend on buds and bark. At the time the two scientists began their observations, in 1948, almost nothing was known about the ethology of the macaques, and for many months it was extremely difficult to watch the beasts, because the monkeys wouldn't stand still or let human beings come near them. The men had to walk or run over steep, wooded ground, and even then they hardly ever managed to get close to their quarry. In 1952, the monkeys at last started taking food—sweet potatoes and wheat—that the scientists had been leaving regularly on a beach, and things became easier. Little by little, the animals began turning up in increasing numbers at feeding time, enabling the observers to get well enough acquainted with them to follow social changes in the group and the day-by-day development of its individual members. The same methods are now used with all the monkey groups that the Center keeps under observation throughout Japan—thirty of them, comprising forty-three hundred individuals in troops of widely diverse sizes, varying from about seven hundred members to a mere four or five, but mostly between thirty and a hundred and fifty.

In all thirty of the communities, the social order is well defined but not, writes Dr. Itani, "rudimentary." There is one supreme rank of leaders—the most dominant males—and a secondary echelon of subleaders. Then come younger, "peripheral" males, so called because they take peripheral posi-

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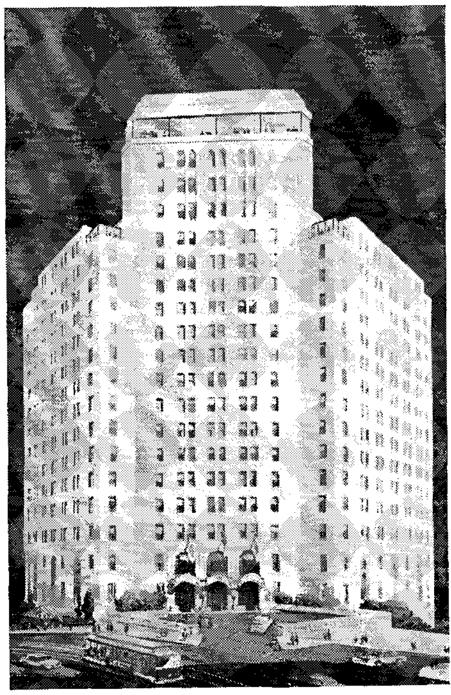

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tions when the troop is stationary and feeding. The arrangement at these times is always the same; the monkeys sit in two concentric circles—the inner one occupied by females, juveniles, infants, and the leaders and subleaders, and the outer by the young peripheral males. And these young monkeys have their own classes of leaders and inferiors. In a general way, the troop leaders, being the élite, have claim to all the females. Nevertheless, a peripheral male may occasionally borrow one, in the manner of a human bachelor who has affairs from time to time with married women, but if the guilty pair is caught by a dominant male nothing very terrible seems to happen. In fact, there are few fights as we know them; a leader will usually quell an inferior merely by striking an intimidating pose. Even so, a peripheral monkey occasionally seems to become dissatisfied with his lot and walks out on the troop. Usually, it is a large, vigorous monkey that does this. He may join another troop, but typically he lives on his own. Sometimes such an Ishmael attacks his former colony in an attempt to carry off females and set up as leader of his own troop. At moments like this, the peripheral monkeys who were once his colleagues join with the leaders to drive him off. The Japanese observers have never seen a case in which peripheral monkeys have joined an Ishmael to overthrow the leaders; revolution seems to be unknown to *Macaca fuscata fuscata.*

In some troops, the leaders and subleaders perform an interesting function. *Macaca fuscata fuscata* has a well-marked breeding season, so all the babies are born at the same time of year. This saddles the females with the domestic problem of what to do with their year-old juveniles, who interfere with the nursing of the newborn. At such times, the leaders and subleaders may take a hand by looking after the juveniles, playing with them to distract their attention until the new babies are older and the females can once again cope with the whole family. Not all troop leaders do this, though; the ones at Kojima don't, for instance. Indeed, one of the most interesting aspects of Japanese monkey life to emerge from these studies is the variation in behavior patterns developed by the different troops.

The females seem to ignore considerations of rank among themselves. Instead, they like to form what the scientists call "kinship groups"—mother with daughter and granddaughter, sister with sister. These factions are often

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responsible for squabbling rows, which the Old Men sometimes find it advisable to quell. The females' strength lies in their numbers, and Dr. Itani says that on Kojima the more female infants a kinship group contains the stronger its position is. Dr. Kawai reports that in 1953 the Kojima troop's habits were altered in a striking way by a female monkey. When this female, who had been named Imo, was only a year and a half old, she picked up a sand-covered sweet potato from the communal pile on the beach and, before eating it, did something that no Kojima monkey before her had ever done: she washed the potato in a nearby stream, dabbling it in the water with one hand and brushing off the sand with the other. She did the same thing the next day, and the day after that, and the day after that. About a month later, a male in her age group began to wash his sweet potatoes in the same manner, and, after four months, so did Imo's mother. The practice spread, and by 1962 more than two-thirds of the fifty-nine monkeys who then made up the troop were following it. The ones that still were not were all the older males and most of the older females, along with six young monkeys who were adjudged to be mentally subnormal. Within ten years, the washing procedure had become part of the troop's normal feeding behavior and was being passed on to each succeeding generation. As time went on, Dr. Kawai observed, the monkeys slightly altered the washing technique. Imo's initial food-dipping had taken place in a fresh-water stream flowing down across the sandy beach, but after a time one of the potato-washers dipped his potato into the sea instead. One after another, the monkeys followed this example, until eventually all the potato-washers were using salt water instead of fresh. The observers concluded that this change was made not only because the monkeys preferred their potatoes salted but also because the fresh-water stream dried up during part of the year. There were two ways of washing a potato, too: Imo's, which entailed brushing the sand off, and one that involved rolling the vegetable in shallow water. Then somebody in the troop thought of yet another way of doing it—alternately nibbling the salty potato and dipping it again, apparently to keep renewing the salty taste.

In 1956, when Imo was four years old, she invented another improvement in the Kojima troop's eating habits. This time, the food involved was wheat grains, which were always scattered

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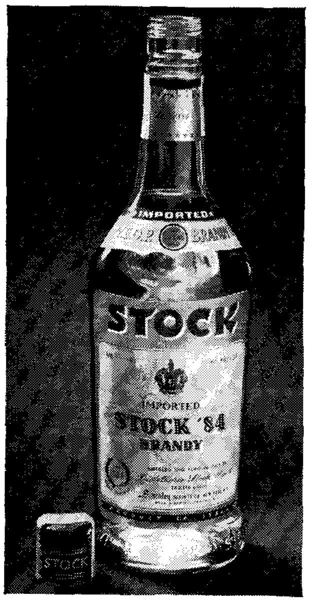

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on the sand for the monkeys. Before Imo thought of her new system, her fellows had picked up the wheat grain by grain, but she scooped up a whole handful, sand and wheat together, and threw it into the water, where the sand sank and the wheat grains were left floating, to be picked up and gobbled without effort. By 1962, nineteen monkeys were doing this "placer mining," as the scientists called it. All adults born before 1956 failed to adopt the new method, but two of these conservative-minded animals, a female named Eba and her eldest daughter, Sango, enjoyed its benefits through an underhanded trick. They would wait until another monkey had thrown mixed sand and wheat into the sea and then move in, scare off the feeding monkey, and grab the floating grains. "This kind of behavior, which takes advantage of the results of another monkey's labor, is not found in other troops of Japanese monkeys," Dr. Kawai notes severely.

The observers gradually became aware of a circumstance that seems strange when one thinks about it—that the Kojima monkeys, surrounded though they were by water, had never tried to enter the sea. Even after they had taken to dipping their potatoes in the salt water, they wetted only their hands and feet. Then, in the summer of 1959, the observers introduced a new method of feeding: they threw peanuts into the sea. After some days of hesitation, a few daring monkeys jumped into the water to get them. The practice spread. By 1962, all the monkeys except those conservative adults who hadn't changed their eating habits from the start were paddling in the sea. Dr. Kawai points out that the simple act of walking into sea water was "precultural behavior"—conduct that had not been conditioned by any sort of educational influence—for the monkeys who introduced it, yet the offspring of these monkeys jumped into the sea as a matter of course. Originally, the reason for jumping in was to pick up peanuts, but a few of the young ones began to enjoy doing it for its own sake, and after a while they took to plunging in during the hot part of the day just for a swim.

The development of another precultural pattern became apparent to Dr. Kawai one day when he went to feed the monkeys. Just as he put his hand in his pocket, which was full of peanuts, he noticed that a waiting monkey was sitting in front of him with its arm lifted and bent, the palm of the hand turned upward. Looking around, the

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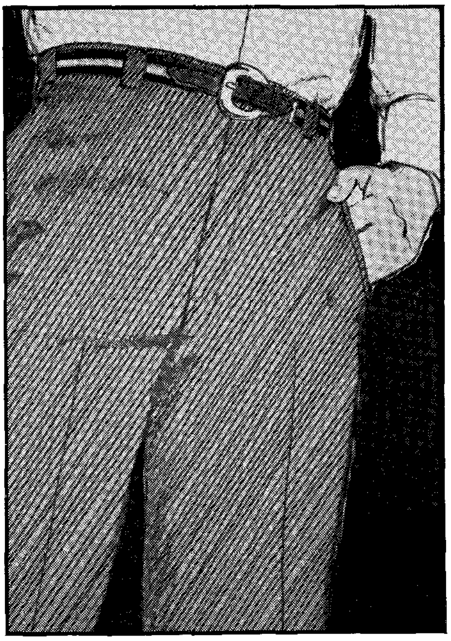

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Doctor saw that about three-quarters of the troop were doing the same thing; even some of the conservative types that had never adopted food-washing or swimming were plainly saying, with this gesture, "Give me some." Ten years of peaceful relations with human observers had completely altered their former attitude toward people, and, what was more, had changed their attitude toward each other: "They had no need to snatch their food and would wait for it."

Through long contact with the animals, Dr. Kawai and Dr. Itani came to know a lot about the characters of the individuals they had been watching. For example, there were great differences in intelligence among the Kojima monkeys, and high intelligence and low intelligence ran, through the female line of descent, in families. "The acquisition of cultural behavior [patterns] necessitates a fairly high ability," Dr. Kawai notes. It was obvious that some families had much more aptitude for such patterns than others. The smartest family was the Ebas. Imo was an Eba; so was Ego, the first monkey to jump into the sea. There were fifteen Ebas, of whom eight acquired all four precultural-behavior patterns—potato-washing, placer mining, swimming, and give-me-some gestures—and six acquired three. The least intelligent family, judged by the same standards, was the Namis. There were seven Namis, of whom six acquired two kinds of precultural behavior or less; some of the six didn't acquire any. However, the seventh Nami, a male called Jugo, turned out to be what the Doctor called "a wonderful monkey." Alone of all the Namis, Jugo acquired all four precultural-behavior patterns, and "although we could not give him tests because he left the troop to live as a solitary male, he would probably have obtained full marks," the Doctor writes, adding, "It is still not clear how such a talented monkey came from such a simple family." What does seem clear is why Jugo left home. His silly relatives must have got on his nerves. —EMILY HAHN

(This is the second of a series of articles. The third will appear in an early issue.)

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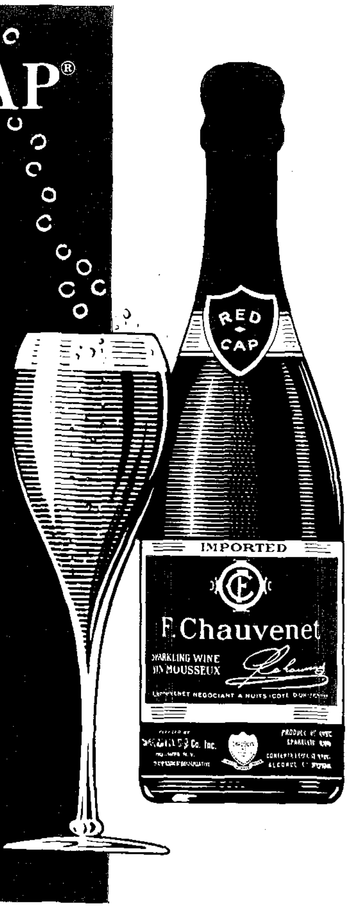

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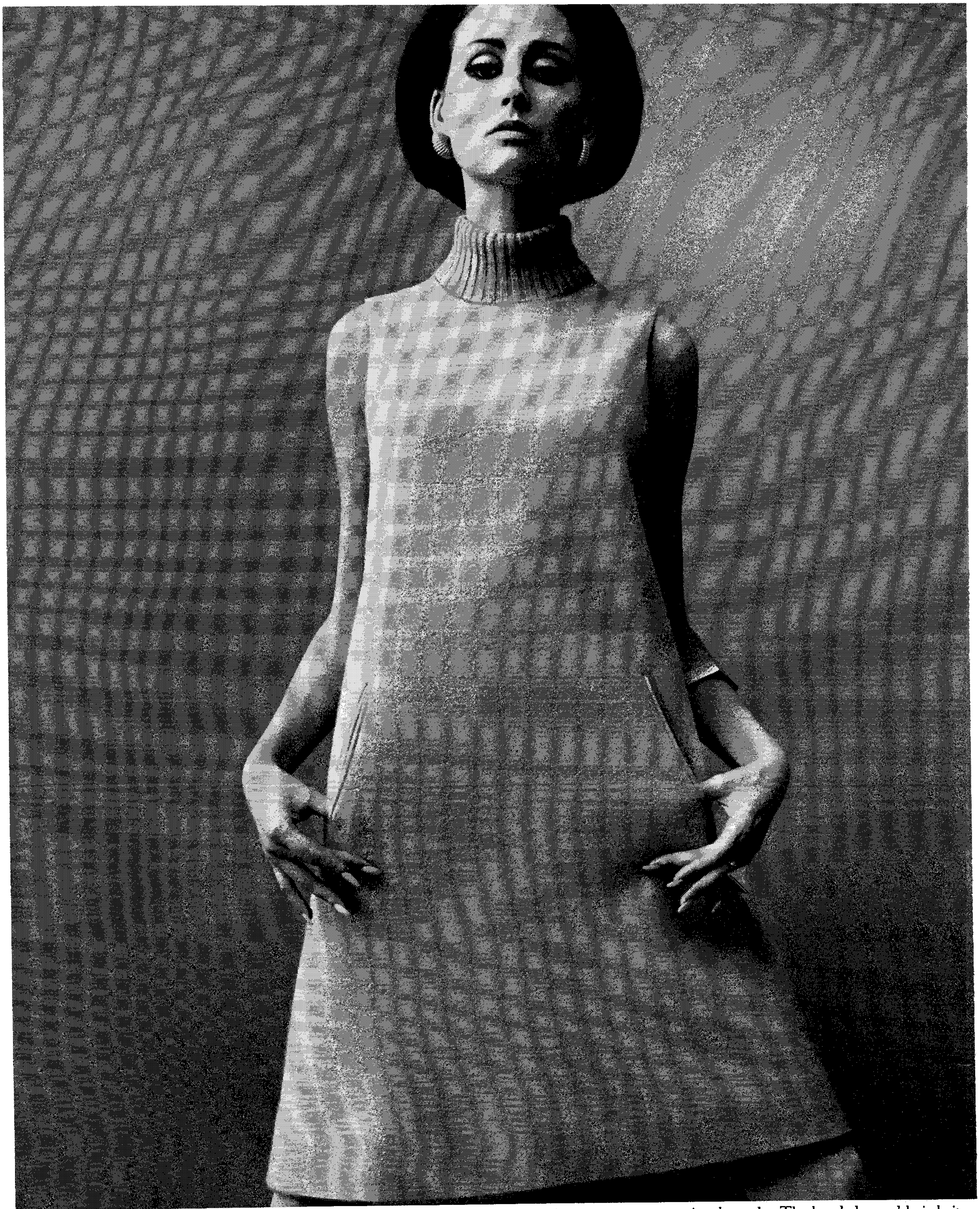

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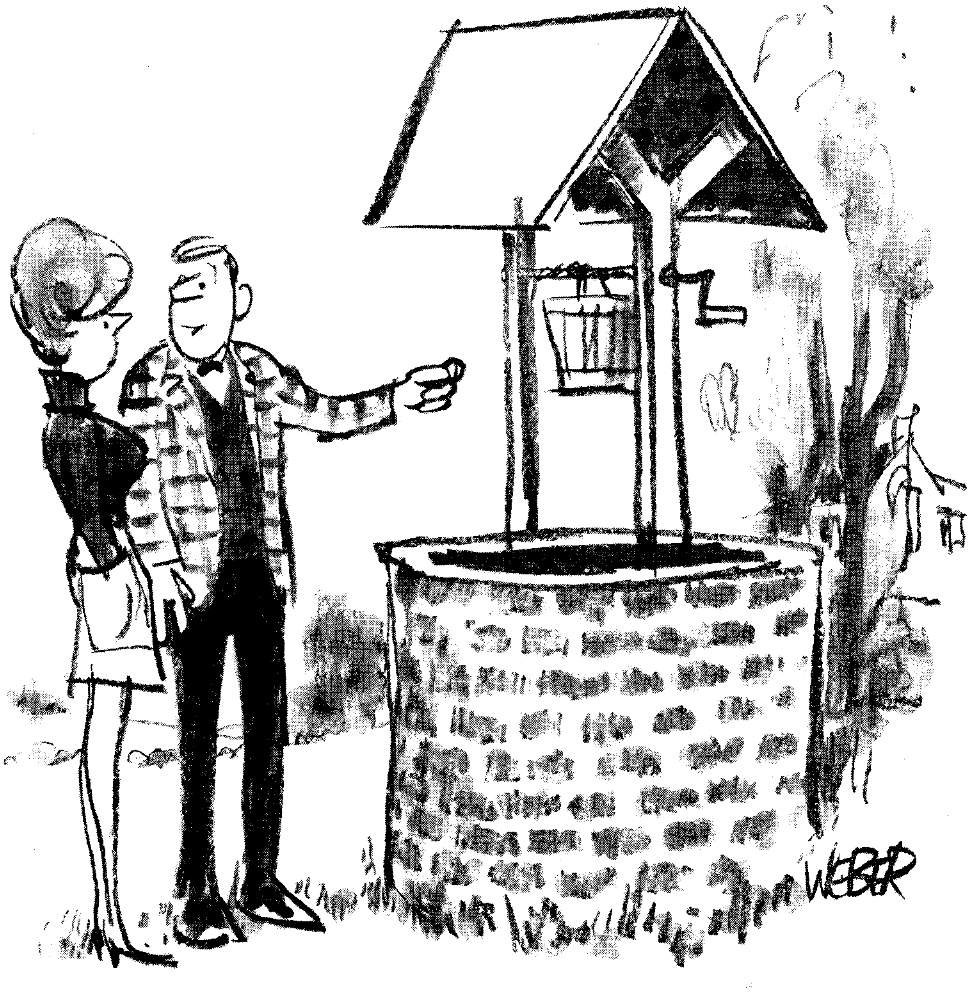
MUSICAL EVENTS

Vienna Best and Wurst

IN Mozart opera, the Wiener Staatsoper, or what we commonly call the Vienna Opera, is the inheritor of a noble tradition that sometimes gives its performances exemplary style. It involves a large amount of rehearsal and expert coaching, and it produces an ensemble of almost chamber-music intimacy, not only among the singers but between the singers and the orchestra. The ensemble also exists on the dramatic side of things, where every gesture and expression and every movement from place to place onstage is calculated and harmonized. The main figure in this sort of production is the conductor. He is the absolute boss—the real star of the performance and the coördinator of everything the singers do. Without his continuous supervision, all the fine points disappear. I am told that the "Don Giovanni" with which the Vienna Opera opened its season in Montreal recently was a near disaster. One reason was probably that a conductor of secondary stature was in charge. I had the good fortune to attend the next performance there, and a great deal had happened in the meantime. Josef Krips, just recovered from a minor illness, had put the company through a strenuous bit of rehearsing and had tightened up the whole production. The performance I heard was a beauty. Mr. Krips, a man who knows every nuance of the opera and who never let his control of the singers falter, built up the structure of the score magnificently, and I am sure that the singers surpassed themselves simply because of the confidence inspired by the man in the pit. The contribution of the orchestra—the famous Vienna Philharmonic, which serves also as the orchestra of the Vienna Opera—was of an incredible smoothness and accuracy.

Don Giovanni himself was sung, not unexpectedly, by Cesare Siepi, whose suave manner and highly cultivated vocal style have made him practically indispensable today in the title role, whether in Vienna or at the Metropolitan. The Donna Elvira was the equally familiar Lisa della Casa, and though she had a little trouble with her *fioritura* here and there she turned in her customary highly agreeable performance. She is not the most passionate of Donna Elviras, but she *is* pretty, and her authoritative stage presence, along with her neat phrasing and accurate intonation, made her reading of the role as expert as it has been in many a Metropolitan production. The other singers were unfamiliar. Gundula Janowitz, a soprano with a voice of wonderful purity (by which I mean that there was not the shadow of a vibrato or wobble in it), sang Donna Anna. She had a tendency to gloss over her *fioritura* passages instead of singing them evenly, but this tendency was never obtrusive, and the vocal quality in sustained notes was ravishing. The Zerlina was Graziella Sciutti, a little woman of just the right size to suggest Zerlina's youthfulness, with a flawless lyric soprano, no end of acting ability, and the capacity for giving emotional color to her phrases. A young East German tenor named Peter Schreier was the Don Ottavio—an acceptable and, indeed, a rather good one, though he had to push now and then for notes in his upper register and was not entirely in control in the long phrases of "Il mio tesoro." A nice fresh young voice, though. Erich Kunz turned out to be a superb Leporello—a man with a powerful bass voice and an actor who never went to extremes or called undue attention to himself. Herbert Lackner made a first-rate Masetto and Franz Crass an excellent Commendatore, or *Comtur*, as the Austrians quaintly put it.

And this was a remarkable "Don Giovanni" for other reasons, too. There were changes from routine staging in many places—the work of Otto Schenk. Miss Sciutti's Zerlina was a painstaking study. She walked with feet wide apart, as a peasant girl should, and wore slippers that resembled wooden shoes. In the scene just before the Serenade in Act II, Don Giovanni and Leporello did not exchange hats and capes until just before Donna Elvira's entrance. This eliminated the usual comic pantomime by Leporello as he impersonates Don Giovanni, but the restaging was different and stimulating. Don Giovanni, impersonating Leporello, worked out a map on the floor instead of waving his arms to show Ma-



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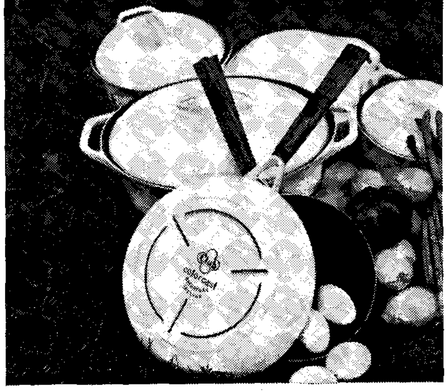

setto and his fellow-conspirators where to go, and so on. But the most original features of the stage spectacle were the sets, designed by Luciano Damiani. This was a low-key "Don Giovanni;" the great seducer lived not in the never-never-land sort of castle that usually meets the eye and that we are accustomed to at the Metropolitan but in just the sort of small palace that one might reasonably expect a Spanish nobleman to inhabit. The scene in which Donna Elvira first encounters Don Giovanni was a broad plaza with exaggerated perspective, reminiscent of the early paintings of de Chirico. All colors were understated pastel. The scenery was dominantly gray, with brown detail. The costumes, equally understated, were designed with wonderful taste, and their range of color was only slightly greater. There was no peasant embroidery on the skirts of the peasants. They, too, were dressed in pastel grays, pinks, and blues. What architectural ornament was employed was either Spanish baroque, applied sparingly, or simple brown-tile-roofed Spanish. The effect of all this was charming, even though in a couple of places it did not quite come off. One of them was Don Giovanni's descent into Hell. Here flames were represented by a billowing red curtain, a corner of which was raised so that Don Giovanni could simply step behind it. And the statue in this scene was a bronze, armless mammoth that looked like Punch in a Punch-and-Judy show and that seemed to have broken down the whole side of Don Giovanni's palace in order to make his entrance. The scenery had one other defect, and this one was serious because of the width of the Salle Pelletier, where the performance took place. The stage was enclosed in a frame that was probably suitable to the smaller dimensions of the Vienna Opera House, but this frame made everything done a few feet behind the footlights invisible to anyone who was not seated in the center of the house. Again, my luck held. I had a seat in the middle of the first balcony.

FROM there on, I am sorry to say, my enthusiasm diminishes. The "Marriage of Figaro" presented on the following night was quite mediocre. The fault did not lie with the conductor, the able and experienced Karl Böhm. It was a matter of undistinguished acting and bad casting. One bright exception stood out in the midst of all the mediocrity—the Susanna of Reri Grist, an American singer who has been here off and on, who has exquisite vocal style, and who moves about

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the stage with an inimitable sprightliness. The Figaro was Walter Berry, who is a fine singer but lacks the power to convey the humor and the sly obsequiousness of the character. Olivera Miljakovic, a diminutive Yugoslav soprano, had similar trouble with her dramatic characterization of Cherubino. Nowhere did she manage to convey the spirit of juvenile ardor the role calls for. She did, however, sing accurately. Hilde Güden, as the Countess, used every artifice to cover the defects of a voice that is no longer what it once was. Her tones were often harsh, and her upper register was weak and unstable. Eberhard Wächter, whom I had regarded as the most effective of all Count Almavivas, failed to sparkle. He sang well, but the trace of self-disparaging humor that used to be a part of his Count was absent. Curiously, the lesser roles were the best-performed, among them the Marcellina of Hilde Rössel-Majdan, the Don Basilio of Murray Dickie, and the Bartolo of Manfred Jungwirth. The scenery, by Teo Otto, was pleasing but entirely conventional.

If "Figaro" was a disappointment, the following performance, of "Der Rosenkavalier," was close to being a washout. Mr. Krips was once more in the pit, and he kept the orchestra so subdued that the robustness which is one of the main features of Strauss's music was lost. Undoubtedly he did this simply because of the inadequacy of much of the singing, which was mainly by the Vienna Opera's second-line artists. Again, there was one glorious exception. Mr. Kunz, as von Faninal, brought this comparatively minor role into particular prominence with the power of his voice and the aptness of his dramatic portrayal. But everything else was humdrum, and sometimes downright faulty. I have admired Leonie Rysanek in "The Flying Dutchman," "Don Carlo," and elsewhere, but vocally she is no Marschallin, for the role is mostly set in the middle register, where her voice is weakest, and she did very poorly. Her advantages were in her appearance—she made an extremely youthful Marschallin, and she has always had a certain stage presence. But these advantages were not enough to make up for badly focussed tones and vocal instability. Oskar Czerwenka was a presentable yet by no means remarkable Baron Ochs. His voice sounded small in the Salle Pelletier. Christa Ludwig, whom I know from many past performances to be an excellent artist, did a good deal of shouting as Octavian—sounding not

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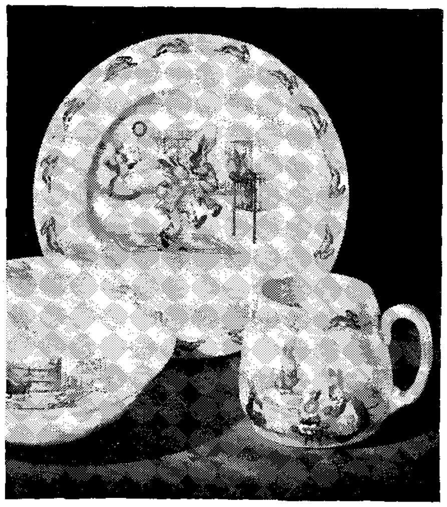
like the mezzo-soprano she is generally supposed to be but like a lyric soprano misplaced and overeager to make an impression. Wilma Lipp was an accurate but small-voiced Sophie, Emmy Loose screamed unmercifully as Sophie's Duenna, Miss Rössel-Majdan and Gerhard Stolze were excellent in the minor roles of the two intrigants, and Mr. Schreier was a reasonably good Italian singer, though, again, he had to push. Robert Kautsky's first-act set was a splendid affair, all in gold, and the second-act set was not quite so striking, though adequate; nobody expects much splendor in the last act, but the squalid hotel-room scenery was quite well done.

I regret having to make this mixed report, but what I have reported on is, in my experience, typical of the Vienna Opera as it is today. Once in a while it comes forward with a production the like of which one is unlikely to encounter anywhere else. In between peaks, though, it is apt to revert to its routine level, which is not, in vocal matters, particularly high.

DURING a long career as an observer of opera, I have encountered many placid, reasonably attractive, note-perfect sopranos who have sung Violetta in "La Traviata" in what has generally been regarded as an acceptable—even in some quarters a remarkable—manner. But only twice have I been jolted by a portrayal that seemed to pull me from my seat and hurl me into close involvement with the character. The first of these was that of Maria Callas, who sang the role at the Metropolitan several years ago, when her voice was already reedy in quality but had not yet disappeared; the second is that of Patricia Brooks, the Violetta of the New York City Opera, which opened its season in the New York State Theatre last Thursday night, just as I got back from Montreal. Miss Brooks, who appeared on the second night of the season (Friday), is a little like Miss Callas as an actress, and vocally she is in much better shape. Memory can be deceptive, but I am pretty sure that I am correct in describing her as the greatest Violetta I have ever heard. Her voice is pure and well produced, and she can scatter *fioriture* around with complete abandon, every note on pitch. These, however, are minimal requirements. The remarkable thing about Miss Brooks is that she can even make you forget she is singing. Every utterance is so intimate a part of the character that it seems to be the most direct and natural sort of com-



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munication, and you are held spellbound not only by the music but by what is happening to Violetta—in her mind as well as outwardly. She *is* the fragile, highly feminine, vulnerable creature you always expect and seldom get. Miss Brooks, like Miss Callas, is fairly free in her musical interpretation of the role, and Franco Patane, the conductor of this production, was wise enough the other night to give her her head. Electrifying pauses here and there added suspense to dramatic moments—though they were never of such length as to destroy the musical line. Visually, Miss Brooks is ideal—slim enough to be a convincing consumptive, more graceful in movement than anyone else I can remember in the role, and totally immersed in every moment of the drama. I recall hearing her Violetta last year, and commenting at the time on her remarkable interpretation. But this interpretation has matured in depth and assurance since then. If you want to see your dream of "La Traviata" realized, I urge you to go and hear her. Great Violettas do not turn up often.

The other members of the cast were not far behind Miss Brooks. Placido Domingo, the big, muscular Mexican tenor, is one of the most cultivated singers of his type to be heard today, and his Alfredo is done with masculinity and temperament as well as lovely tone. His size and ease of manner, moreover, make him the perfect foil for Miss Brooks. And then there is the Elder Germont, as done by Dominic Cossa, a young singer whose vocal powers have grown enormously during the past few years. He now has one of the most beautiful baritone voices you are likely to come across anywhere, and he handles it with admirable style. I shall not comment on all the lesser roles. They were excellently done, and the entire production was vivid and imaginative far beyond what is considered the operatic call of duty. For this, much credit must go to Frank Corsaro, a stage director who can bring Italian opera to life as few others can.

ALTHOUGH I greatly enjoy the blinding effect of Marc Chagall's "The Magic Flute" at the Metropolitan, there is a good deal to be said for Mozart's "The Magic Flute" as presented at the New York City Opera. Beni Montresor's sets are not quite as spectacular, but they do make a tasteful background for the opera, and if you don't want to be distracted from its rather placid and passionless drama, they are quite appropriate. "The Magic Flute" opened the season, officially, on

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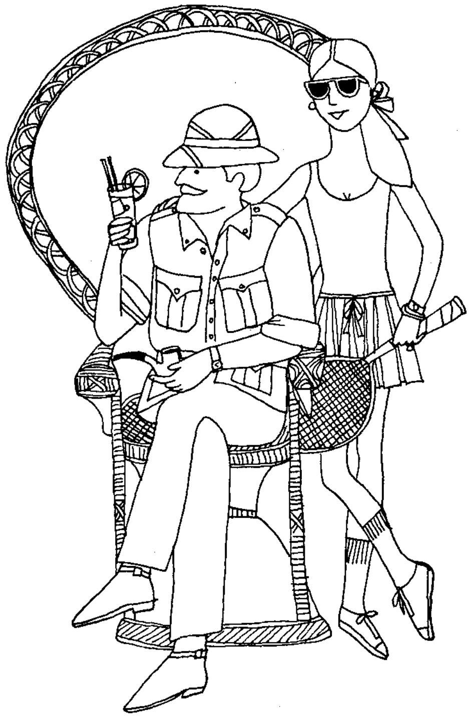

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Thursday night, and if I mention it second it is only because "La Traviata" stole the show from it. Not that it was a bad "Magic Flute." There was some excellent singing from Veronica Tyler, as Pamina, and some very good singing from Michele Molese, as Tamino, though Mr. Molese's habit of forcing in order to become a big, Caruso-type tenor sometimes interferes with the quality of his voice. Beverly Sills was the Queen of the Night—a fine one, except that, as can happen to the best of coloratura sopranos, one or two high notes did not quite hit the bull's-eye. Georg Schnapka, the Baron Ochs of last year's "Der Rosenkavalier," was a fairly good Sarastro, with low notes that were there, even if they were scarcely more than whispers. William Metcalf's Papageno, large in volume and clear in enunciation, was probably the most satisfactory contribution of the evening, but Nico Castel's Monostatos was certainly acceptable, and the Three Ladies sang creditably. There were, however, evidences of under-rehearsal in this production. The boys who sing the Three Spirits were out of tune in a couple of places, and tempos and musical joinery were not always precise. Mozart is far more intricate and difficult to put together musically than Verdi, and for that reason demands much more accurate teamwork. I am afraid that this performance was not really one of the New York City Opera's memorable ones. It was sung in English, in the excellent translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin—a point that made for rapid comprehension in those instances in which the singers enunciated well enough to be understood. Julius Rudel conducted expertly, but I had the feeling that too much reliance had been placed on the rescuing powers of the baton and too little on drilling. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

MOST REASSURING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Melbourne (Victoria) Age*]

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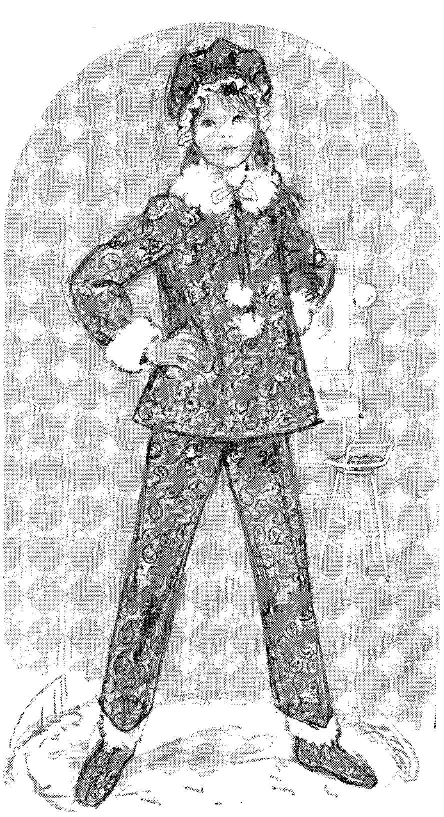

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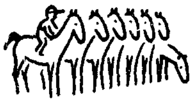

WHAT the Beldame Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday lacked in numbers it made up in contest. I can remember renewals in which so many fillies and mares came swooping down the stretch that it looked like a cavalry charge in one of those TV Westerns, but this time there were only six starters, and to all intents it was a two-horse race between Mac's Sparkler and Triple Brook, which the former won by a neck. Gamely was third, a couple of lengths behind. Farther back, Straight Deal, who occasionally runs with the boys—she was third to Damascus and Ring Twice in the Aqueduct Stakes recently—nosed out Lady Pitt for fourth money. Triple Brook led out of the starting gate, followed by Mac's Sparkler, but they hadn't gone far before Boland, the latter's jockey, had an inkling that the pace was slow, and shaped his tactics accordingly. (The first six furlongs was run in 1:13⅖, the slowest time in any race that afternoon.) Rounding the far turn, Mac's Sparkler joined Triple Brook, and from there they went stride for stride to the winning post. Mac's Sparkler, who is owned by Jack Dreyfus, Jr., hadn't won since she beat Straight Deal in the Black Helen at Hialeah last March, but she hadn't been out of the money, either. I've seen Ycaza ride smoother races than the one on Gamely. Still, a jockey can't win without the horse. And it was said that Straight Deal, who was odds-on, didn't fancy the slow pace and the damp track. Perhaps she also had sore shins.

AS a rule, the Jerome Handicap, for three-year-olds, at a mile, is a lively affair, and the ninety-eighth running was no exception. High Tribute, one of the least fancied of the nine starters—he paid $158.40, exactly as much as the daily double that afternoon—won it by half a length in a driving finish with In Reality. Jim J., who from his size and conformation should make a grand jumper, was third. Great Power stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half mile in 0:44⅗, and then tired, and High Tribute went on to do the six furlongs in 1:08⅘ (a fifth off the track record) and the mile in 1:34⅘. In

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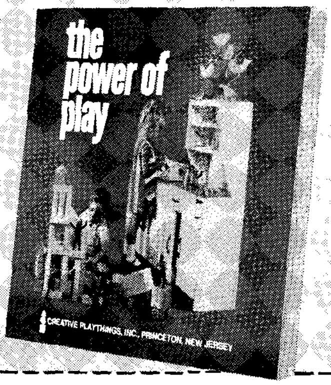

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Reality, who gave High Tribute thirteen pounds, was slow off the mark and was caught behind a crowd of horses until he was sent around them on the stretch turn. And, while we're on the subject of three-year-olds, Successor, who was rated best of last season's two-year-olds, won his first race in 1967 just before the Beldame. It was his seventh try.

IN my book, the most notable performance of the week at the Big A was that of Quick Pitch, who won the Rouge Dragon Hurdle Handicap at two and a half miles by sixteen lengths under 172 pounds, giving thirty-five pounds to Gay Sparkle, who was second, and forty-one to Brandon Hill, who was third, and, incidentally, setting a course mark of 4:30⅖ for the distance. As in his five previous victories, Quick Pitch galloped far ahead of his field, taking his fences boldly and in perfect form—until he came to the last one. To the surprise of spectators and the consternation of E. Barry Ryan, who trains him, he brushed through it. It seems that he had been allowed to loaf a bit and had become careless. No harm was done to him, however.

ALL the better grass-course horses were at Atlantic City for the United Nations Handicap there last Saturday, but it and the rest of the card were postponed because of the doings of Hurricane Doria. It was expected that the track, sodden from the heavy rain, would be dry by midweek. As this is written, Charles W. Engelhard's Assagai, the winner last year, is still the favorite. . . . Farther afield, the American-bred Ribocco, who was second in the Derby Stakes at Epsom and won the Irish Sweeps Derby at the Curragh, took the St. Leger, the last of the season's British classics, at Doncaster last week. Coming from behind at the end of the mile and three-quarters, he beat Queen Elizabeth's Hopeful Venture by a length and a half. Ribocco is owned by Mr. Engelhard, who won the race three years ago with a British-bred colt named Indiana. . . . And I regret to report that Native Diver, idol of California racegoers, died last week after an attack of colic. An eight-year-old brown gelding by Imbros out of Fleet Diver, he was bred and raced by L. K. Shapiro, and started eighty-one times; he won thirty-seven races, thirty-four of them stakes at distances from six furlongs to a mile and a quarter, and $1,026,500 in prize money. He will be missed.

—AUDAX MINOR

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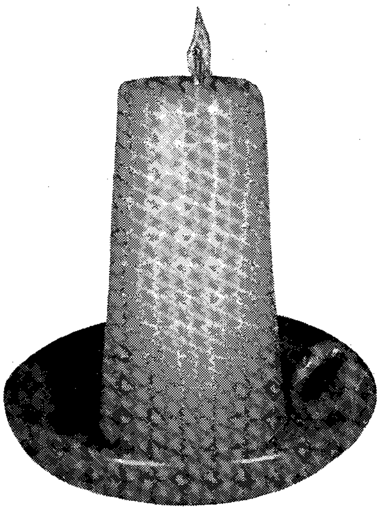

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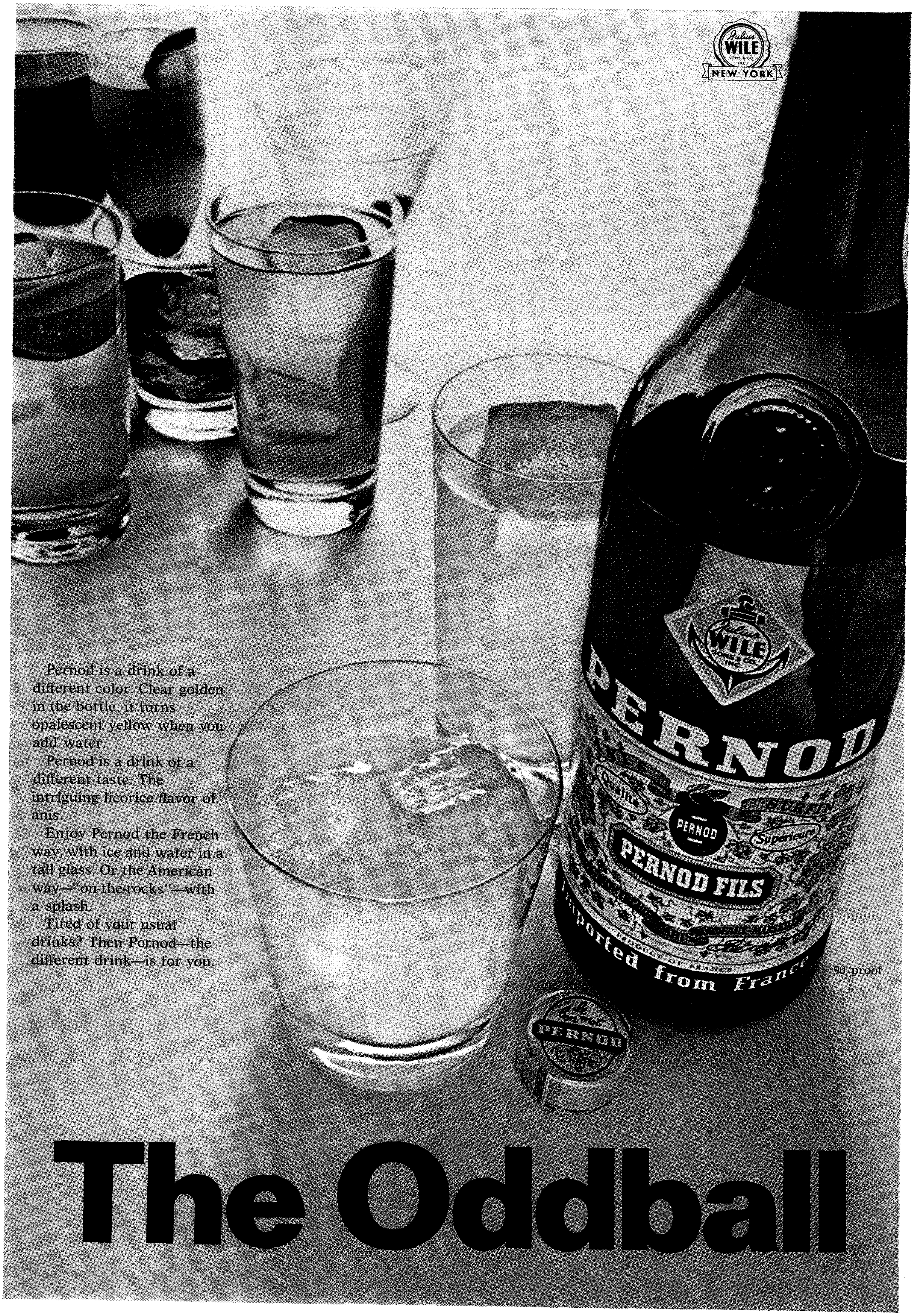
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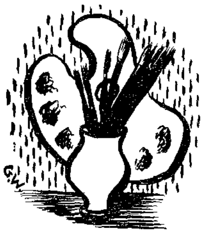
Hypothesis for Criticism



IN his "In Praise of Hands," written thirty years ago, Henri Focillon extols the hand as an organ of thought. "The most delicate harmonics," he says, "evoking the secret springs of our imagination and sensibility, take form by the hand's action as it works with matter." It is the hand, he holds, not the eye, that discovers and investigates surface, volume, density, and weight. Thus, Focillon is enraptured by Hokusai, in whose compositions "you can see the hand move about . . . nervous and rapid, with a surprising economy of gesture. The violent mark it deposits on this delicate substance, this paper made of scraps of silk . . . dots, blots, accents, and those long crisp lines . . . all convey to us the world's delights and something not of this world but of man himself." Considering Focillon's enthusiasm, one would expect him to judge paintings by the range and quality of the evidences of the hand shown in them. The kind of cool, preconceived, immaculate, "non-painterly"—in sum, bodiless—abstractions currently prominent in American art would seem to represent the kind of painting that would fall under his ban. Focillon, however, though with apparent reluctance, rejects the impulse to rank paintings according to the artists' modes of handling their surfaces. The issue, he realizes, is one of substance, not manner. Thus, his essay tells of a young artist who boasted that in the landscape he had painted every touch of the artist's hand had been extinguished. Focillon is not perturbed. If the painter wished to reject manual virtuosity, if his hand chose to negate its visible traces, that, too, constituted a *manual* statement; it affirmed a taste for order and permanence, for a rational conquest of the accidental, and for an "austere desire to eliminate his own personality and to plunge with all modesty into a great contemplative wisdom, an ascetic frugality." In art, personality turned against itself results in another kind of personality. By cleansing his work of the imprint of the organic, by purging it of "expression," the artist causes it to become expressive of his passion for self-transcendence. The late Ad Reinhardt, whose satin surfaces constituted a po-

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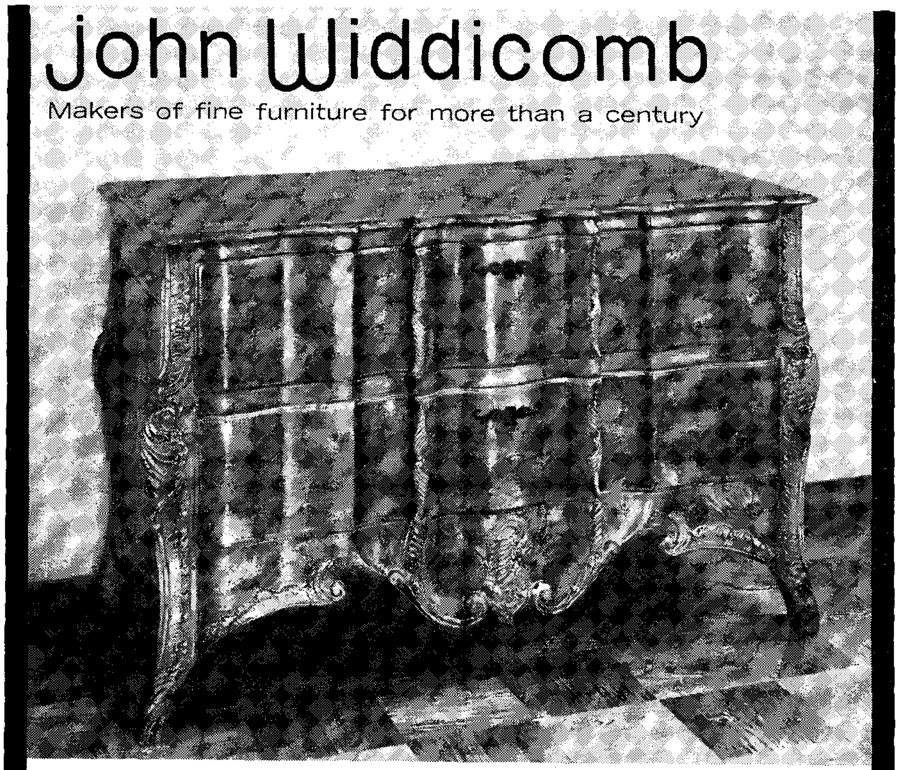

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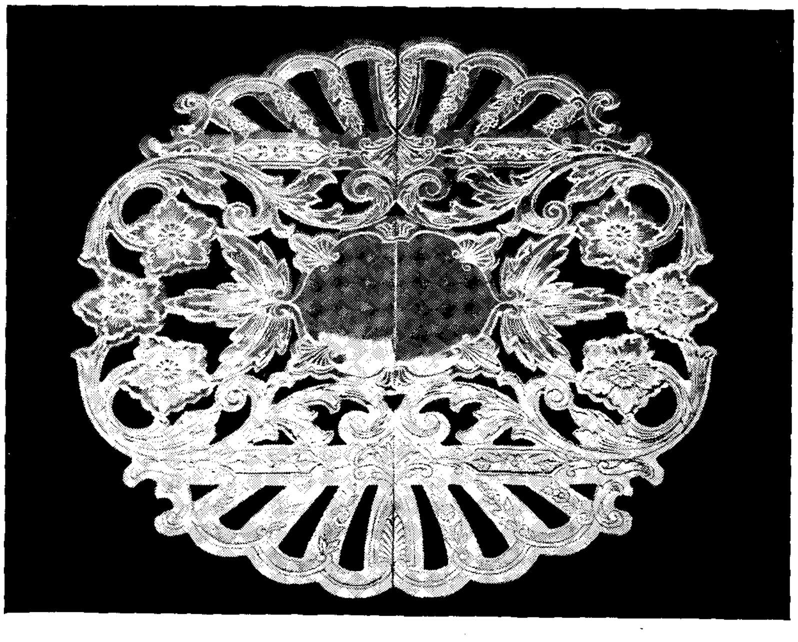

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lemic against Expressionism, was an expressionist in this self-surpassing (or self-cancelling) sense.

Both poles of the behavior of the hand in art—as alive on the canvas and as rendering itself invisible—were from the start prominent in Abstract Expressionism. The decisive role of manual tracks, including accidental slips, runs, blots, fingerprints, in the paintings of Pollock, de Kooning, and Kline did not prevent an intellectual and aesthetic exchange between these works and the relatively impassive tablets and veils of such contemporaries as Tobey, Rothko, Newman, Gottlieb, and Still. What distinguished the Action Painting wing of Abstract Expressionism from its fellow image-makers was the coalescence in the act of painting of undifferentiated movements of the body and the mind. In a manner akin to certain dances of the East, or to an industrial skill like diamond cutting, all the physical and intellectual energies of the artist were concentrated in heightened pitch in the digital extremities. At the same time, this concentration was entirely exploratory—one might almost say explosive. Its function was total creation, not—like the relaxed, freely associative state of the Surrealists—the formation of an image in the mind to be transferred to the canvas. Never before did the action of the artist take place in so advanced a degree of liberation from external direction—for example, that oppressive sense of the layman's demand for an identifiable subject or message in a painting which inhibited Klee. It is this freedom of manual movement, extending to the farther side of virtuosity, that, reflecting the social isolation of American art in the decade after the last war, is the link between the formal characteristics of Action Painting and the historical circumstances (the "cultural crisis") out of which it emerged.

That a meaningful image could be realized through the spontaneous "thinking" of the hand was a radical idea, if not an altogether new one—an idea still misunderstood by people trained to believe that all forms originate in, or are inherited by, the mind, and that consequently the absence of mental planning can result only in formlessness. The reductive (or "ascetic") symbolism developed conceptually by the contemplative Abstract Expressionists was intellectually more accessible, by association with earlier visionary painting (for instance, that of Redon), than the calligraphy of the Action Painters. Yet, with both groups of Abstract Expressionists, what counts is the tension focussed in the image by

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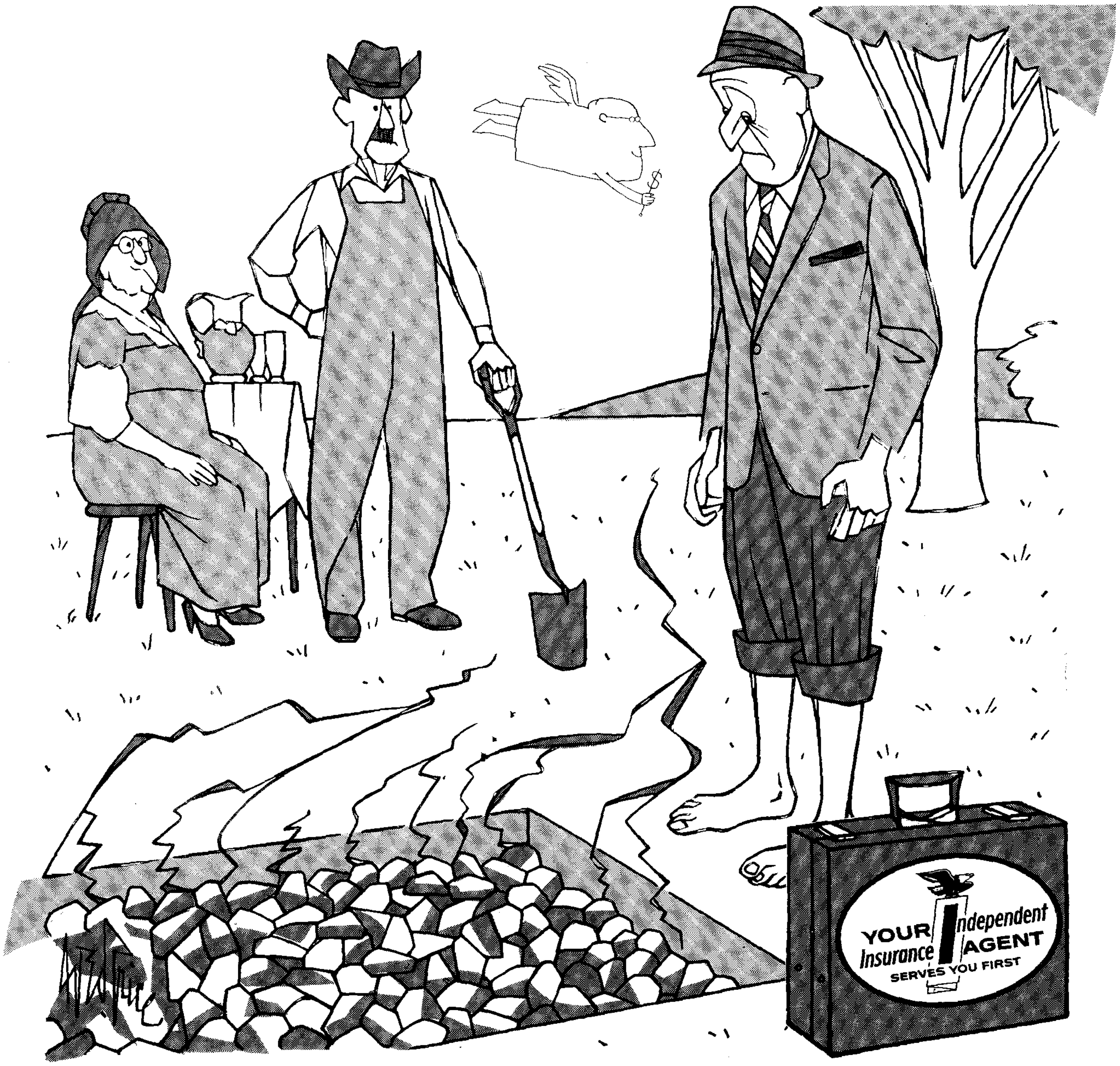

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the handling; the impact of a Rothko, Newman, or Gottlieb lies not in the metaphysical connotations of its oblongs, rectangles, or ovals but in the expansion and compression of the surface by which the artist's psychic state is conveyed. The notion of antagonistic aesthetic directions within Abstract Expressionism is an ideological superimposition of later critical writing rather than a fact of the actual historical development. In many of the later paintings of Hans Hofmann, a remarkable range of spontaneously instigated gesticulations of the brush—wherein, as Focillon says of Hokusai, "the hand seems to gambol in utter freedom, and to delight in its own skill"—is combined with carefully premeditated rectangular, even-surfaced slabs of unruffled yellow, red, or blue. In emphasizing the autonomy of the hand while negating that autonomy in the same picture, Hofmann seems to insist on the futility of a dogmatic approach to handling—which did not save him, however, from being presented as a painter of "flat" color areas in a carefully selected posthumous exhibition early this year.

IN art, the hand represents the boundary between human action and mechanical or chemical process. In breaking contact with his pigment by throwing it off the end of a stick or pouring it from a can, Pollock brought the painter's act to an extreme of physical release; one step more by Pollock's followers was sufficient to carry it out of the artist's control into automatism and chance. After Pollock's paintings had become popularly familiar, machines appeared with which, after inserting a coin, one could make an Action Painting by regulating spurts of color upon a whirling sheet of paper. Since then it has become the rule among artists of the avant-garde to execute paintings with paint rollers, silkscreen printing, and other touch-eliminating devices and to have sculptures produced in factories or to assemble them from ready-made elements. To this type of art, Focillon, in 1936, raised prophetic objections. Though he had come to terms with art in which the hand conceals itself, the possibility of paintings from which the manual touch would be entirely absent filled him with disquiet. In art made by machines, he declared, "the cruel inertia of the photograph will be attained by a handless eye," resulting in an absence of physical responsiveness, attractive and yet repellent, "like the art of another planet, where music might be a mere graph of sonorities, and ideas

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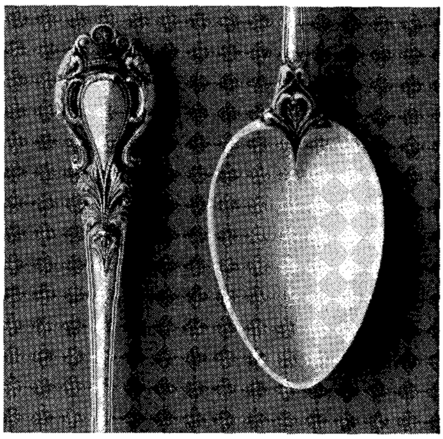

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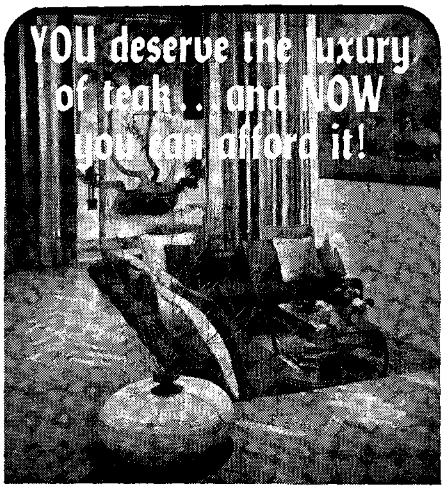
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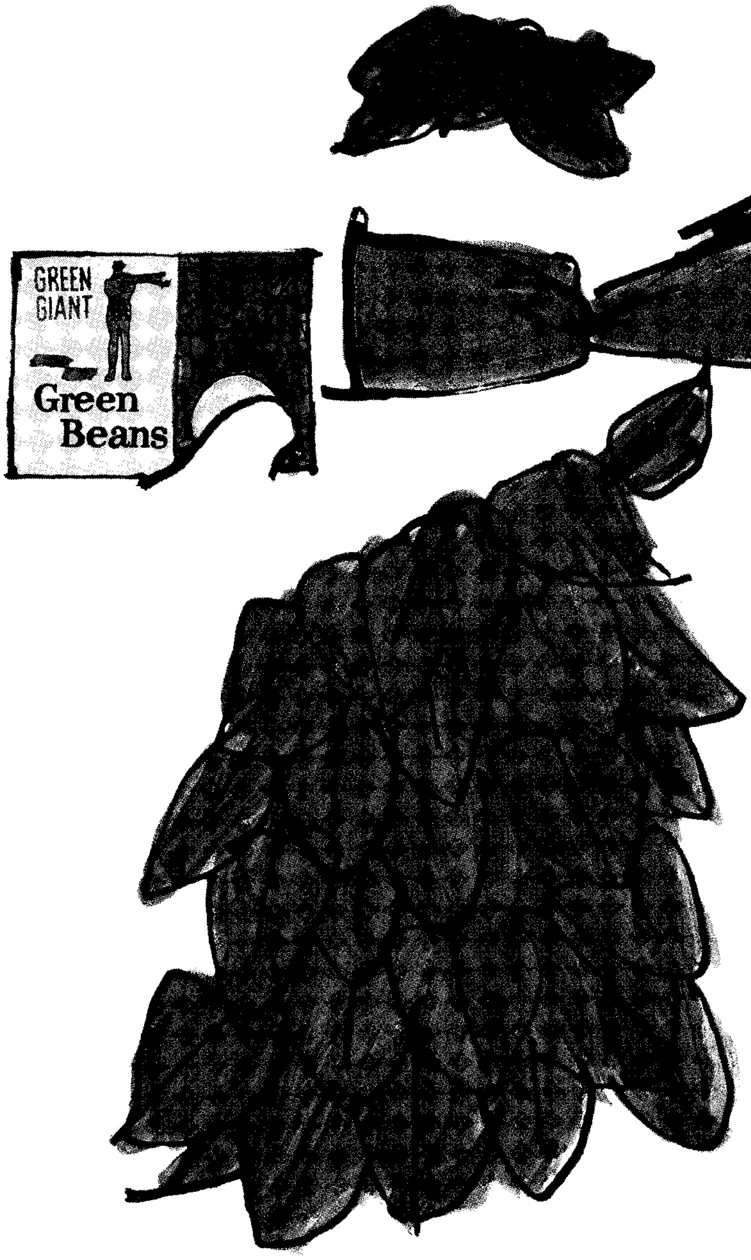

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might be exchanged, without words, by wave lengths." The ultimate quality of such an art, he contended, would be loneliness and estrangement.

The nub of Focillon's position is its resistance to attempts by twentieth-century vanguardism to sever the ancient connection between art and the crafts. Twenty-five years before the publication of "In Praise of Hands," the issue of ending the identification of art with handwork had been given ultimate formulation by the act of Marcel Duchamp in exhibiting factory-made objects as works of art signed by him. Today, this act has taken on the authority of a sacrament. Still, it is tempting to define art as that form of thinking that arrives at its conclusions through the physical handling of materials. Though, as we shall see, this definition has a fatal weakness, it offers advantages that are worth considering. With art thus defined, no aesthetic premise is taken as valid that does not anticipate that it will be transformed by the artist's engrossment in the sensuousness of his medium. In short, a wholly brain-generated art is excluded on principle. Paintings illustrating aesthetic verities, whether Abstract Expressionist, Pop, or Minimal, are classified as blackboard demonstrations rather than as works of art. Eliminating the unique manual impress, or duplicating its appearance for the sake of effect, is recognized as having the function, under present conditions of mass production in the arts, of assimilating painting and sculpture into the system of directed creation dominated by Hollywood and Madison Avenue. A picture or object completed in the mind and realized in paint, plastics, or metal by mechanical means is considered to belong to the practical arts—fabric design, perhaps, or architectural ornament. Blowups like the Picasso monument in Chicago escape falling into the category of shop-made reproductions only when their final form represents a collaboration between the artist's sketch or model and the free exercise of skill by artisans responsible for the enlargement.

The concept of art as thinking fused with doing offers a point of resistance to the present trend toward incorporating the arts into the mass media, on the one side, and subjecting them to ideological manipulation by an avant-garde academy, on the other. The hand, that primitive instrument on which each of us still depends, wishes to conserve its limited powers against the overwhelming forces let loose upon the imagination by the deluge of technological innovations, from synthetics to transis-

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tors. The hand, it is safe to say, has a natural preference for a pencil over an instrument panel. As far as the hand is concerned, the medium is never the message, if for no other reason than that a medium speaks to individuals only when it is the implement of an individual. The reduction of the spectator to passivity is irreconcilable with art conceived as a manual activity. Thus, the prestige of art is withdrawn from happenings based on the chemical or electronic stimulation of reflexes and claiming the status of art under the catchwords of environmental and audience-participation "works." Poe envisioned the poet as systematically pulling the strings of his readers' sensibility; his author-sorcerer, however, confined himself to the apparatus of sound, rhythm, imagery provided by language. In contrast, the present-day "artist-technologist" (as one observer recently called the manipulator of mass responses) draws increasingly on the laboratory and its products, whether acids or strobe lights, and his operations have not necessarily more to do with art than has the third degree. To attach the title "Art" to instrumentalities of physical and mental breakdown is simply a way of demanding the privilege of unlimited experiment on human beings. In self-defense, we ought to assert that there is no such thing as an artist-technologist. Though the artist and the engineer are both capable of affecting the human organism, their reasons for doing so have nothing in common.

One would like to post these opinions, and the notion of the centrality of the hand from which they derive, on kiosks prominently placed throughout the art world. They might on occasion interrupt the rush toward the old-new and even create a distraction from paradoxes that have grown tiresome—for one, that the most advanced art is art that has got farthest away from art through the logical evolution of art history. For all its validity, however, the idea that art consists in "struggling with the hardness of things" cannot be accepted as an exclusive idea; that is to say, as a definition. The relation of art to craft is not an absolute one but is subject to the constant transformation taking place in the practices, function, and materials of both. It is therefore a relation that must be reinterpreted from moment to moment by the historical consciousness. Given the proper circumstances, an art that goes against the craft tradition can rejuvenate that tradition. It is for that reason that anti-art ideas and works have become part of the history of modern art. But if

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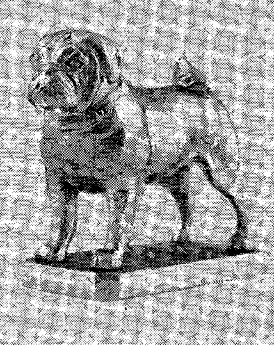

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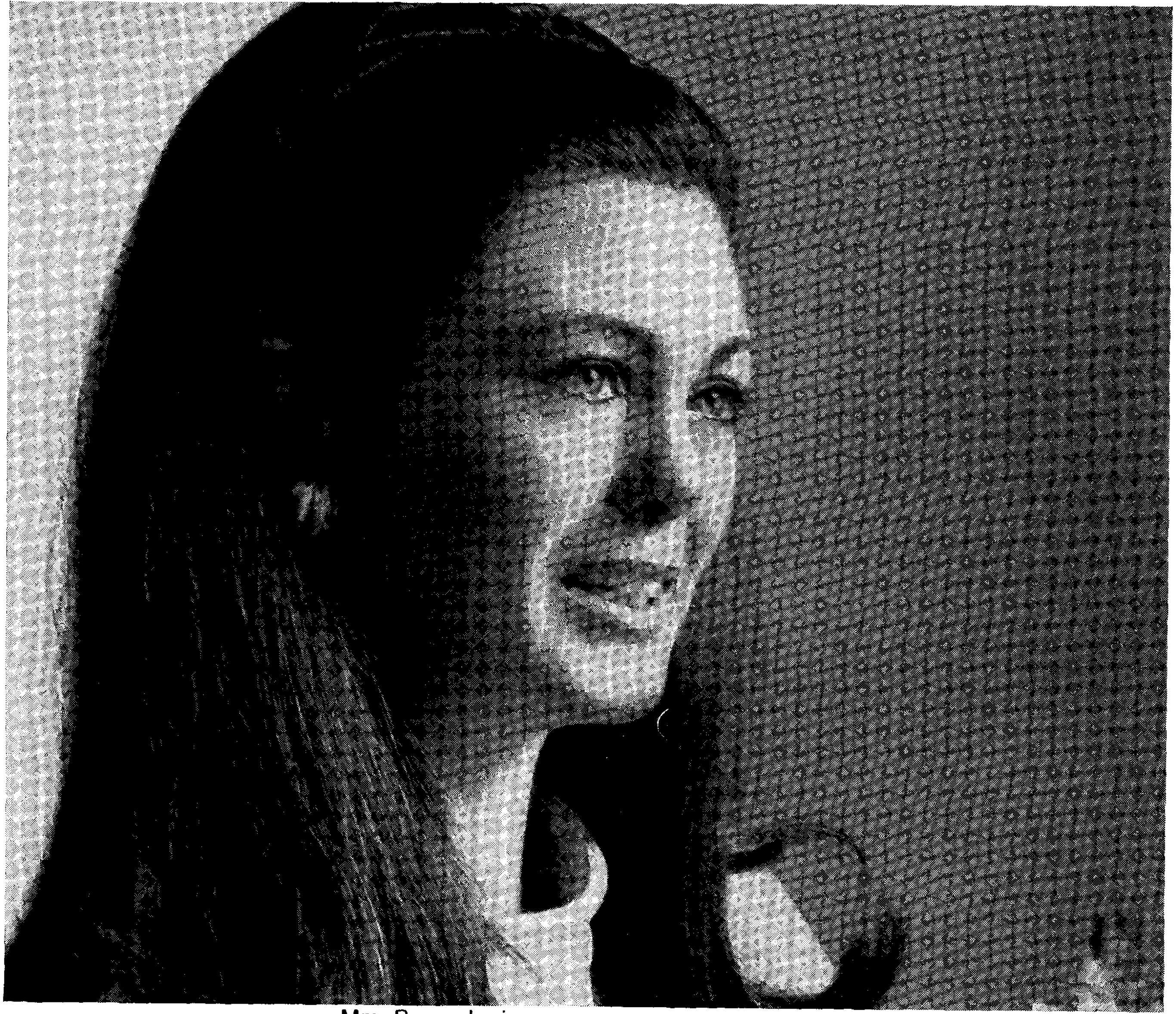

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anti-art can be liberating, it can be stifling, too. Half a century ago, Duchamp's act in *declaring* art instead of making it (i.e., in signing his hardware) was part of the continuing effort of the vanguard to draw painting out of the salon into the realities of the city; the same act today is strictly of the salon. To cure the anonymity of factory-made objects by the signature of the artist presupposes that he possesses an individual identity—an assumption that might have been viable fifty years ago but that today is highly questionable. Indeed, the deliberate negation of individuality has become the project of much machine-inspired art. The end result would be a featureless object authenticated as art by the signature of nobody. Expanding the dimensions of the individual, or contracting them, continues to be the ultimate preoccupation of art in our time.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Morristown* (*N.J.*) *Daily Record*]

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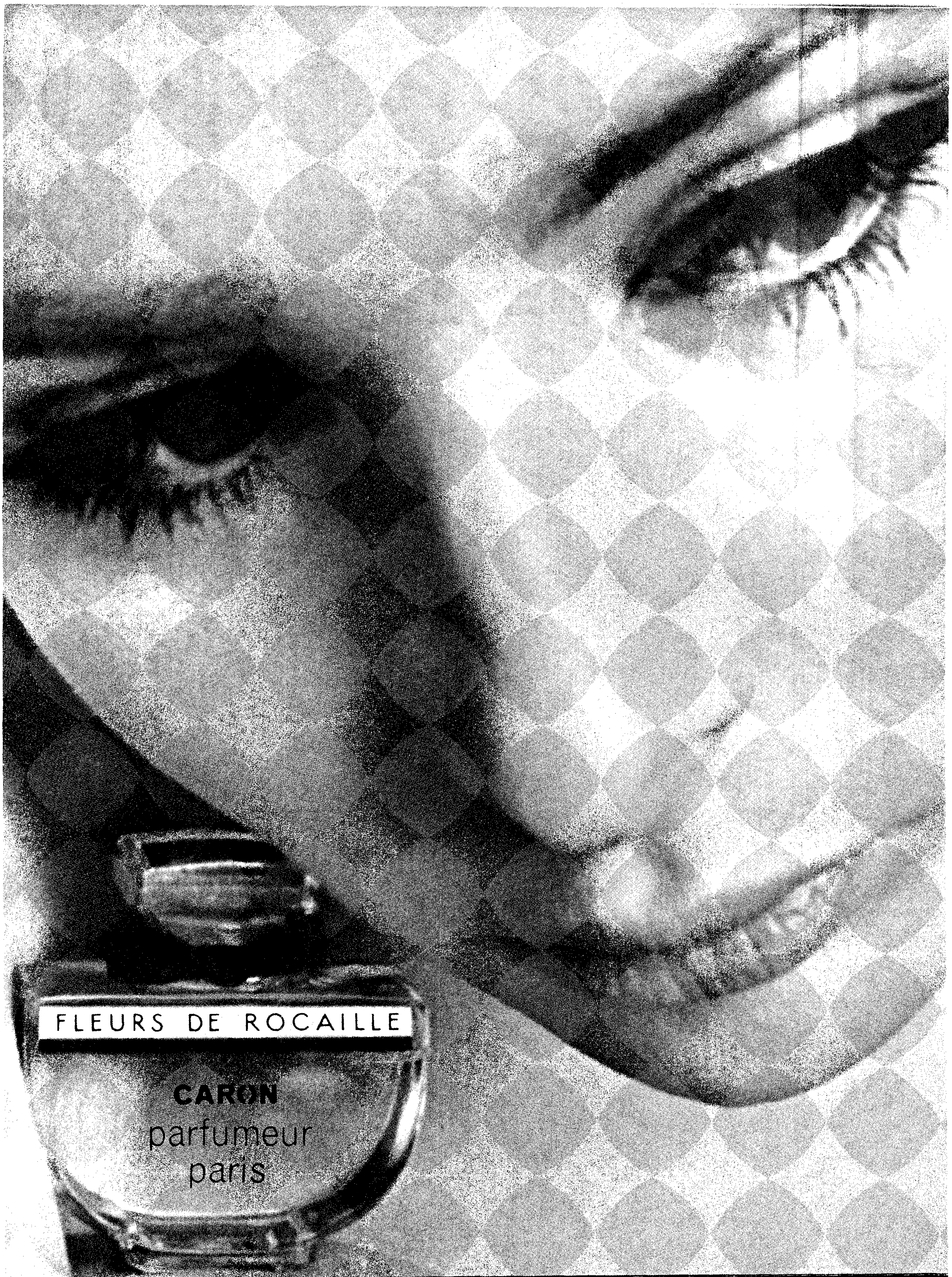
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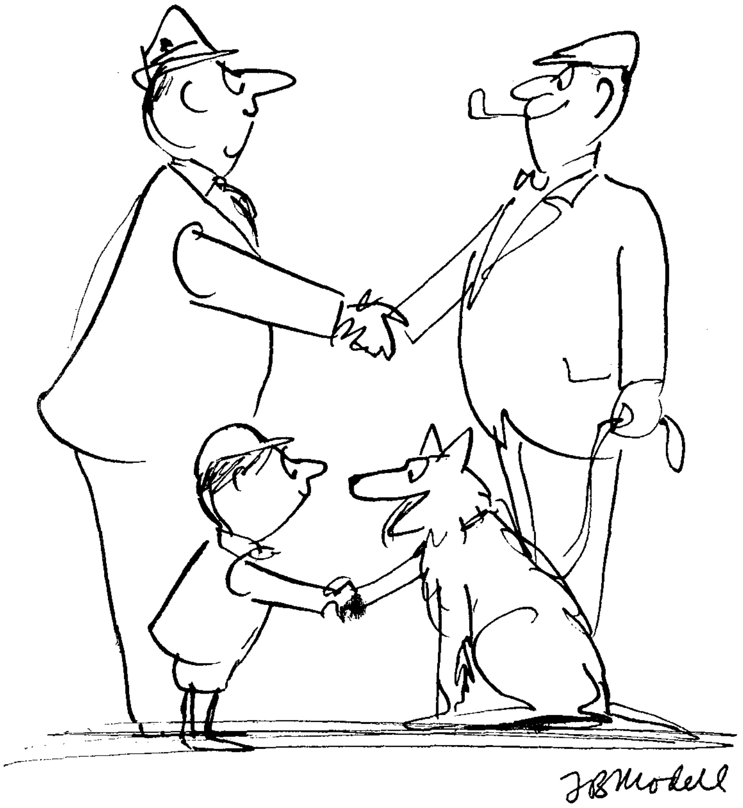
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 15

SEVERAL weeks ago, a television correspondent whose name is not but might be Network was told by a United States senator that the government was planning to build some kind of anti-infiltration barrier across South Vietnam, just south of the Demilitarized Zone. Network asked George Christian, the White House press secretary, whether what the senator had told him was correct; the answer was that there was no element of truth in it. Thus advised by the highest information officer in the government—the authorized spokesman for the Commander-in-Chief—Network did not pursue the matter further. A couple of weeks later, his friend in the Senate called to say that, regardless of any denials the White House might choose to make, he had certain knowledge that the project was under way, and that it would eventually be announced by the Department of Defense. This time, confident that the senator knew what he was talking about, Network did not consult Christian but went ahead and, appearing before cameras in a taping session on the White House lawn, disclosed the senator's disclosure. Soon after he finished, he was summoned by Christian, who asked him what he had been talking about. Network recommended that Christian find out by tuning in on the early-evening news program, due to be broadcast in an hour or so. Ignoring this suggestion, Christian then asked if he had by any chance been talking about the barrier, and Network said that, as a matter of fact, he had been. Sounding as if he had no interest higher than a solicitude for Network's reputation—a friendly desire to save Network from needlessly creating a "credibility gap" of his own—Christian said that anyone who reported the construction of an anti-infiltration barrier in South Vietnam was simply purveying misinformation. He went on to say that the whole idea of a barrier was one that had never at any time been given serious consideration by the Johnson Administration. Network, who had never had any reason in the past to suppose that Christian would knowingly mislead him, said that he trusted the source of the information he had just taped, and that he would take his chances with his reputation as a journalist. Christian then asked if it would make any difference to Network if he, Christian, checked his own source again and was able to come back and say categorically, on the highest authority, that there would be no barrier. Knowing that the authority was the President of the United States, and unable to see any possible gain for Mr. Johnson in deceiving anyone on this particular matter, Network said that he supposed it would make a difference. Christian thereupon left the office, and in a few minutes returned to say that he had made his new check and was in a position to give Network the categorical and authoritative assurance of which he had spoken. Christian did not say that he had talked with the President, but Network assumed that he had, and therefore phoned his network to ask that the barrier story be killed, which was done. A week ago, less than ten days after the incident in Christian's office, the Secretary of Defense told a news conference in the Pentagon that work had begun on an anti-infiltration barrier across South Vietnam just south of the Demilitarized Zone.

It now appears that just about everyone—here, across the country, around the world—is persuaded that this sort of thing is characteristic of the Johnson Administration. It is. It has also been characteristic of governments since the first of them came into being. It is possible—it even seems likely—that the Johnson Administration resorts to deception more frequently and more shamelessly than any previous administration in American history, but this cannot be established, and even if it could be, the chances are that the present Administration would come in first by no more than a nose, or by a length or two at the most. A head of state—particularly in a diverse and democratic society—is necessarily a kind of philanderer, and in dealing with his numerous mistresses, or constituencies, he is bound to make false professions of one sort or another. It was in appreciation of this fundamental fact of political life that the early theoreticians of democracy stressed the need for a free press, and it was partly on this account that the founders of this democracy distributed powers as they did. Other Presidents and other press secretaries, both Democratic and Republican, have used journalists as badly as Johnson and Christian seem to have used Network. Moreover, it is barely conceivable that Christian actually thought he was telling Network the truth, and it is even barely—very barely—possible that the President thought he had told Christian the truth. Major decisions are sometimes taken in a few days—although in this case it has been revealed that the clearing of land for the barrier had been going on for some time. This government is so huge and its undertakings are so numerous that not even a President who tries to keep a grip on every rein of power in every department, agency, and bureau can always know everything that is being done. It seems, however, to be a fact beyond dispute that no other President has ever had to live in an atmosphere so heavy with distrust and disbelief as Lyndon Johnson, and it seems also to be a fact that never before have distrust and disbelief provided the foundation for such massive opposition to a President. Every surveyor of public opinion, every traveller returning from the prov-



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inces reports that the primary cause of disaffection—or at least what is most often stated as the primary cause—is the feeling that this President cannot be counted upon to tell the country the truth, to keep his word, to be straightforward in his dealings with others. What may well be a majority of the American people are persuaded that the President is a dishonest and dishonorable man.

This comes close to being a national disaster, and may be so viewed even by those who would like to see Lyndon Johnson out of the White House at the earliest possible moment. For a lack of confidence in the integrity of a particular President diminishes respect not only for him but for the office he holds, and will be part of the heritage of any man who succeeds him. What makes things even worse in this case is that those who complain most of a lack of integrity are probably concealing from themselves the true basis for their opposition—that is to say, if an examination could be made of what people feel, as distinct from what they say they feel, it might show that the lack of Presidential integrity is the articulated rather than the actual ground for disaffection. There is only one thing of great importance that has changed since 1964, when the country gave the President an overwhelming vote of confidence, and that is the scale and intensity of the war in Vietnam. The racial crisis has also deepened, but there is no evidence that, outside the Deep South, any significant number of Americans feel that this is a matter for which the President can be held responsible. But he is held responsible, Constitutionally and in almost every other way, for the war in Vietnam, and nearly all the incidents that are cited to demonstrate his untrustworthiness and his unreliability have to do, as in the case of Network and Christian, with this carnage, which is as hateful to those who support it as it is to those who want no part of it. Since most of the President's time is spent on Vietnam, it is inevitable that most of his misrepresentations, as well as his not infrequent lapses into candor, should have to do with Vietnam. Further, since this is both an undeclared and an unpopular war and must therefore be waged without the advantages of patriotic fervor and of censorship (in Washington, if not in Saigon), it is inevitable that there should be widespread public knowledge of the misrepresentations. In any event, people normally indifferent as to whether a President misleads them about the ex-

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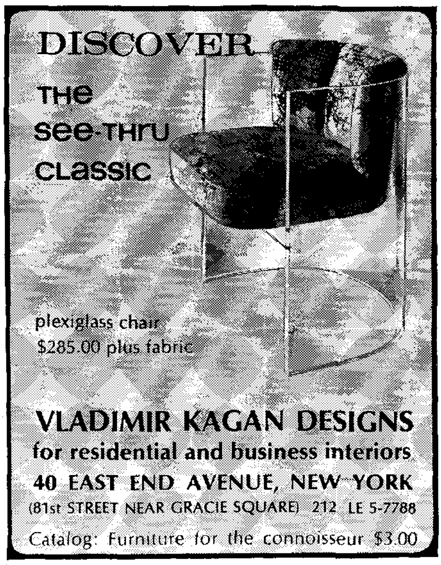

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act size of the deficit he plans to incur or about his choice for an Under-Secretary of the Interior are by no means indifferent when they are deceived about what they properly regard as a matter of life or death—particularly when it may be life or death in a war that many regard as unjust and nearly all regard as inglorious.

It is seldom possible to attribute a President's standing with the public to any single aspect of his character or to his approach to any particular issue. There are dozens of "publics," and each judges him according to standards determined by its own needs and desires; in the best of times he is the leader of a coalition in constant danger of fragmentation, while in the worst of times, such as the present, he must struggle to assert his Presidential authority against a new coalition formed to thwart him. Now, though, it does seem clear that it is the war in Vietnam, and only the war in Vietnam, that has brought him low. Though the "credibility gap" was almost daily on display before the major escalations of 1965, he was in no serious trouble; ever since, he has been in trouble up to his conspicuous ears. In any event, no President in recent times has faced such hostility. Franklin Roosevelt was actively hated through most of his more than twelve years in office, but only a few of his detractors had ever been his supporters; as for his supporters, they responded to the heightening hostility with a heightening loyalty. Once, in the closing days of his Presidency, Herbert Hoover had to be hidden in the men's room of a railroad station in Detroit while police dispersed mutinous mobs on the streets outside, but, just as Roosevelt had never been strong in the middle class, Hoover had never been much admired by the working class. The most intense, and surely the most galling, hostility that Johnson faces today comes from those who voted for him with enthusiasm three years ago. There are liberal politicians who once thought of him as their leader but are now sent into transports by "MacBird" and have persuaded themselves that he is a simple-minded, bloody-minded populist jingo who not only authorizes the bombing of civilians in North and South Vietnam but takes the sort of pleasure from it that Mussolini took from the bombing of villages in Ethiopia. There are intellectuals, some of them former members of his Administration, who are so disoriented by their hatred of him that they elevate it into a principle of some kind and spin new theories and laws of politics around it; many of them merely

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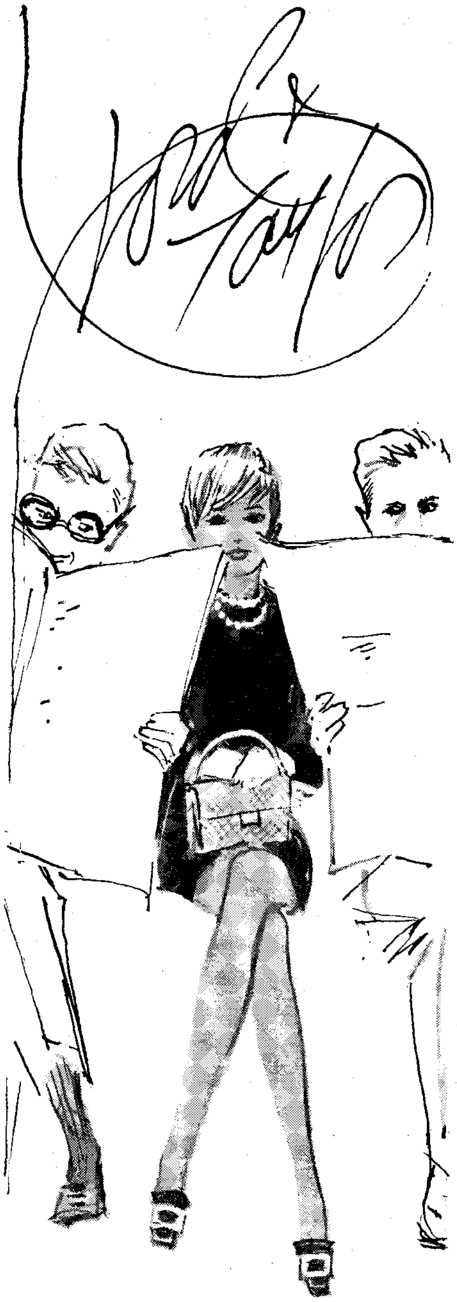

Second glance

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shrug and say they do not think it very far off the mark when spokesmen for the New Left characterize him as a racist comparable in viciousness and brutality to the late George Lincoln Rockwell.

How far this sort of thing has spread through the country no one can say. As a rule, not very many people have the sense of personal involvement in politics that is required to sustain any high emotion; war, however, increases the number of those who feel personally involved, and their number is almost certainly greater today than it was two or three years ago. Hostility can exist at widely differing levels of intensity, and in some cases can take the form of apathy. One can observe in this city a phenomenon of an almost macabre sort and one that has certainly not been seen since Hoover's last days, if then. Shortly after John Kennedy's assassination, the peddlers of cheap souvenirs placed orders for gimcracks of various sorts—plates, pennants, plaster busts, paperweights—featuring the likeness, or an approximation of it, of the new President. This was the usual procedure; an accelerated turnover of Presidents and a speedy celebration of the doctrine of "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" mean good business for the shopkeepers along Pennsylvania Avenue and other thoroughfares travelled by tourists. It is said that the souvenirs sold briskly enough for a time but that now they are becoming collectors' items. They have disappeared from most windows and have been replaced by new plates, paperweights, and the like bearing reproductions of the face of John Kennedy. While some, then, merely despise the President, others—evidently numerous among the pilgrim types who visit the national shrines here—choose to ignore him or deny his existence.

The political consequences of the disfavor into which Johnson has fallen may not be as great as logic suggests they should be. No political analyst of any sobriety will flatly predict his defeat in 1968. If war has been his undoing, peace, if he can get it, could restore him to, or near, the heights he commanded in 1964. He may stay in office even if the war goes on and widens. The public's attention now is focussed almost entirely on him and on his shortcomings; the shortcomings of those who would like to get his job next year receive only fitful attention. When these men come under closer scrutiny, it may be found that some of them share his faults or have worse ones. Voters may see the election as a case of leaving Johnson's frying pan for some-

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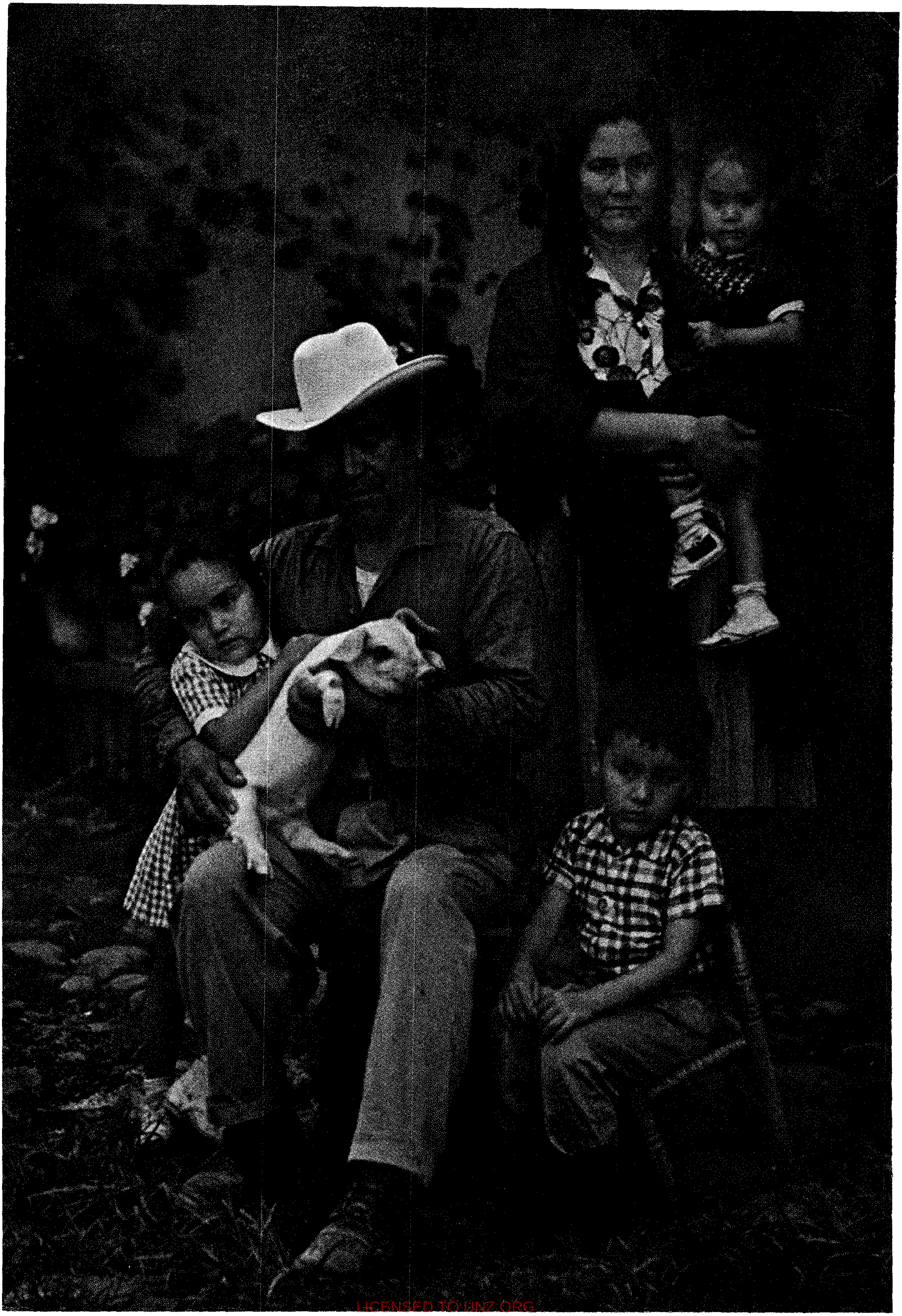

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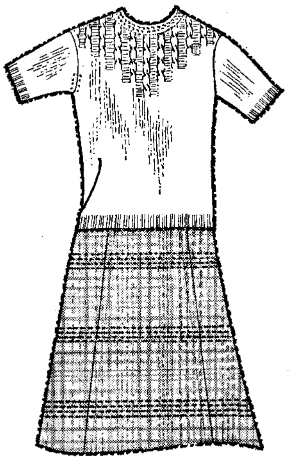

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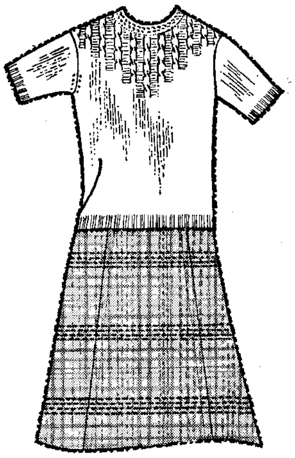

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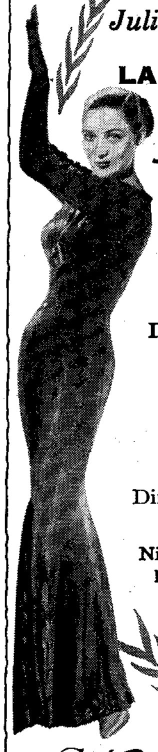
one else's fire, and decide to stay put. They may favor a President who doesn't tell the truth over an aspirant who says that the truth is that he was "brainwashed" by some generals in Vietnam. Johnson remains one of the ablest politicians alive; he will find ways of exploiting the weaknesses of his rivals, and may even find ways of converting his own liabilities into assets. There are still more Democrats than Republicans, and the Democrats are still the better-organized and more cohesive party. There is one Republican, Nelson Rockefeller, who, given the chance, could probably win. Other things being equal, Rockefeller should be able to perform in a national election as he has in New York and win Democratic votes while holding his own party together. But other things will not be equal. Much would be changed by Rockefeller's very nomination, if this proved to be within the realm of the possible. Right-wing Republicans would defect in large numbers, many of them to George Wallace, who would draw more votes from Rockefeller than from any other Republican. As of the moment, it looks to observers here as if Richard Nixon, provided he does not come to the Convention with enough votes to win on the first ballot, will find himself in a contest against Ronald Reagan, with Nixon the probable, though by no means certain, winner. If Nixon became the candidate, the country would be faced with a choice between two men widely and profoundly distrusted.

Whatever happens next year, the view of Lyndon Johnson that has been fixed in so many minds over the past two years will have broad currency for some time to come. This is a pity not only because it weakens the Presidency as an institution but also because, like so much that the President and the people about him say, it conceals the truth. No one who has had any dealings with Johnson's White House would deny that it is always more prudent to question than to accept the President's word. A republic whose Chief Magistrate hides nothing and is always as good as his word would obviously be preferable to the United States under its thirty-sixth President. But there have been no more than a few cases in which the public interest seems to have been damaged by the Administration's deceptions. If a decision has been taken to build a fence across South Vietnam, in plain view of the enemy forces whose passage it is intended to obstruct, the public has a right to know about it, and journalists should have a right not to be lied to about it or about anything else.



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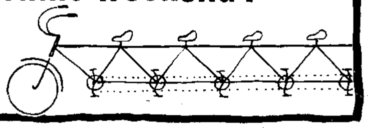

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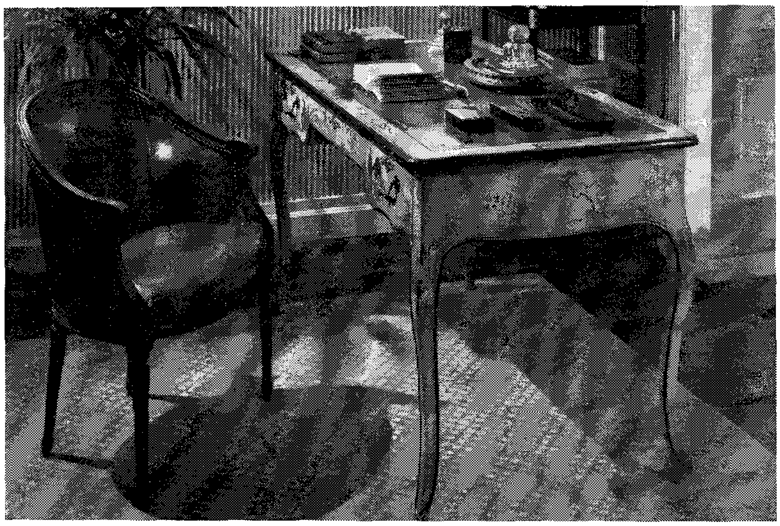
But the story did reach the public within a few days; if nothing of value was gained by not releasing it earlier, neither, it would seem, was anything lost. Why in such cases—and such cases are the general rule—the Administration prefers an unprofitable deception to profitable candor is anything but clear. The best thought is that it can be explained by neither reason nor expediency, that deception has become addictive, that the Johnsonian passion for secrecy is out of control.

In an open society, a Presidential passion for secrecy is deplorable; in any kind of society, a passion for war is criminal. There are rational people here who, though they reject the view that Johnson revels in gore and destruction and genocide, believe that he has been seized with at least a low-grade martial fever—that he has committed himself to a military solution in Vietnam and resists a solution of any other sort, and that he sees his place in history as the builder of a great American presence in Asia. There is probably something in this. He may not be irrevocably committed to a military solution, but his Administration's pursuit of one has so far been more arduous than its pursuit of a diplomatic settlement, and he seems to be committed to the proposition that our influence in Asia should not be less than our influence in Europe—an approach that appears to embody paradox and irony, since our influence in Europe lessens as a direct consequence of our role in Asia. But if he is to be faulted for this, it has to be conceded that there is nothing politically aberrant or uniquely Johnsonian about it. Long before he entered national politics, there were a great many Americans and quite a number of esteemed appraisers of the national interest who held that the American stakes in Asia were greater than those in Europe. Moreover, if there is a fallacy in his outlook on the war, it is one that is shared by all his principal rivals except Governor Romney, who was off on a different tack a couple of weeks ago and may be off on another tomorrow. Johnson is not more of a hawk than Rockefeller, Reagan, or Nixon. Some readers of recent memoirs—especially those of Roger Hilsman, a former Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs—think they have incontrovertible evidence that Johnson secretly committed himself to the military approach before his 1964 campaign against Barry Goldwater and concealed the commitment in order to win the election. There is no support



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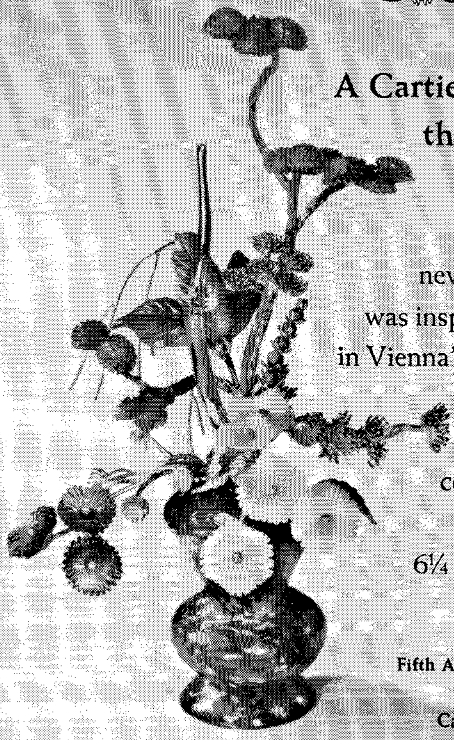

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for this in Hilsman's book or any other. What dismayed Hilsman and led him to leave the government was the fact that the military people seemed to be winning on points and by default at the sub-Cabinet level; he correctly foresaw the consequences and resigned. But anyone who supposes that Johnson would commit himself to any particular strategy, political or diplomatic or military, in advance of the absolute need for commitment has little understanding of the man. If, in the spring of 1964, he had decided that the time had come when he was compelled to make a choice between a military and a political solution, he would *not* have let a year go by without doing anything about it. He might, to be sure, have waited until the election was out of the way, but he would have acted before midsummer of 1965, when the war was very nearly lost. He would have intervened on a large scale as soon as such intervention became militarily and politically feasible, and would have preceded this with an effort to get a "consensus" favorable to his new position. In his 1965 State of the Union Message, he had almost nothing to say about Vietnam. If he now believes that no solution except a military one will do—and this seems unlikely in a politician with Johnson's weakness for expediency, since any other kind of solution would serve his interests better—it is because he has been convinced or has convinced himself that it is the only kind he has any chance of getting.

For this Administration, the tragedy of Vietnam is not only that it is wrecking the domestic program and parts of the foreign policy but that it is obscuring accomplishments of a sort that might, in the absence of the war, be highly regarded even by the Administration's severest critics. Because the war seems to so many to be very nearly the whole of American foreign policy, it becomes plausible to characterize the policy as "imperialist" or "racist" or "genocidal" or "militaristic." But while the Administration supports a reactionary military junta in Vietnam, it is also supporting several Socialist governments in sub-Sahara Africa. It has been assisting the nationalist government of the Congo against assaults by white mercenaries, and it has let that government use the Central Intelligence Agency to keep up with the doings of Moise Tshombe and other enemies of the Mobutu regime. If its aim is to assert "white supremacy" on a global basis, it is going about it in a most peculiar way when it uses its wheat surpluses to stave off famine in India and in many parts of

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Africa. If, as many critics say, American foreign policy is motivated by nothing but an obsessive "anti-Communism," it is hard to see why the Administration should be as diligent as it has been in seeking to expand trade with Eastern Europe when the advantages would be diplomatic rather than economic, or why it continues to seek, through treaties, a *détente* with the Soviet Union. A simplistic anti-Communism is one of the weaknesses—a historic one by now—of American policy, and is on display at its worst in the war in Vietnam, but it is not the whole policy. And it would be a proportionately much smaller part than it is if Congress did not impede so many other undertakings urged by the Johnson Administration.

Lyndon Johnson, particularly in adversity, is no one's idea of an appealing public figure, though some people on occasion find him an appealing human being. He is ruthless and vulgar and can be monumentally inconsiderate. Though he is not given to the kind of self-pity that seeks to make others appear responsible for his failures, he spends a fair amount of time feeling sorry for himself and seeking the company that misery always enjoys. He has lately been carrying around some notes he has put together on other Presidents who have faced difficulties similar to his, who have been similarly reviled by their contemporaries, and who have nevertheless received favorable notice from historians. The most obvious one of recent times is, of course, Harry Truman, whom Johnson visited in Independence a few days ago. In some ways, the comparison does not work at all. Though each had been Vice-President and succeeded a greatly respected man in the White House, Truman was very little prepared by experience, while Johnson had had as much as any man in American history. Truman was an authentic provincial; Johnson is a worldling who sometimes poses as a backwoodsman. More important, Truman's successes were all in the field of foreign policy; though he won election in 1948 largely by campaigning on domestic issues, he could not get his domestic program enacted even when he brought in a Democratic Congress. While it can be maintained that there is much that is admirable in Johnson's foreign policy, there has been nothing innovative about it—nothing that is not a mere continuation of established American practice. If there is a comparison with Truman, it is apt only if one compares Johnson's domestic achievements, which seem far in the

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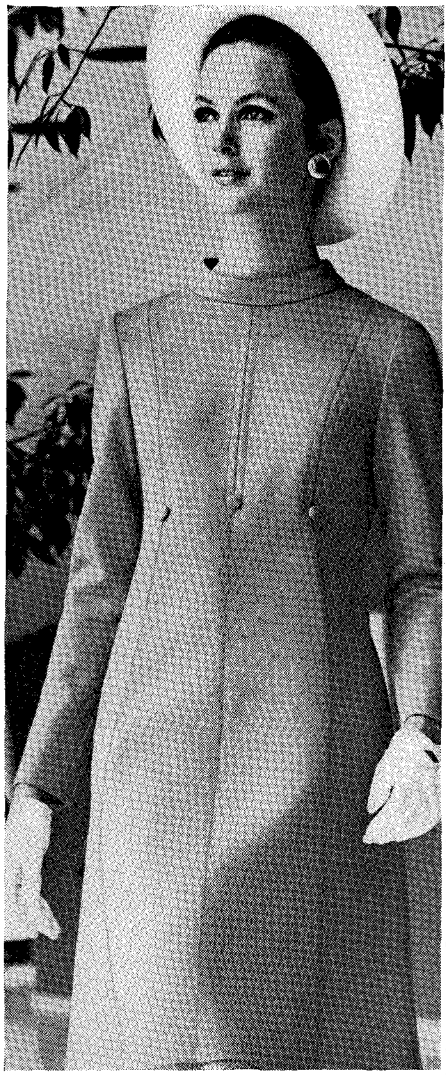

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past now, with Truman's successes abroad. It is entirely possible that if the country survives Vietnam, the Johnson Administration from 1964 through 1966 will be seen as the only one since the mid-thirties to succeed in producing any kind of institutional change in American life and government. If, as it at present appears, we are in for another period of prolonged domestic stalemate (and a stalemate at this stage of history amounts to regression), then the Johnson of the Eighty-ninth Congress may be seen as the one towering figure in a half century of American history. And if historians are able—as most people today are not—to examine his domestic achievements strictly on their merits, it is possible that it will be not merely his accomplishments during the Eighty-ninth Congress that will be reckoned as of historic importance but also some that have taken place in these last few troubled years. Though he is probably the closest thing to a pure political animal ever to occupy the Presidency, his major appointments have been consistently distinguished, and often, as in the case of Associate Justice Thurgood Marshall, precedent-setting. And only this month he showed how Presidential imagination and initiative could solve a problem that the best-intentioned of his predecessors had found insoluble. Frustrated, as others before him had been, by the refusal of Congress to allow the District of Columbia to govern itself as other American cities do, he found a way of achieving the end that he and others had sought by bypassing Congress altogether. On his own authority, he reorganized the District government, replacing the old troika Commission with a single Commissioner—Walter E. Washington, a respected Negro authority on urban affairs—with substantially the powers of an elected mayor. By using his own powers resourcefully, he made it almost certain that, sooner rather than later, some Congress will break the resistance of its Southern members to home rule in this predominantly Negro city and turn real power over to the members of the community. In any other period, this would seem rather a large and dramatic accomplishment. In an atmosphere dominated by hatred of a hateful war and by the political irrationality that such a war breeds, it was treated as no more than a triviality. The President may be right in thinking that there will be a redress of some of his grievances in the future, though almost certainly it will not be in the near future.

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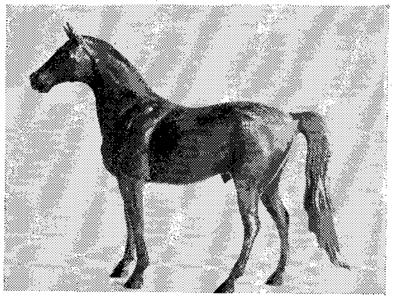

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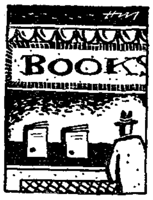
Behold Gombrowicz



AS the century grows old, men born near its beginning continue to keep fiction young—Borges, Nabokov, Beckett. Now Witold Gombrowicz, a Polish writer born in 1904, is being set forward as a master, whose not very copious complete works, mostly composed in the obscurity of Argentine exile, are to be published in America by that zealous exhumer of overlooked classics, Grove Press. The project begins with two novels—"Ferdydurke," translated from the Polish by Eric Mosbacher, and "Pornografia," which Alastair Hamilton has, perhaps not so strangely, rendered into English from a French translation by Georges Lisowski. Gombrowicz's claim to be—to quote *L'Express*—"the greatest unknown writer of our time" has reached us via the French, who took him up after his triumphant but short-lived resurrection in Poland itself, during a moment (in 1957) of cultural thaw.

"Ferdydurke" (the word is Polish schoolboy slang meaning nothing in particular) came out, with considerable success, in 1937 but was suppressed under both the Nazis and the Communists. In Gomulka's Poland of 1957, the novel's burlesque of psychological tyrannies, its premonitions of brainwashing, and its sharp savor of the prewar avant-garde must have seemed liberating. The French presumably found congenial Gombrowicz's mixture of intellection and impudence, his familiar air of fascinated disillusion. This country may find its own contemporary style reflected in his freewheeling "black humor" and his avid delineation of interpersonal "games." Myself, I must register my sensation that "Ferdydurke," a book about the imposition of form, has itself more the form—the assurance, the daring—of greatness than the substance. Beneath the energetic surface there is a static difficulty of event. The recurrent motifs seem merely curious—a strange jealousy of the young, an eccentric trick of seeing human bodies as assemblies of parts. Compared with the ideas (the recovery of time through involuntary memory, the eventual union of the paths of innocence and experience) that give momentum to Proust's masses of description, or with Kafka's intuitions of exclusion and interminability, Gombrowicz's themes are spindly, infertile, too much insisted upon, too little dramatized. There is, at least for a reader deprived of the nuances of the original Polish, not much warmth, of the kind that led Nathalie Sarraute to liken classics to furnaces still giving off the heat of their concern with reality.

In the most up-to-date manner, Gombrowicz disarms criticism by including it in his text, mocking the reader's eagerness "to evaluate and to assess, and to decide whether the work is a novel, or a book of memoirs, or a parody, or a lampoon, or a variation on imaginative themes, or a psychological study; and to establish its predominant characteristics; whether the whole thing is a joke, or whether its importance lies in its deeper meaning, or whether it is just irony, sarcasm, ridicule, invective, downright stupidity and nonsense, or a piece of pure leg-pulling." "Ferdydurke" is peppered with essays on itself, disarming admissions of its own confusion, invitations to "start dancing with the book instead of asking for meanings." But the book suffers from not an absence but an abundance of meanings. Its author, in the preface to "Pornografia," writes in an almost liturgical vein, " 'Ferdydurke' is undoubtedly my basic work. . . . [It] is intended to reveal the Great Immaturity of humanity. Man, as he is described in this book, is an opaque and neutral being who has to express himself by certain means of behavior and therefore becomes, from outside—for others—far more definite and precise than he is for himself. Hence a tragic disproportion between his secret immaturity and the mask he assumes when he deals with other people. All he can do is to adapt himself internally to his mask, as though he really were what he appears to be." This thesis, however true (and perhaps it seemed truer in the nineteen-thirties; might not Fascism be understood as a country's attempt to become "far more definite and precise" than it is to itself?), is erratically borne out by the narrative, which comes to life in some areas and churns unconvincingly in others.

"Ferdydurke" begins with a diatribe against literary criticism, and here Gombrowicz is very funny. The narrator (named Johnnie in most places and Anton Swistak in one episode) observes that "the more inept and petty criticism is, the more constricting it is, like a tight shoe." The experience of publishing a book is "like being born in a thousand rather narrow minds." He envies men of letters whose minds move perpetually toward the heights "just as if their backsides had been pricked with a pin!" He inveighs against cultural "aunts," and creates his main comic character, the Cracow philologist Pimko, who enters the room, spots the opening pages of this nov-

". . . and you can stop rolling your eyes heavenward in mock resignation!"

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el on the desk, and cries, "Well! Well! Well! An author! Let me immediately criticize, encourage, advise!" With "masterly composure" Pimko sits and reads, while Johnnie inwardly writhes: "The minutes lasted for hours and the seconds were unnaturally extended, and I was ill at ease, like a sea that somebody was trying to suck up through a straw." Gombrowicz expresses more vividly than I have seen elsewhere the something intolerable about a literary establishment—any literary establishment. If a harsh Providence were to obliterate, say, Alfred Kazin, Richard Gilman, Stanley Kauffmann, and Irving Howe, tomorrow new critics would arise with the same worthy intelligence, the same complacently agonized humanism, the same inability to read a book except as a disappointing version of one they might have written, the same deadly "auntiness." Gombrowicz's irritation is heartfelt, and the whole style of the book—its fragmentation, its tauntingness, its serene implausibility, its violent catalogues and metaphors—sustains his protest against "being tied to the cultural aunts' apron strings."

Pimko takes the thirty-year-old narrator in hand and unaccountably but irresistibly places him in school, among cruel and obscene boys extolled for their "innocence." Two schoolmates, Mientus and Siphon, engage in a grotesque combat: "The two contestants will stand facing each other and will make a series of faces. Each and every constructive and beautiful face made by Siphon will be answered by an ugly and destructive counter-face made by Mientus. The faces made will be as personal and as wounding as possible, and the contestants will continue to make them until a final decision is reached." Mientus scowls, spits, and dips his finger into a spittoon, but Siphon implacably points at the sky; "his face became diffused with seven colors, like a rainbow after a storm, and lo! there he stood in seven colors, the Boy Scout, Purity Incarnate, the Innocent Adolescent." Defeated, Mientus shouts filth into Siphon's ears, and Siphon dies.

All encounters, for Gombrowicz, are a species of duel by gesture, a clash of impersonations. The opening episode with Pimko and the narrator is such a contest: "He remained seated, so firmly and inexorably seated that the fact of his sitting, though intolerably stupid, was nevertheless all-powerful." Into the main narrative is spliced the anecdote of "Philifor Honeycombed with Child-

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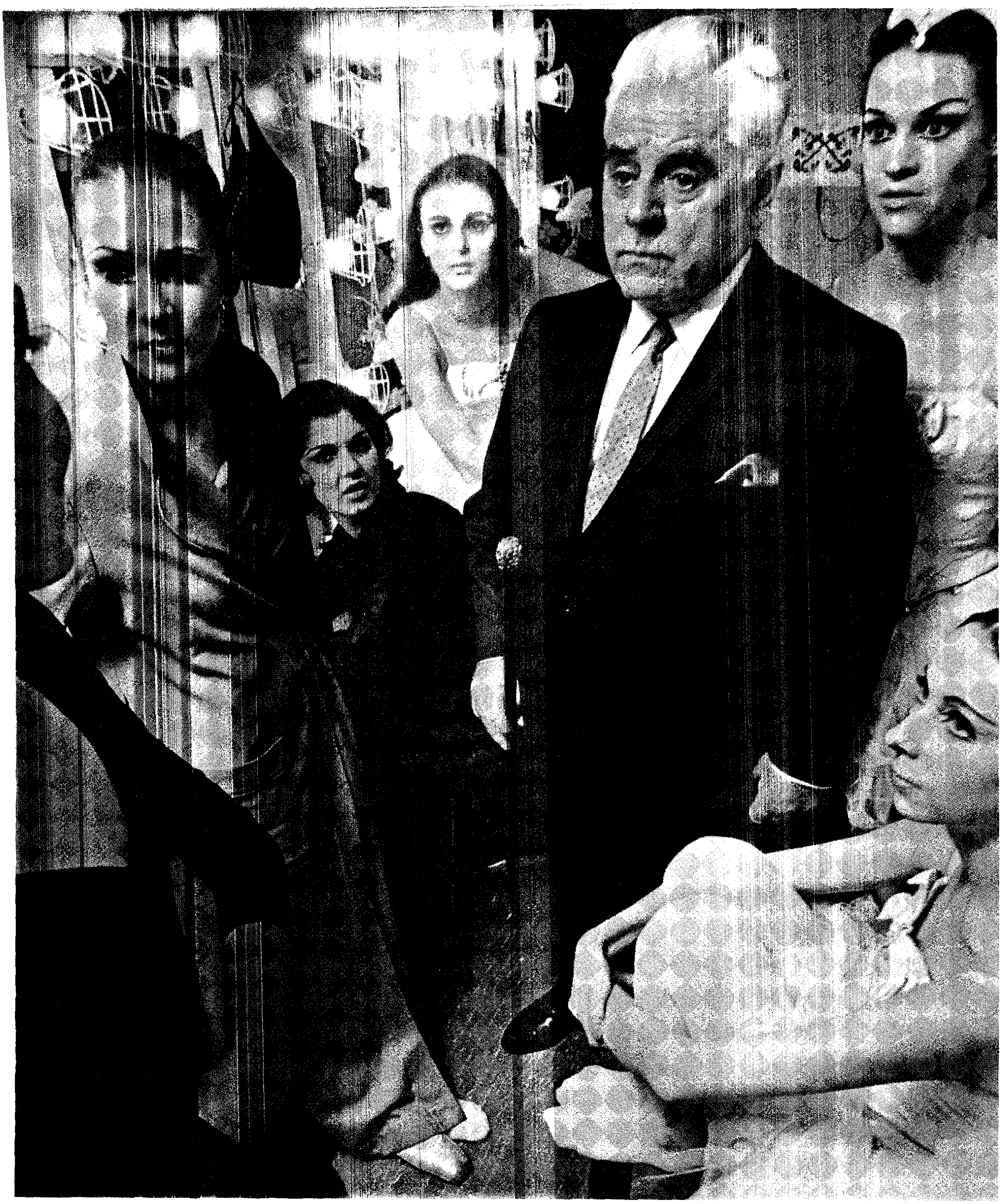

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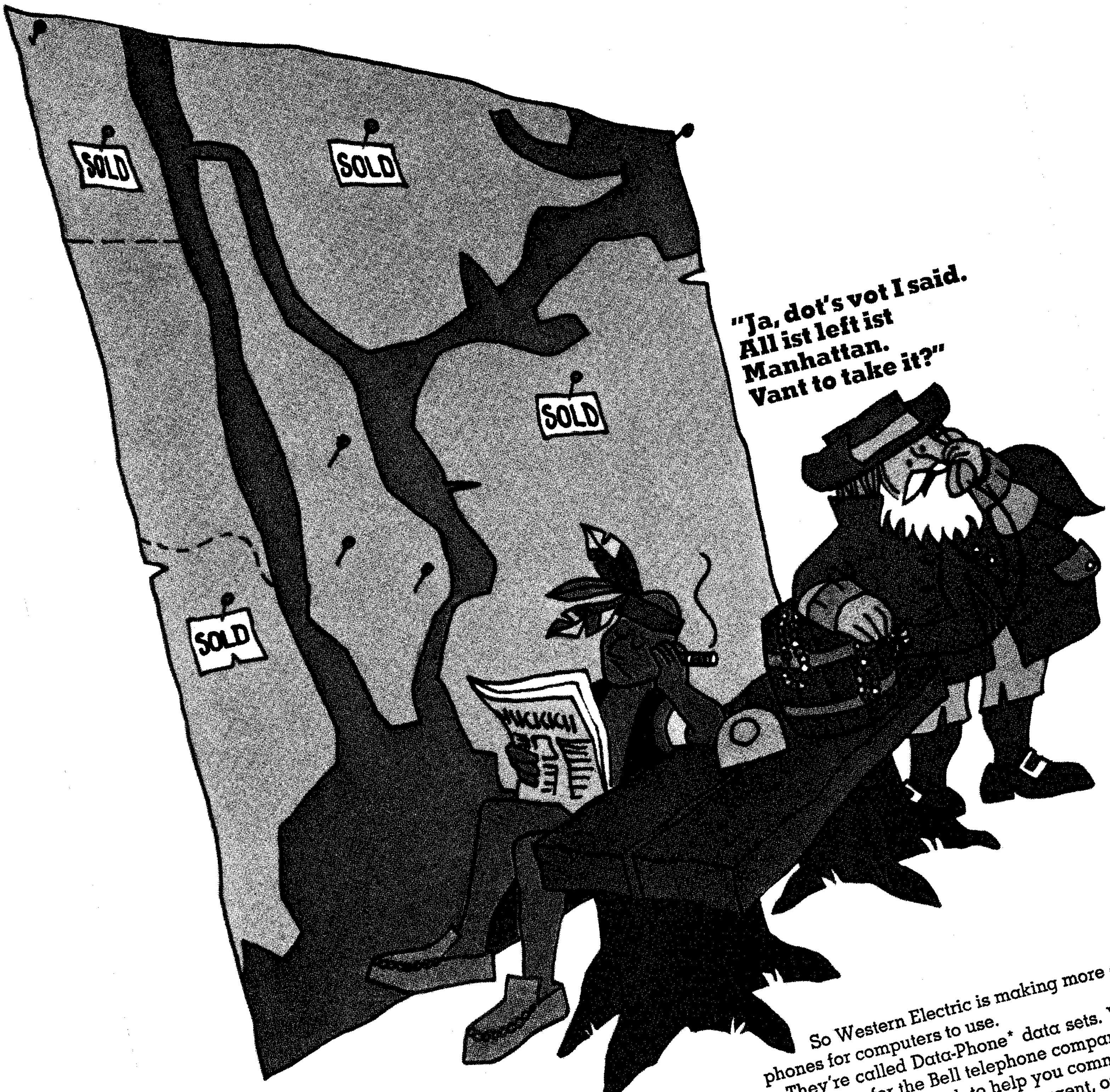
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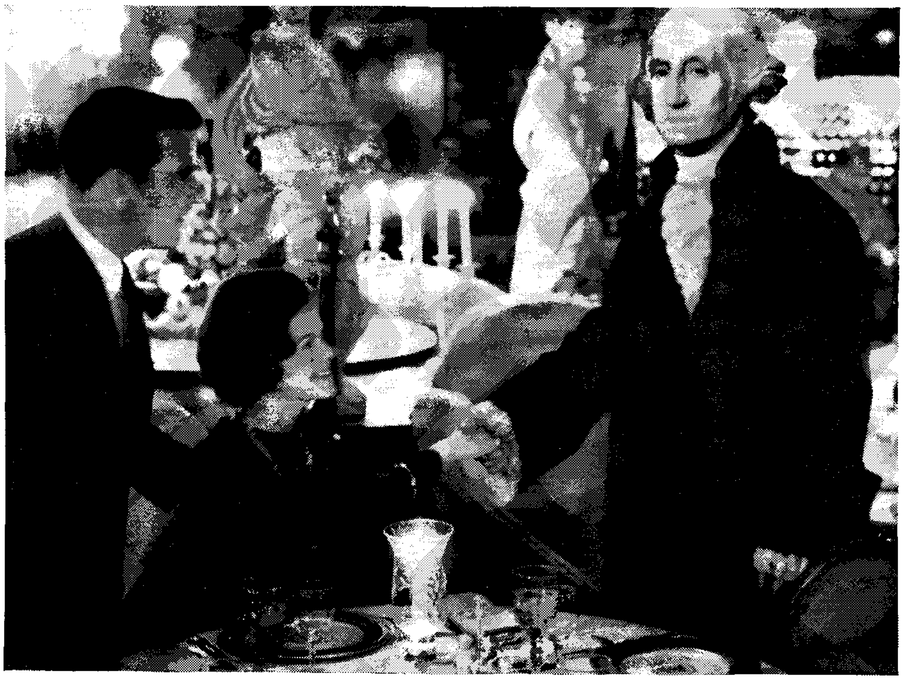
ishness," wherein two philosophers—the greatest synthesist of all time and his arch-opponent, the analyst Anti-Philifor—duel by pruning with gunfire the bodies of their wife and mistress, finally killing them both. Johnnie, still a schoolboy, goes to live with a banally "modern" family called the Youthfuls and is caught up in a fierce duel of love with Zutka, the daughter. His maneuvers grow in complexity and ferocity and finally plunge the Youthfuls, plus Pimko, plus a schoolmate, into a lunatic melee, freeing the hero to launch himself into "Asphalt. Emptiness. Dew. Nothing." An antic essay interposes, and a shaggy-dog story symmetrically titled "Philimor Honeycombed with Childishness." The narrative moves to the country estate of Johnnie's rich aunt and Mientus's struggle to fraternize with a stableboy. The consequent duel of class consciousness and physical abuse culminates in yet another, crueller fray. At the end, Johnnie abducts his cousin Isabel, and then flees the blackmail of compliments and kisses ("I writhed under the blows of her admiration as under Satan's whip") that passes, in the Gombrowiczian universe, for heterosexual love.

What is the core of this repetitive whirligig of pretense, bluff, and annihilation? At one point in the country house, four men find themselves in total darkness, standing paralyzed by fear within inches of one another, unable to move, and Johnnie experiences "a sense of becoming enormous, gigantic and simultaneously a sense of growing smaller, shrinking and stiffening, a sense of escape and at the same time a kind of general and particular impoverishment, a sense of paralysing tension and tense paralysis, of being hung by a tense thread, as well as of being converted and changed into something, a sense of transmutation and also of relapse into a kind of accumulating and mounting mechanism." In this frozen moment of overwhelming, contradictory sensation, we seem close to Gombrowicz's central inkling—the duel between consciousness and will. Awareness mocks and clogs and warps action. From our sticky web of apprehension, sporadic and incongruous deeds shake loose. The narrator, "while suspense and repetition still remained ceaselessly at work," abruptly moves: "Suddenly I insolently moved and stepped behind the curtain." In the context of these pages even such a small exercise of volition is intensely dramatic. Perhaps the composition of "Ferdydurke" can be understood as another such act, a random, twitched escape from paralysis. Hence the book's



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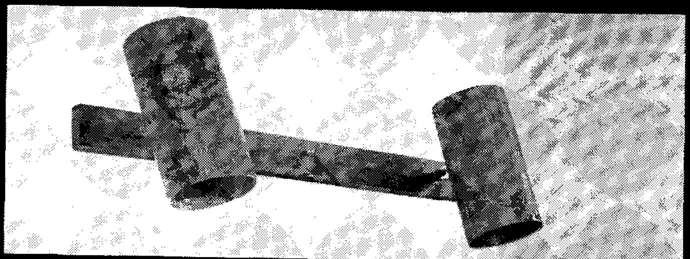

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flaws of flimsiness and centrifugality, hence the monotonous mood of wry nervousness. Gombrowicz has made his move, but he is not yet at home behind the curtain.

"PORNOGRAFIA," written twenty years later, is a more conventional and integrated work, perfectly shaped and thoroughly sinister. Set in the Nazi-occupied Poland of 1943 (where Gombrowicz never was), "at the depths of the *fait accompli*," the novel tells of the hypersubtle corruption worked upon an adolescent boy and girl by a pair of middle-aged Warsaw intellectuals, one of whom is Gombrowicz himself. He narrates the story in accents grimmer and neater than the quirky pellmell of "Ferdydurke." Compare a landscape from each of these novels:

> Overhead there were fat little reddish, bluish, and whitish clouds, which looked as if they were made of silk paper, sorry and sentimental-looking. Everything was so vague and confused in outline, so silent, so chaste, so full of waiting, so unborn and undefined, that in reality nothing was separate or distinct from anything else; on the contrary, everything was connected with everything else in the bosom of a single, thick, whitish and silent, extinguished mass. Tenuous little brooks murmured, wetted the earth, vaporized or bubbled. And this world dwindled and seemed to shrink, and as it shrank it seemed to tighten, to close round your throat, like a delicate cord strangling you.

> We reached the top of the hill and were confronted with the unaltered view: the earth rising in hills, swollen in a motionless surge in the slanting light which here and there pierced the clouds.

The first is a wordy conjuration of vagueness whose gaiety tugs strangely against the metaphor of strangulation with which it is clinched. The second, also vague, is too specific to need any specification of the emotion it is meant to arouse; there is no doubt that we are in the drab reaches of rural Poland, in a sordid trough of history. "An oppressive smell of iniquity permeated this landscape," the author observes, and, in town, on the next page, notices that "something was missing—there were no Jews." Jews are not mentioned again, and Germans are hardly ever seen. The thematic and metaphoric furniture of "Pornografia" is as economically distributed as the personnel of its plot; the rabid envy of young people, for instance, which seemed eccentric in the thirtyish author of "Ferdydurke," comes plausibly from a fifty-year-old "already poisoned by death." The duels—between a Catholic and an atheist, between a panicked

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resistance leader and a household—cluster tightly around the core struggle of the two adolescents and the two old men, who are themselves involved in a duel of implication and avoidance. The gratuitous, sudden actions—a boy pulling up an old woman's skirt, an old woman attacking and biting a boy—all serve to advance the action by enlarging the possibilities of depravity, and to enforce the image of man as "an angelic and demonic abyss, steeper than a mirror!" The notion of "form" has been reduced to a biting Dostoevskian essence: "There are certain human deeds which seem totally senseless, but which are necessary for man because they define him." The notion of "youth" has succinctly become: "After the age of thirty men lapse into monstrosity." All mutual existence is mutual blackmail. Inexorably the elements of "Pornografia" combine, in its less than two hundred pages, to transmute the most delicate and obscurely felt interrelations into a climax of multiple murder. The book has the clean cruelty of "Laughter in the Dark," without Nabokov's playful puppetry; it has the moral pessimism of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," without de Laclos's peremptory restoration of virtue.

In short, Gombrowicz, an apostle of immaturity, has maturely subdued his formal preoccupations and instinctive obsessions to the principles of art and created, in his own prefatory words, "a noble, a classical novel . . . a sensually metaphysical novel." Is this victory at all Pyrrhic? Have the determined insights and dramatic thrust of "Pornografia" been obtained at the cost of a certain honesty present in the confusions of "Ferdydurke"? For in penetrating the imaginative curtain separating him from wartime Poland, and in creating behind it a coherent "classical" action, he in a sense hides; a book like "Ferdydurke" exists as a fantastical gloss upon the real world, whereas "Pornografia" is a small world complete in itself and sealed by its own completeness as if in cellophane. Its consummate finish deprives it of osmotic margins; it becomes an object we can turn our backs on, having experienced its catharsis, its systematic arousal and relief of suspense. Does the world require many more such novels? Or does a need nag, for the writer, to abolish, by exhortation and trickery, the glaring edge that divides the proscenium novel from its audience of readers? The promised further works of Gombrowicz—especially his intermediate novel, "The

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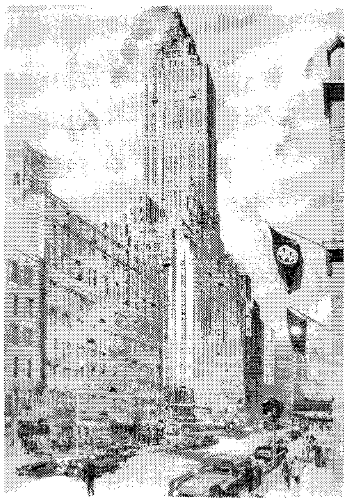

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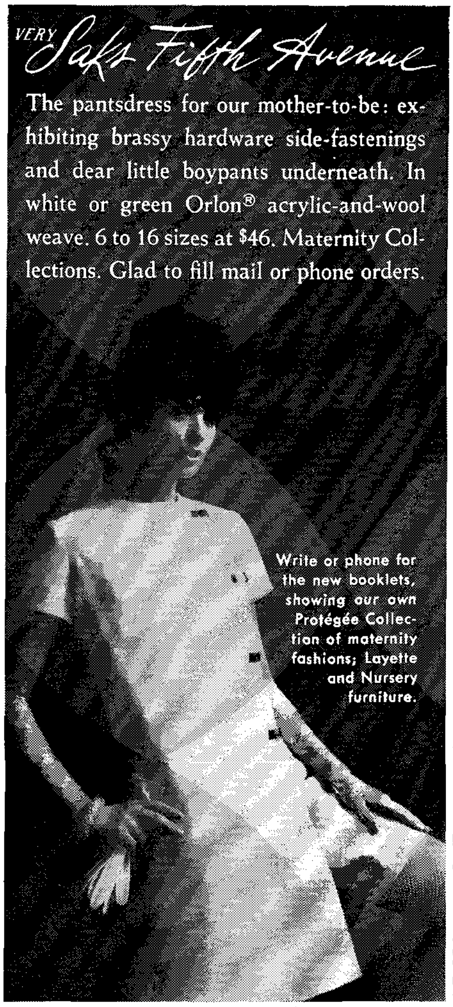

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"Trans-Atlantic," and his "Diary"—should vex these questions helpfully.

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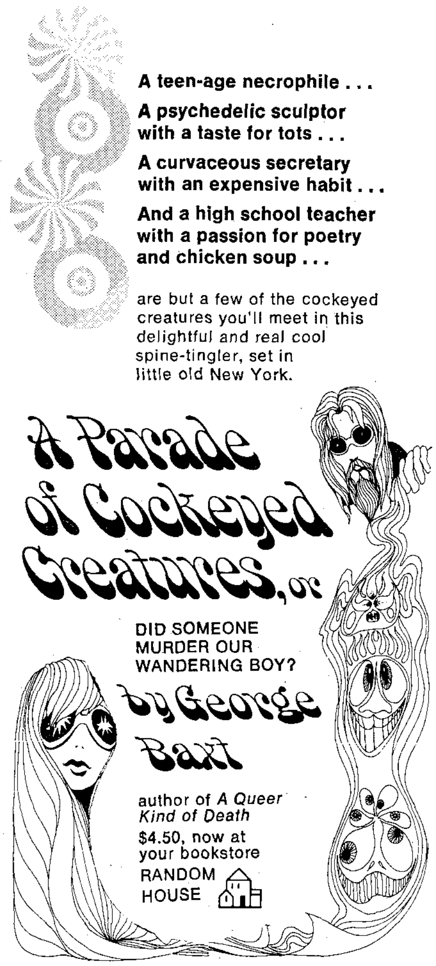
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LUCIFER FALLING, by Terence de Vere White (World). Here is a really good novel about Dublin. The setting is an old and renowned Dublin university that in these pages becomes immediately real in all its pettiness, and in the implacability of its workings, and in its academic grandeur. Arnold Power, head of the English Department, is a vain, gregarious, and handsome man who imagines himself to be superior to his comfortable home and to his pretty, anxious wife. Arnold is not a man of ill will, but middle age has brought him insecurity, and he is beginning to recognize the resentment he has always felt toward his patron, a legendary literary figure, now dead, whose name was Edward Jameson. Harried from the past and from the future, and with his present standing at the university more than a little shaky, Arnold tries to make a grand gesture by embarking on a love affair with an adoring young American girl who is his student. But the love affair withers before it has really begun, and Arnold is left to face what he cannot bear to face—the simple truth that he is second-rate and that nothing will ever bring back the exhilaration and the successes of his early years. Arnold's despair is so eerily conveyed that the brutal ending of his story seems perfectly natural—in fact, inevitable. If Mr. White has a fault, it is that his work is too spare. It is a pleasure to read him, and he should write more—more sentences, more paragraphs, more descriptions of Dublin's streets and corners and unexpected turns.

GENERAL

POVERTY U.S.A., by Thomas Gladwin (Little, Brown). This pithy study—its author is an anthropologist—describes the scope of poverty in the United States. Mr. Gladwin emphasizes that because of their poverty the poor develop several personality traits that hinder them from finding their niches in the workaday productive world. The variety of recent programs designed to help, Mr. Gladwin says, includes attempts to change the personalities of the poor—to make them less irrationally



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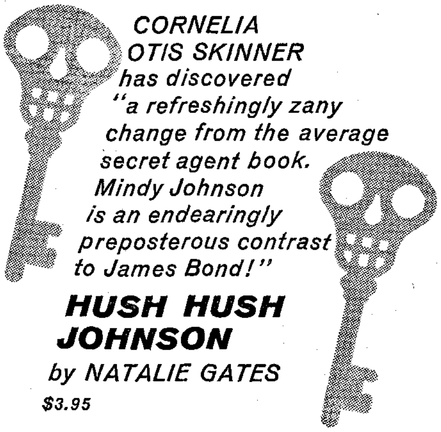

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mistrustful, more willing to accept responsibility, more poised, and more provident—but no such program has yet been wholly successful, and he explains why. He also has a couple of impressive practical suggestions about potential places for the present poor in the American economy. His invaluable work is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, and it neither blames nor preaches; it just tells, and tells brilliantly.

INTO THE MAINSTREAM, by Luis Harss and Barbara Dohmann (Harper & Row). Conversations with ten important Latin-American writers, each a full (and sometimes sharply critical) account of his life, work, and opinions, set down by two alert young interviewers. (Mr. Harss is himself a promising Argentine novelist.) The result is an outstanding book, with some unforgettable glimpses: Asturias telling the authors he has been the *Gran Lengua* (the Big Tongue) for the exploited Guatemalan Indians; Borges, in trouble with Perón in 1946, demoted from librarian to poultry inspector in the Buenos Aires markets; Onetti, sad and sullen, listening to old tango records at a party in Montevideo. Highly recommended.

PRIVACY AND FREEDOM, by Alan F. Westin (Atheneum). This work, which is sponsored by the New York City Bar Association's Special Committee on Science and Law, starts off with a remarkably sensitive discussion of privacy as a human need that is met in different ways by various cultures. Professor Westin then describes contemporary threats to privacy in America, all of which, he says, despite individual complaints, popular disapproval, and unfavorable publicity, have been increasing lately. He takes note of earlier studies, such as Samuel Dash's "The Eavesdroppers," published in 1959, and tells how matters have changed since they appeared. (Public opinion appears to be now almost unanimous in its concern to protect individuals' legitimate privacy.) Professor Westin's thoughtful thoroughness makes good reading and provides the reassuring spectacle of a first-class mind working on a hard-core problem. Ten dollars.

STAUFFENBERG, by Joachim Kramarz, translated from the German by R. H. Barry and with an introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper (Macmillan). This book carries the subtitle "The Architect of the Famous July 20th Conspiracy to As-

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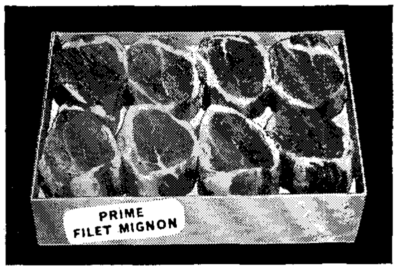

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sassinate Hitler," and although it was Stauffenberg's leading role in that abortive *coup d'état* that gives him biographical stature, the man himself is well worth reading about. Colonel Claus Philipp Maria Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg (1907-44) was in almost every respect an extraordinary man—of high intelligence, high principles, and high courage, with a great capacity for leadership and a mesmerizing charm—and Dr. Kramarz, though denied much of the data usually available to biographers (for Stauffenberg was shot without questioning or trial, and all his papers were confiscated and presumably destroyed by the Gestapo), has done an extraordinary job of tracing the circumstances and reflections that led him from disenchantment through frustration to fierce resolve and into Hitler's conference room at Rastenburg with a ticking time bomb in his briefcase.

VANISHING CORNWALL, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday). A celebration, with elegiac undertones, of the remote English county that as early as 1400 B.C. supplied the Mediterranean world with tin, that was the legendary home of Arthur and of Tristan and Iseult, that once seethed with ghosts and smugglers and the Methodist delirium, and that is now on the way to becoming a standard-brand holiday playground of traffic jams, littered beaches, and roadhouses. Miss du Maurier has spent much of her life in Cornwall, and (as those for whom such names as Manderley and Menabilly and Frenchman's Creek and Jamaica Inn have meaning are aware) she is fascinated by its dark and bloody history, its individualistic spirit, its curious geography, and even its ruthless climate. Her portrait is an attractive synthesis of experience and research. Many precisely illustrative photographs by Christian du Maurier Browning (the author's son) and two endpaper maps.

THE OTHER HAND, by Michael Barsley (Hawthorn). A chatty compendium on left-handedness, by a sinistral British television producer. There seems to be little agreement on any of the basic questions: what causes it, whether it is hereditary, how many are affected by it (over a hundred million, anyway), what should be done about it. Mr. Barsley digests the literature on these questions, goes extensively into connections with folklore and witchcraft, lists famous left-handers

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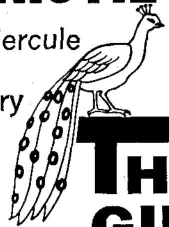

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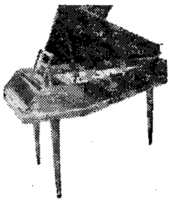

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(Leonardo da Vinci, Jack the Ripper, and Huntington Hartford, among others), and furnishes all sorts of miscellaneous information (a list of concertos for the left hand, the fact that eighty per cent of rats are right-handed, and where to buy left-handed irons in London). Illustrated.

OFFBEAT HISTORY, edited by Bulkley S. Griffin (World). Although the title—and the subtitle, "A Compendium of Lively Americana"—is likely to put one off, this is a worthwhile book. The author, a Washington newspaperman, has been collecting second-hand books about the United States for years, and it is from these thousands of odd and out-of-the-way volumes that he has put together this anthology of enlightening trivia. For example, a young British officer captured at Ticonderoga tells of his sojourn as a prisoner on parole in the household of a Pepperell, Massachusetts, family of appalling rectitude; Henry Adams gives a wonderfully vivid and horrifying account of Robert Louis Stevenson's last days in Samoa; there are eyewitness accounts of vigilante justice, of the burning of Washington, in 1814, of what Sherman's men did to a plantation in Georgia, and of how people behaved (not very well) at Gettysburg on the day Lincoln delivered his address. As Mr. Justice Douglas says in a short foreword, there is no real beginning or end to this book, "each page marking a fresh start." Many illustrations—photographs, old prints, drawings, and cartoons.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, by Winifred Gérin (Oxford). A whopping biography of Charlotte by the biographer of Branwell and Anne. Miss Gérin has done a thorough and sensitive job, using a great deal of new material, including the archives of the Heger family in Belgium. Her prose is a misguided effort to imitate her subject's ("Charlotte was attached to earth by a mere thread of life. It needed no such multitudinous array of elements, as in her strength she had described, to bear her away"), but that is the only serious flaw in a fine book about a fascinating woman. Illustrated. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE TOSCANINI MUSICIANS KNEW, by B. H. Haggin (Horizon). Seventeen musicians—orchestral players, singers, instrumental soloists—who worked with Toscanini reminisce and explain the nature

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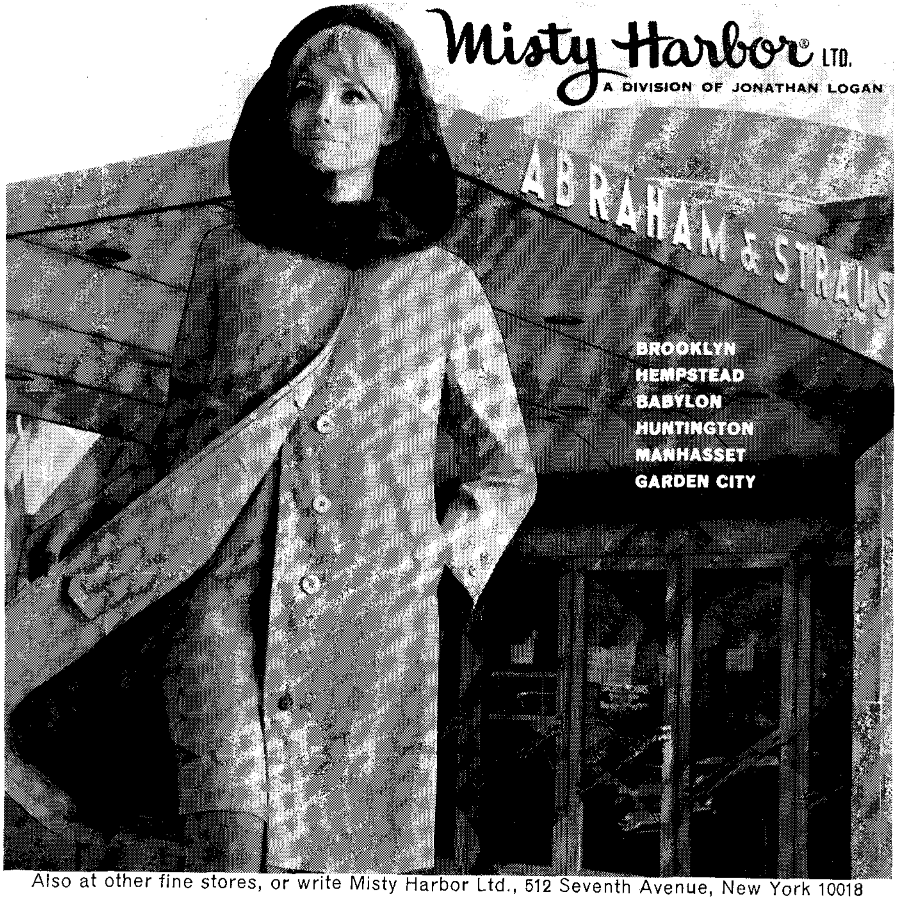

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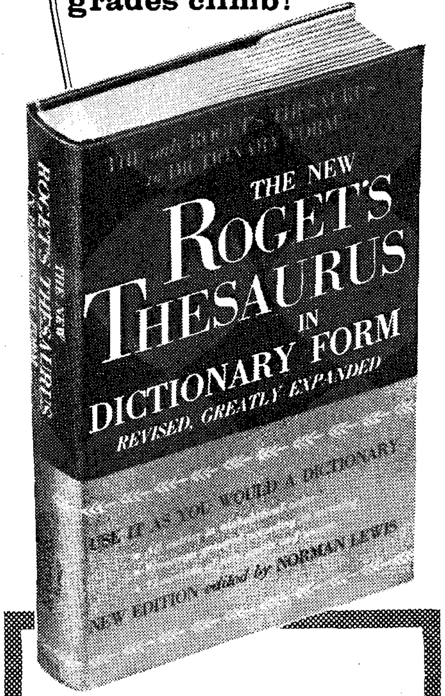
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and quality of the conductor's greatness. Mr. Haggin deftly presents each contribution as a monologue, and the form gives the reader a good idea of the witnesses' personalities as well as of Toscanini's. The legendary eruptions are of little importance; the musicians emphasize, besides Toscanini's amazing natural endowments, his even more amazing diligence—for example, his lifelong habit of restudying musical works to see if he could improve on his earlier conceptions. Many informants mention, too, that Toscanini always started from an idea of the whole work, so that his insistence on perfection of detail was not mere fussiness but aimed at a total musical effect. The largeness of Toscanini's personality is responsible for the book's variety, and Mr. Haggin's chatty sources offer some extras: entertaining gossip, attractive sentimentality, and hints for musical performers and audiences.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BRIDE THAT GOT AWAY, by George Selmark (Doubleday). Very few murder chases can approach the pace of this English story, which begins with the disappearance of a stunningly pretty girl, Lynn Kelly, right after her church marriage to a very rich older man who simply adores her. In her long white dress and her voluminous veil, Lynn vanishes just before signing her name in the church register, and the pandemonium among the photographers and newsmen waiting outside is nothing compared with the pandemonium among the employees of Peachskins, Ltd., the mammoth cosmetics firm of which her newly abandoned husband is president. Most of the action of this ingenious tale is set in London, a good deal of it around a curious night club called La Fille Nue, where the atmosphere is so sinister you would need a pickaxe to make a dent in it.

•

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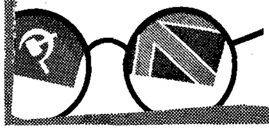

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